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SWITZERLAND.

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SWITZERLAND;

OR, A JOURNAL OF A

TOUR AND RESIDENCE

IN THAT COUNTRY,

IN THE YEARS 1817, 1818, AND 1819:

FOLLOWED BY

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH ON THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN HELVETIA,

IN WHICH

THE EVENTS OF OUR OWN TIME ARE FULLY DETAILED; TOGETHER WITH THE CAUSES TO WHICH THEY MAY BE REFERRED.

BY L. SIMOND,

AUTHOR OF

JOURNAL OF A TOUR AND RESIDENCE IN GREAT BRITAIN, DURING THE YEARS 1810 AND 1811.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

THE Author published, a few years ago, a work on England, which was favourably received by the Public; and on the occasion of a late tour and residence in Switzerland, he continued the practice, followed before, of daily recording his first impressions, and drawing from nature the objects which passed under his eye. Such cursory reflections as they had suggested were matured at leisure, as well as facts verified, by consulting the historians of Switzerland, its antiquaries, its naturalists, and the living witnesses of recent events; but he soon found that an inconsiderable part only of the information thus obtained could be introduced in a Journal of Travels, and that it would be necessary to

separate the historical part of his work from the descriptive: in doing so the Author has endeavoured to give the history of the people rather than that of its rulers; the moral rather than the diplomatic history. Ancient chronicles were most sparing of details on men and manners; and subsequent historians, in selecting among them, have generally neglected, as unimportant, or beneath the dignity of their subject, the very facts which would have conveyed some idea of the state of society, and exhibited a sort of likeness of our species in ancient times. The authentic and judicious Chronicle of Tschudi was the principal guide of Muller. It embraces a period of nearly six centuries, from 1000 to 1559; but was published only as far as the year 1470, and Muller's history likewise does not go farther than the fifteenth century. Mallet's continuation, more regular, clearer, and in better taste, (for the eloquence of the learned Muller appears too often common-place and declamatory,) is,

nevertheless, rather uninteresting, and it stops at the beginning of the Revolution. A connected narrative of events, for the last thirty, or even forty years, is now attempted for the first time, and if too soon for history, which seems to require the sanction of years, the Author hopes it may, at least, be offered to the Public as Memoirs of our own time, and that as such it will be found to be impartial, as well as faithful.

SWITZERLAND,

&c.

FONTAINEBLEAU, *May* 30, 1817.

THIS place, as well as Versailles, presents the sad picture of grandeur in decay; grass grows in the streets, and the pavement remains unsullied from one rainy day to another. This forlorn state, which began at Versailles with the Revolution, only commenced here with its close; for Fontainebleau was an *Imperial villa* under Buonaparte. The palace has an imposing appearance, from its size, and the antique style of its architecture; it recalls to the memory two great princes, Francis I. and Henry IV. The people of France may be said to owe much of their national character to the former. The peculiar elegance of the *premier gentilhomme de son royaume*, his valour, and his wit, made him the model of an age yet rude and barbarous; his

contemporaries saw in him the *beau idéal* of good manners, which every one was desirous of imitating, and although it is, certainly, a long while since Francis I. has been nearly forgotten, yet the national bias remains; a certain mixture of chivalry and of vanity, a showy, ostentatious, dramatic turn; leading to brilliant successes and lamentable reverses, and, upon the whole, to transitory results. Louis XIV.'s personal character gave dignity and weight to the vanity bequeathed to us by Francis I., and Buonaparte gave it strength.

Strangers who visit Fontainebleau are shewn the stairs by which the *Emperor* came down to the great court, to review, for the last time, the remnants of an army with which he was going to part, and the small table upon which he signed his abdication, as well as the mark of an angry kick he gave to that table! an antechamber anecdote, for the correctness of which I do not vouch. Here is another: the pen with which the Emperor had signed his abdication became, as may be supposed, an object of great interest to curious or idle travellers visiting this palace, that is, to the English, who form the great majority of these travellers! One of them bought this valuable pen for much more than its weight in gold, to the great disappointment of those who followed; but the good-nature of the domestic who shews the

apartment, suggested to him the expedient of supplying another pen; it soon found another amateur, who would have it to himself. Matters could not stop there, and no English traveller since has been disappointed of the true pen of the abdication.

There is a stone bench, in the private garden, where his Imperial Majesty used frequently to sit or recline, in a melancholy mood, beating the sand mechanically with his stick, and often dozing, during the three weeks which preceded his departure for Elba. At first he appeared pale and dejected, but he soon recovered. Our guide occupying a room which looked upon the garden, he had every opportunity of observation.

Another object of curiosity is the apartment his holiness the Pope occupied. He staid here nineteen months without going out once, although provided with carriages, wishing, no doubt, to mark his situation as a prisoner. His couch occupies still a corner of the vast bed-chamber, and the small table, upon which he took his frugal repasts, occupies another corner. His prison was otherwise comfortable enough, and sufficiently spacious for a walk, from one end of the suite of apartments to another; it looks over a large piece of water, and a beautiful garden beyond. The Pope gave daily, from a window, his benediction to the gold and silver fish

below*, and a few good Catholics on the high road, a quarter of a mile off, partook of it occasionally. Buonaparte treated the Roman Pontiff alternately with great respect and much insolence; oppressing him at one time with his visits, and at another time remaining months without seeing him. One day, after an angry conversation, which went the length of threats on his part, he tried what soothing would do, to obtain his purpose: "*Tragedia*," observed the old man calmly, "*poi Commedia!*"

The last curiosity I shall mention is the apartment of Christina, Queen of Sweden, and the spot where she caused Monaldesche to be assassinated under her eyes, and at her feet.

To return to the road from Paris to this place. On leaving the capital, the eye of a traveller meets few objects worth notice; dirty suburbs, high roads of great breadth, which appear deserted, beyond the immediate reach of the cabarets crowded together just out of the gates, to cheat the octroi. For the

* As this might be deemed improper levity, I think necessary to observe, that animals receive the blessings of the church annually at Rome. In the month of January, all sorts of creatures, from horses, to dogs, hogs, goats, &c., are brought to the door of the cathedral (Santa Maria Maggiore), and there receive publicly the *benediction*—not of the Pope, indeed, but of a priest in full dress; and the profanation would be the same, if attached to the proceedings.

first league or two you breathe an atmosphere tainted with the effluvia of street manure; you see a few *hideous* country-houses, and gardens between four walls, where the citizens of Paris come to take the air, but not a creditable farm-house. The *Château de Vincennes*, although wanting accompaniments, relieves the landscape. Several large houses, or modern *châteaux*, some on the right side of the road, and others on the left, display their wide and shallow fronts full of windows. These edifices are stuck up between architectural plantations, of a bad growth, in straight walks, regularly arched inside, and squared outside, where not a twig, not so much as a leaf, projecting around its neighbour, ever escapes the busy shears. If the ground slopes at all, terraces appear one above the other, like stairs, each with its *parterre* of box borders and sand walks, lattice-work, *jets d'eau*, and statues. Woods, where there are any, are always cut down every fifteen or twenty years. The same person who spends a million of francs in mason-work, lead pipes, flower-pots, and hot-houses, speculates on a few acres of faggots, and puts his park (as they call their pleasure-grounds) *en coupe réglée* to the very door of the *château*, without suffering a single plant to preserve, or even attain, the form nature intended. A few people, having pretensions to modern taste,

allow themselves a bit of lawn, but the grass is only rank weeds, too scanty and poor for a meadow, too high for pasture; one quarter of the labour bestowed, and the expense incurred, in pruning the trees, would keep this grass in good order. The walks are strewed over with river sand, which never binds, and it is brought from a distance at great expense, while the earth on the spot, coarsely sifted, would yield very good gravel. All their residences, with their *esplanades* of their white sand before and of street pavements behind, which dazzle your eyes in summer, and feel uncomfortable to your feet at all times, banish all thoughts of the country.

You do not meet with any well-grown trees in the environs of Paris; those of the lower part of St. Cloud are indeed magnificent, and some in the Tuileries may be called fine, but their style of beauty is that of a forest. The effect of a full-grown single tree, or group of trees, balancing their horizontal limbs and vast masses of foliage with graceful majesty over the velvet lawn is quite unknown in France; I have not seen any, except in lithographic prints in the shop windows along the quays, or at the operas. The trees of the forest of Fontainebleau have often picturesque forms, but they are thin and stunted; the hillocks of sand-stone,

rising in regular cubical masses out of the sands, are singular, rather than fine.

The reader may possibly be inclined to ask, how, travelling post from Paris to Fontainebleau, I could see thus minutely all the defects of the country houses or châteaux on the road? The fact is, I did not see them, but only guessed; and if I guessed right, as I am inclined to think I did, from previous observation elsewhere, I shall then have shewn how general bad taste is in this respect, since the description thus made at random happens to fit. I shall only add a few observations on the subject of an English garden in the French ideas—it must have its ruin, its bridge, its rock, and, if possible, its cascade. The Empress Josephine has put some of these things in the *Jardins Anglais* of Fontainebleau, which she made. The plantations are well enough for the bad taste*, but they are yet too recent for effect on such an extent of ground. As we admired some fine horse-chesnuts, the man in a bag and sword, who did the honours of the place to us for two francs, observed that the old garden was formerly covered with such trees as these, which had all been cut down—we expressed our regret, and inquired why they had been sacrificed. *Dame! Je*

* The gardens of Rambouillet and Trianon are due to the good taste of the illustrious and unfortunate daughter of Maria Theresa.

ne suis pas moi, he answered, *c'était nécessaire, voyez vous, pour faire un jardin Anglais.* This inveterate good taste remains the same under the empire of legitimacy, for the present *architecte en chef* had just cut down three magnificent trees, on a small island in the middle of a large piece of water; two of the victims were pines eighty or a hundred feet high, which two centuries could not restore, and the third a very large weeping willow. They all three lie prostrate, withering on their ancient seat of glory, which looks now an insignificant little heap of mud, instead of the graceful island it used to be. The architect means, no doubt, to adorn it with a statue, a latticed arbour, or some other pretty thing, which may not intercept the view of a long line of cut trees on the other side of the water, as this venerable clump used to do. The English garden is about to be decorated with statues; we were shewn the pedestals.

AUXERRE, 31*st May*.

Postilions in France are in the habit of changing horses on the road.

It is clear gain for the horses and men, and humane travellers are generally disposed to sacrifice a few minutes for that purpose. Between Fontainebleau and Sens, one of these exchanges placed us along-

side a *Berline*, as two ships at sea bring-to for the purpose of speaking. This was a Russian from Italy *bound* to Paris; we learnt the yellow fever was not in Italy, as had been reported, and on our part informed him, there was not any revolution actually impending at Paris, although apprehended each week for the next: the fear of a revolution prevailed so generally implying that few were for it. The riot these travellers had just witnessed at Sens alarmed them for the state of France in general. We found, indeed, Sens much agitated, the national guard under arms, and a detachment of hussars coming in. The people, irritated by the dearness of provisions, and not aware of the good forestalling does, are bent upon inflicting summary punishment, by plundering the stores, at least, of some unfortunate speculator, obnoxious for this very unpopular offence. The national guard, not being sufficiently strong to prevent it, or perhaps not being sufficiently grounded in the true theory on the subject, and inclined accordingly to side with the mob, had made it necessary to call in these hussars, who caring little about any theory, decide the question by force, *en attendant*, that it may be so one day by good sense and reason.

Let us suppose one hundred thousand quarters of wheat to be the quantity requisite for the yearly

supply of any given country, and the crops to have fallen so far short as to yield seventy-five quarters only, while a similar deficiency abroad precludes foreign assistance; it is evident that, if consumption went on as usual, in the nine months immediately following the bad crop, a famine would be the inevitable consequence in the three succeeding months; and the obvious remedy is an early check on consumption—an endeavour to provide auxiliary means of subsistence, and prevent worse. The only warning the great bulk of the people will take, is the dearness of food; if there were no speculators (forestallers) farmers would become so themselves, that is, would lay up their produce, and refuse to sell it without an advance in the price; but not perceiving so soon, or so accurately, the real state of the market, they would make it too high or too low: most probably they would begin too late, and accumulate on the latter part of the year that rise which should have been equally divided on the whole course of it. The people would undergo the same loss of money by the rise of prices, probably a greater one, and would at any rate feel it much more severely, because this rise would be accumulated on a few months instead of bearing on the whole twelve, and because the rate of wages of labour would have had less time to accommodate itself to this state of things.

The warning of dearness, coming so late, would be a gratuitous evil inflicted on the people, whereas speculation makes it useful. Forestalling rarely operates a fictitious rise, not born out of a real deficiency of crop, and which would not have taken place otherwise. If it was possible for speculators to understand each other from one end of the country to another, or rather from one end of Europe and of the world to another, and to be all partners in the same adventure, directed by the same hand, they might create a fictitious rise, but even then they must go the length of destroying a part of the produce, object of this speculation, as the Dutch were said to burn cinnamon or cloves to prevent any but a certain quantity coming into the market, for sooner or later this surplus would occasion a fall of prices, whenever it came into the market. As soon as purchases made with a view to a rise begin to operate, proprietors unconnected with the purchasing speculators never fail pouring in their supplies, and reap the benefit the contrivers of the rise intended for themselves. Some of the speculators themselves will defeat the scheme of the others by early sales; in short, no speculation, no forestalling, can be profitable to the forestaller generally, unless it has a real deficiency of the article for its base, and then it is useful to the public likewise; for it saves them

from a public dearth, and wards off absolute famine at less cost of money. If the speculation be good, it is so for every one, those concerned in it, and those who are not; if it be bad, it is so for the speculator alone, and nugatory in its results for the public at large. This view of the subject is not offered as new assuredly; but, as the prejudices against forestalling are far from dissipated, no opportunity of setting the matter in its true light should be neglected.

MAISON NEUVE, 1*st June.*

Beggars, very numerous yesterday, have increased greatly; at every stage, a crowd of women and children, and of old men, gather round the carriage; their cries, the eloquence of all these pale and emaciated countenances, lifted up to us with imploring hands, are more than we can well bear. Many individuals have died, if not of hunger, at least of the insufficiency and bad quality of the food. A bag of small copper coin distributed along the road can go a very little way towards the support of this famished multitude, when bread is at nine sous a pound. It is a singular fact, that although the price of bread is three or four times higher than usual, meat has not risen much: a little of the latter boiled with such vegetables as grow wild in the fields at this

season might afford great relief; but the idea of *manger de l'herbe comme des bêtes* appears dreadful to these people: we said to a poor woman, by way of comfort, that it would soon be crop time; *Yes*, she answered, in a tone of despair, *but in the mean time we must die!*

Amidst all this distress, so loudly expressed, we hear no reflections against the government, nothing seditious, or of a revolutionary tendency; these feelings are very much confined to the capital, where, however, bread is kept as low as seven sous a pound, by a sort of timorous policy of disposition, artificial, troublesome, and costly, which bespeaks weakness, and provokes danger, instead of averting it; for the hungry of the provinces come to Paris to be fed, and one hundred thousand souls have been added to its destitute population within a few months!

The aspect of the country, hitherto uninteresting, becomes much less so as you approach Avaton, which is beautifully situated, and continues agreeable and varied to *Maison Neuve*, a hamlet composed of new habitations, as the name indicates. It would recall an American settlement, but for certain ruins of one thousand years standing, which crown the neighbouring height. This castle was a princely residence at the time of the kingdom of Burgundy.

A few comfortable residences, scattered about the country, have lately put us in mind how very rare they are in general: instead of them, you meet, not unfrequently, some ten or twenty miserable peasants, crowded together round what was formerly the strong-hold of the lord of the manor; a narrow, dark, prison-like building, with small grated windows, embattled walls, and turrets peeping over thatched roofs; the lonely cluster seems unconnected with the rest of the country, and may be said to represent the feudal system, as plants in a *hortus siccus* the règne végétal. Long before the revolution, châteaux had been forsaken by their *seigneurs*, for the nearest country town, where Monsieur le Comte, or Monsieur le Marquis, decorated with the cross of St. Louis, made shift to live on his paltry seigniorial dues and rent, ill paid by a starving peasantry; spending his time in reminiscences of gallantry with the old dowagers of the place, who rouged and wore patches, dressed in hoops and high-heeled shoes, full four inches, and long pointed elbow-ruffles, balanced with lead.

Not one individual of this good company knew any thing of what was passing in the world, or suspected any change had taken place since the days of Louis XIV. No book found its way there; no one read, not even a newspaper. When the revolu-

tion burst upon this inferior nobility of the provinces, it appeared to them like Attila and the Huns to the people of the fifth century—the Scourge of God, coming no body knew whence, for the mere purpose of destruction—a savage enemy, speaking an unknown language, with whom no compromise could be made.

Flights of pigeons are still seen hovering round the old feudal residence; they spread over the neighbouring fields at their peril, for they may be shot any where but upon their own ground: every proprietor of land may keep pigeons on his premises, and exclude those of other people. There are no game laws now in France: the game belongs to the soil; yet the right of carrying fire arms *(port d'armes)* requires a permission of the prefect, for which there is a small annual tax.

DIJON, *2d June.*

A fine country: some attempts at enclosures, by means of thick set hedges, are observable. In general, the fields are all open; and the few cattle and sheep, feeding in fallow lands, or along the road side, are watched, or even held by a rope. It is in France a matter of surprise and inquiry for a stranger, how cattle are fed, so few meadows being seen, and no pastures; as in England, it might well

be asked, how bread is produced, green grass prevailing so much there over corn fields. Cattle in France are, in general, not fine; the race of sheep, and that of hogs particularly, are very indifferent: the latter, long-legged and gaunt, with a thin arched back and low head, seem to feel the pressure of the present scarcity, or rather, never to have known plenty; from their hurried gait, ferocious looks, and threatening grunt, they might be taken for wild boars recently tamed by hunger, rather than animals born and bred in a state of domesticity. The whole rural population is at work in the fields, women as well as men. The women wear very white caps, and immense straw hats; bright red striped handkerchiefs over their shoulders, wooden shoes, and no stockings. They are employed in weeding cornfields, which want it sadly, and use, for that purpose, a sort of double-edged bill-hook. The men wear blue cotton smock-frocks, and many of them military cocked hats, preposterously large. They plough with all sorts of cattle: cows, oxen, horses, asses, often harnessed together; we are told, that a woman has been yoked with a hog of the species, just described, patiently ploughing together. Small proprietors husband their slender means how they may. All tools in general, and agricultural tools in particular, are here remarkably clumsy and awk-

ward; the large hoe, or rather, mattock, used to dress vineyards, is extremely heavy, and the handle so short, that the unhappy labourers work absolutely bent double; and *vignerons* are known by their habitual stoop and worn-out appearance. One half of the strength of the horse is employed in drawing the cart without a load, and the inertia of the plough is more difficult to overcome than that of the soil; and the additional strength of wood and iron being injudiciously applied, adds nothing to the durability.

There are very few long leases, or any leases at all; and the land is in general cultivated on shares by *metayers*, or sort of half farmers, employed by the year, who give a certain quantity of produce for a certain quantity of land; six or seven measures of corn, weighing 25 or 28 each, for a journal measuring 120 perches of $9\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, or 10,830 square feet. The *metayer* gives no produce on the fallow year; but is bound to bestow the necessary labour on the land, to prepare it for a crop the following year. The price of good corn land is from 250 to 300 francs a *journal*. We had the offer of a small estate of 7 or 800 *journaux*, with a house upon it, besides the farming residence, renting on a short lease, at 6,000 francs a year; less than 12 or 1,500 francs taxes, for 120,000 francs, which is

equal to about 4 per cent. interest. The usual wages of a labourer are 20 sous a day, and his food; or 35 to 40 sous without. By the year, 200 francs to men, and 100 francs to women; but labourers have been of late very willing to work for bread only.

Observing occasionally crosses of wood or stone, by the road-side, looking evidently very old, we inquired how these monuments of catholicism had escaped the fury of the revolution, and found they had been secreted, generally buried: the bigotry of irreligion has succeeded in making religious bigotry appear quite rational.

Posting in France is a public establishment, under strict regulations, and the *livre de poste* is the code of the road, which every postilion knows by heart. These postilions are, in general, decent men, and tolerably well behaved; they are entitled to a provision after a certain number of years of service. Although their cattle are very rough, and mere cart horses, they are in flesh, and not galled; but the rate of going exceeds rarely six miles an hour, or, stoppages included, five miles; this is, for English travellers, accustomed to seven or eight, or even nine and ten, miles an hour, scarcely bearable; yet when those who profess to travel for their pleasure, appear in such haste to reach their journey's end,

we might well ask, why they began it at all? The tackle of post-horses has ever been a just subject of merriment to English travellers; and, it must be admitted, that, except the ancient Irish method of making horses draw by the tail, nothing can be more elementary than the mode of harnessing a French attelage. You might naturally expect to see the straps of parched leather, which never knew oil or blacking, fastened by means of buckles without a tongue, and old ropes, broken and pieced again and again, give way altogether on the first hard pull, yet nothing of the sort really happens, notwithstanding the received jokes on the subject.

Dijon is one of the best looking small towns I ever saw. We entered it by a gateway of good architecture; and it has three or four fine churches, with other creditable public buildings; the streets are wide and clean; and the inhabitants appear in easy circumstances. Like all other parliamentary towns in France, Dijon had a superior society, that is, a better informed and more liberal society than is usually found in the provinces; it had besides, an academy of sciences and the *belles lettres;* and many distinguished magistrates and learned men have flourished here. The celebrated wines of Burgundy do not grow in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital of Burgundy, where the soil is not good for

this delicate production; it is on the Lyons' road, which we leave here to the right, that the celebrated districts of *Clos Vougeat, Mins, Beaune, &c.,* are situated.

From Dijon to Salins you traverse a fertile country, without any local beauty; but already affording a view of the Jura. Auxonne, on the road, had, and has still, I believe, a military school, where Buonaparte learnt the first rudiments of the art in which he became such a master. Bread, we find, is at 12 sous a pound, while meat sells at 10 sous; a disproportion which marks the strong, and, at present, ill-judged, preference of the people in favour of the former article of food; notwithstanding this high price of bread, the number of beggars is much diminished. Labourers in the fields are very numerous, and well dressed.

Springs of water, so rare in France, appear more common as we advance nearer the mountains; but very little use seems to be made of them for the beneficial purposes of irrigation. Salins is picturesquely situated at the foot of a high rock, with a castle on the top of it. The salt works here are considerable; 30,000 pounds weight being made daily. The strongest spring yields one-fourth of its weight; and the weakest one-thirtieth: the latter undergoing natural evaporation before it is submitted to the

heat of fire. No attempt has yet been made here to reach the fountain's head; that is, the mine of fossil salt*. In England, salt mines have been worked since the year 1670. The Swiss are supplied with salt from this place, at a stated price, stipulated by treaty with the French government, it being public property.

Our landlady, at Salins, was very communicative about her grievances. During the late invasion the *allies*," as she significantly called them, having proved no better than enemies; two Austrian officers, quartered at her house, where they had been well attended, and furnished with every thing they wanted for a fortnight, had, she asserted, at their departure, cut into pieces (*sabré*) with their swords her fine beds (one of pink satin), and carried off silver spoons! All the redress she could obtain by an application to their general, was an exemption from lodging soldiers for seven weeks; and these were people, she exclaimed, who came amongst us as

* The first discovery of the sort in France took place since writing this, that is, the 14th of May, 1819, at Vic, in the department of Meurthe, where the probe reached six distinct strata of a very pure salt, of from 3 to 14 metres in thickness, and from 65 to 104 metres in depth. Such are, however, either the want of industry, or the obstacles of an intricate administration, that no use has yet been made of this treasure; we understand that a similar discovery has taken place near the Pyrenees.

friends! Friends or foes, such proceedings were unjustifiable on the part of gentlemen we admitted. But your fort was firing all the time, we added, on these friends, and they may very possibly have misconstrued such an act into a rejection of the proffered friendship which could not well be maintained all on one side. The brother of our landlady, a *militaire en retraite*, took the evils of war more patiently than his sister, and little caring about what the household gods had suffered, seemed only to grieve at his being no longer permitted to visit in the same manner those of his foreign neighbours: and at his prospects of advancement being destroyed, and himself dwindling into the situation of inn-keeper at Salins.

On leaving this place we began immediately to climb the Jura, and continued to ascend, at intervals, the whole day, and until we reached Jougne; the road traversed a dark forest of pines of great extent, and said to abound with large game, stags, wild boars, &c.; the trees lofty and well limbed, are now fringed over with new shoots of the most vivid green; the pastures are already covered with numerous herds of cows, grazing between large patches of snow; the higher summits are entirely white. Great quantities of cheese are made here in imitation of Gruyère cheese.

Our post-boy showed us the spot where, twenty-five years before, late in the night on Christmas eve, a traveller, whom he was driving, had met with his death; this unfortunate man was flying from France, during the reign of terror, accompanied by his two daughters; having alighted a moment from the carriage, he was overtaken by a sudden blast of wind, thrown down in the snow, and almost overwhelmed; extricated with difficulty by his two daughters, and replaced in the carriage, he died of cold before he could reach Rouque, where he lies buried. His daughters, who had been on the point of perishing with him, returned to Rheims, whence they had fled. The road being often quite obliterated by the snows in winter, there are poles planted at regular distances to guide travellers, in the manner described by Ammianus Marcellinus, fifteen centuries ago.

Between Pontarlier and Rouque the *Château de Joux* appears among rocks on the right; it was here the unfortunate *Toussaint l'Ouverture*, treacherously carried away from St. Domingo, finished his days, some say by violent means, but the effect of such a climate on an African constitution was quite sufficient to account for his death; this, however, does not clear those who confined poor Toussaint, from the charge of murder.

The inn at Jougne, a very tolerable one, built of wood, with a projecting gallery in the roof, has already a foreign look. The custom-house established here gives no trouble to travellers going to Switzerland, but it is otherwise on their return. If this prohibition of the proceeds of foreign industry, made with a view to encourage home manufactures, could be enforced effectually, it would assuredly defeat its purpose; for although home manufactures might still find consumers in foreign countries, they certainly could not be paid for.

We soon perceived a difference, not so much in the architecture of the house as in their cleanliness and their comforts.

The countenances of the people we also fancied to be somewhat different. The numerous Swiss houses, eighty or one hundred feet square, have, although very low, a prodigiously lofty shingle roof, which is loaded with large stones to prevent its being blown away by the wind; and projects in the piazza shape over an outside gallery up a flight of stairs. This is properly the ground floor, or rather the snow floor; for the lower floor, ramparted as it is with fire wood, and buried in snow, becomes in winter a sort of cellar, where the provisions are kept, and where the cows are housed. A large door, in the centre of the building, gives en-

trance to the various farming carriages and implements, as well as to all the winter fodder; thus the stable, the barn, the dwelling, are all under the same roof, with all the apparatus of home manufactures, carried on in winter, and their produce, cheese and lace, butter and watches. The family have access to all parts of this their domestic world, without ever stepping out of doors. These houses, (which a single spark might set in a blaze) and all sort of houses in the Canton de Vaud, are insured mutually by a law. The accounts are kept by government, free from any contingent charges of administration, and the proprietors of houses pay no premium, but only their respective share of losses by fire. The houses are estimated at three-fourths of their value only; and the aggregate of losses is equal to about one in a thousand yearly.

Soon after passing the frontiers of the two countries, the view, heretofore bounded by near objects, woods and pastures, rocks and snows, opened all at once upon the Canton de Vaud and upon half Switzerland; a vast extent of undulating country, tufted woods and fields, and silvery streams and lakes; villages and towns, with their antique towers, and their church steeples shining in the sun*.

* We found afterwards they were partly covered on their roof, trimmed with tin at the angles.

The lake of Neuchatel, far below on the left, and those of Morat and of Vienne, like the mirrors set in deep frames, contrasted by the tranquillity of their lucid surfaces, with the dark shades, and broken grounds and ridges of the various landscape. Beyond this vast extent of country, its villages and towns, woods, lakes, and mountains; beyond all terrestrial objects—beyond the horizon itself, rose a long range of aërial forms of the softest pale pink hue; these were the high Alps, the rampart of Italy, from Mont-Blanc, in Savoy, to the glaciers of the Oberland, and even farther. Their angle of elevation seen from this distance is very small indeed; faithfully represented in a drawing the effect would be insignificant, but the aërial perspective amply restored those proportions lost in the mathematical perspective.

The human mind thirsts after immensity and immutability, and duration without bounds, but it needs some tangible object as a point of rest from which to take its flight, something present to lead to futurity, something bounded from whence to rise to the infinite. This vault of the heavens over our heads, sinking all terrestrial objects into absolute nothingness, might seem best fitted to awaken the creative powers of the mind; but mere space is not a perceptible object to which we can readily apply

a scale, while the Alps, seen at a glance between heaven and earth met, as it were on the confines of the regions of fancy and of sober reality, are there like written characters, traced by a divine hand, suggesting thoughts such as human language never reached.

Coming down the Jura, a long descent brought us to what appeared a plain, but which proved a varied country with hills and dales, divided into neat enclosures of hawthorn in full bloom, and large hedge-row trees, mostly walnut, oak, and ash; it had altogether very much the appearance of the most beautiful parts of England, although the enclosures were on a smaller scale, and cottages less neat and ornamented; they differed entirely from France, where the dwellings are always collected in villages, the fields all open, and without trees. Numerous streams of the clearest water crossed the road, and watered very fine meadows. The houses, built of stones, low, broad, and mossy, either thatched or covered with heavy wooden shingles, and shaded with magnificent walnut-trees, might all have furnished studies to an artist, but the approach of Yverdun, at the head of the lake of Neuchatel, appeared, disfigured by a plantation of Lombardy poplars, in a wretched sickly state, showing the soil to be unfriendly to their growth,

while a grove of enormous trees, limes, I believe, between the town and the water, might suggest to the good people of Yverdun what sort of trees are likely to flourish around this town.

An hour's more travelling towards the left brought us to the end of our journey for the present, and under a friendly roof, where we were expected and kindly welcomed.

GION, *June* 9.

The chain of the Jura, seen at a distance, presents an unpromising straight line, but its beauties of detail are very great. It is known to have been much agitated by earthquakes at various periods, but the deep chasms and rents, and shifting of immense masses in the interior, bear testimony to far mightier revolutions anterior to all historical records.

Habit has not rendered the Swiss indifferent to the beauties of their mountains, over which they are fond of making excursions in summer, either on foot or in a light sort of carriage, called *char-à-banc*, consisting of two flexible bars on four wheels, drawn by one horse; two or three people sit upon these bars sideways, and a driver in front; the seat is so low, that with a little practice you may alight at pleasure, and take your seat again

without stopping the horse. Our friends scarcely allowed a fine day to pass without some mountain expedition; but no task is, in general, more discouragingly unsuccessful than picturesque descriptions, and I shall venture on a few only. Our first jaunt was to Moitie-Travers, a place rendered famous by the lapidation of Jean Jacques Rousseau; having reached a village near the reservoir of the river, where, at the height of above one thousand eight hundred feet, the snow was not yet all melted, we intended to sleep at the only inn the place affords, and being shown into a common room where the landlord sat drinking with some of his neighbours; we asked whether we could have another room, upon which the following dialogue ensued:—"*Is not this good enough?*"—"*It may be good enough, but we wish for a room to ourselves.*"—"*Then you may go further if you please.*" It was late in the evening, and night at hand, yet, as it was very fine, we determined not to let our pride yield to that of this republican publican*, and taking a guide, we proceeded to St. Croix, a more civilized village, where after a walk of three hours we arrived, at eleven o'clock at night, and found good accommodations. Next day we pursued our

* The inhabitants of this part of Jura, although so fond of equality, strenuously opposed the separation from Berne.

way through a very beautiful mountain country to *Motiers-Travers*, in the *Val-Travers*, where Rousseau's house is shown, and the desk against the wall, where he wrote standing, and the two peeping-holes in a sort of wooden gallery up stairs, through which he could, unperceived, watch people out of doors. Some old inhabitants remember the philosopher, (it is now more than fifty years since he was here), they admit there were a few stones thrown at him, or the house, by boys in the village, but question whether it was on account of his writings, (*Les Lettres de la Montagne*), and rather suppose they were instigated by his *gouvernante*, who was tired of the place and wished to disgust him with it.

The inhabitants, husbandmen, and shepherds, in the summer season, make clocks, and weave lace during the winter season. The return of peace has put an end, it is not easy to see how, to the demand for these articles; and two successive cold and rainy seasons having destroyed the crops, all means of subsistence have failed at once. The parish funds (I shall state in another place what they consist in) proving inadequate to such an emergency, these poor people, out of all patience with their situation, and even their country, think of emigrating to Poland and to the United States. Some of them learning

we came from the latter country, consulted us: we could not encourage those who have no capital at all, either to pay for their passage, or to begin an establishment, to emigrate to America; and rather advised those who had, to wait at home for a change of circumstances, which cannot fail to take place in due time; the evil, as far as trade goes, working its own remedy.

The Val-Travers is overlooked on one side by the *Creux-du-Var*, a site well deserving a description. The Jura forms here a mighty terrace, a great piece of which seems to have been scooped out, or to have sunk into the earth, in a semi-circular horse-shoe shape. I found the circumference of this prodigious hole measured, by walking all round, along the edge of the precipice, to be upwards of nine thousand feet (two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three great steps), and the depth nearly eight hundred feet, at a place where I could conveniently throw a stone, which was seven seconds in falling from the top to the bottom. Near the entrance the depth is much greater, probably three times, for it reaches down to the valley. What an amphitheatre the Romans might have made there for the whole empire to sit at ease in, and see twenty thousand gladiators of a side contending for their bloody trophies; their shrieks would have come on the ear of the spec-

tators like the crash of thunder, for there never was such an echo in the world: the firing of a gun, we had brought on purpose, produced an effect quite terrific, repeated with singular variety and force all round the circumference during several minutes, like a *feu-de-file*, or the successive discharge of batteries of cannon. An unlucky botanist, in pursuit of some rare plant, was killed here a few months ago; he had ventured too far on a projecting point, which gave way under him, and he fell down to the bottom.

On our return, we observed on the south slope of the Jura, above the village of Provence, at the height of one thousand five hundred or two thousand feet above the Lake of Neûchatel, several large blocks of granite, two of which had each more than twenty steps in circumference, lying loose on the surface of the earth. The Jura is wholly calcareous, and this granite is precisely that of the high Alps, on the other side of Switzerland. The whole chain of the Jura, that is, all the south-east slope, is strewed over with such blocks of granite and of gneiss, from its base almost to its summit. It is a very curious fact, which I shall have occasion to mention again. The view over Switzerland, in descending the Jura above Provence, is magnificent, and much superior to the one already described on entering Switzerland by *Jougne*.

One of the most beautiful parts of the Jura is that where the dent-de-vaulion is situated with the source of the Orbe and its falls. We set out early on a fine morning, unseen, to visit it, and our chars-a-banc reached the village of Ballaigne in five hours, stopping in the way at the *Grotte aux fées;* a cavern, from the mouth of which, as from a balcony, at an upper window, you look down some hundreds of feet on the torrent of the Orbe, in its deep bed of rocks and woody precipices. Leaving our equipages at Ballaigne, and taking a guide, we proceeded to the falls of the Orbe, through a hanging wood of fine old oaks, and came, after a long descent, to a place where the Orbe breaks through a great mass of ruins, which, at some very remote period, fell from the mountain, and entirely obstructed its channel: all the earth, and all the smaller fragments, having long since disappeared, the water works its way, with great noise and fury, between the larger fragments, and falls above the height of eighty feet in the very best style; the blocks, many of them as large as a good-sized three-story house, are heaped up most strangely, jammed in by their angles—in equilibrium or in a point, or forming perilous bridges, over which you may, with proper precaution, pick your way to the other side. The quarry from which the materials of the bridge

came is just above your head, and the miners are still at work; air, water, frost, weight, and time. The strata of lime-stone are evidently breaking down, their deep rents are widening, and enormous masses, loosened from the mountain, and suspended on their precarious bases, seem only waiting for the last effort of the great lever of nature to take the horrid leap, and bury under some hundred feet of new chaotic ruins the trees, the verdant lawn, and yourself, who are looking on and foretelling the catastrophe. This shifting of the scene will now be properly recorded, and handed down to posterity, with all the attending circumstances, and the tragical episode of the spectator swallowed up, will have a very happy effect. At the foot of these rocks, under the thick shade of the trees, a mossy carpet under our feet, in full view of the foam, and full hearing of the roar, we spread the stores kindly provided for our entertainment, a well-seasoned veal pie, a bœuf-a-la-mode, plenty of the best *vin du pays*, and even a dessert (strawberries); a fire was lit with dry sticks to make coffee, and the cheerful blaze added to the pleasurable feelings of the scene. We left it at last reluctantly, and, after long climbing, regained Ballaigne, where the least active of the party, mounting their char-a-banc, went home, while we proceeded towards the *dent-de-vaulion*, at

the base of which we arrived in two hours, and in two hours more reached the summit, which is four thousand four hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea, and three thousand three hundred and forty-two feet above the lake of Geneva: our path lay over a smooth lawn, sufficiently steep to make it difficult to climb. At the top we found a sharp ridge, not more than one hundred yards wide. The south view, a most magnificent one, was unfortunately too like the one at our entrance into Switzerland to bear a second description, although it might be seen a hundred times with the same delight as the first; a proof, if any was wanting, of the inadequacy of language for picturesque purposes. At this late hour, however, all Switzerland was enveloped in evening shades, and the sun already low, and intercepted by the chain of the Jura, on the top of which we stood, glanced over the whole lower country without touching it, and concentrated its last rays on the snows of the high Alps, more resplendent than I ever yet had seen them. The vast extent of sober grey, over the whole intervening landscape, added much to the impression of immensity.

The other side of the narrow ridge can scarcely be approached without terror, being almost perpendicular; crawling, therefore, on our hands and knees, we ventured in this modest attitude to look

out of the window at the hundred and fiftieth story at least (two thousand feet), and see what was doing in the street; herds of cattle in the *infiniment petit* were grazing on the verdant lawn of a narrow vale, on the other side of which a mountain overgrown with dark pines marked the boundary of France. Jougne, and the road by which we had entered Switzerland, formed a zig-zag line between the mountains. Towards the west, we saw a piece of water, which appeared like a mere fish-pond: it was the lake of Joux, two leagues in length and half a league in breadth; we were to look for our night's lodgings in the village on its banks. At sun-set, we began to descend or run down the smooth pasture grounds, scarcely able to stop ourselves, and reached the lake in less than a quarter of the time we had employed in going up. The approach to the inn was impeded by a cause most distressing to the inhabitants—the gradual rising of the waters of the lake, which is now ten feet above its usually permanent level. This lake receives the waters of the surrounding heights, without any other outlet than certain fissures in the rock, called the entonnoirs, through which the water rushes with great violence: these openings, from some internal obstruction, are no longer able to carry off all the waters, and, in consequence, much of the adjacent

fields, as well as part of the village, are inundated: the same accident happened in the sixteenth century, and the inundations lasted fifty years: we slept, however, very comfortably on the verge of this deluge, and very early in the morning got into a boat to cross the lake, the entonnoirs lay in our way, marked by the rippling on the surface. A sort of natural embankment, less than one hundred yards in thickness, at the end of the lake, alone confines its waters; a tunnel of no great length would not only prevent a dangerous increase of the water, but the lake might be drained altogether, leaving an extensive plain of rich level land instead of it. About two leagues further, but only about seven hundred perpendicular feet lower down, the river Orbe, which we had seen the day before forming such a beautiful cascade, bursts out full-grown from the earth, or rather, from the base of a stupendous face of rocks, and, no doubt, at the lower extremity of the entonnoirs of the lake de Joux, by a succession of such caverns as are so common in calcareous rocks. The water runs out here with great velocity, beautifully clear, and fills a channel twelve or fifteen feet wide and four feet deep, lined with moss of the most vivid green; it turns the wheel of a forge, where we stopped a few minutes to gaze at the glowing masses of iron yielding with

such ease to the blows of monstrous hammers moving with incessant fury. The Orbe here fertilizes a valley of great beauty, and gives its name to the antique town of the same name, situated at the foot of the Jura. Orbe was a Roman town, and possesses mosaic pavements and other remains of the taste and power of the masters of the world.

Before coming to it, we passed by the château of *Les Clées*, of tragic memory. During the atrocious wars of the fifteenth century, when executioners spilt as much blood as soldiers, the Swiss took Orbe by assault, after an obstinate resistance; the garrison fought, says Ebel, on the stairs, in the passages, in the great hall, in the garrets, and on the battlements. A remnant of them still held out in the main tower, which the Swiss having forced and set fire to, and still pursuing the enemy amidst the flames, all those taken alive were thrown over the wall. The Swiss next marched against Les Clees, an important place commanding the defile towards France; some counsellors of Berne and Fribourg having lately been put to death there, by orders of Count Romont, no mercy was expected; the commander, Pierre de Cossonney, set fire to the town, which could not be defended, and threw himself into the castle, which having soon been carried by assault, he and all those who had

any share in the death of the counsellors perished on the scaffold. It was at Orbe that Brunehaut, queen of the Franks, was betrayed, in 613, into the hands of Clotaire II., who put her to death; and there, likewise, that the three sons of Charlemagne met, in 855, to divide his vast empire. Such historical recollections as these add much to the picturesque effect of the little town of Orbe, built on an insulated hill, of its towers and walls, terraces and old houses, seen athwart the sky. A bold arch thrown across the torrent leads into the town.

Meadows watered, as most of them are in this region of springs, are mowed three times a year, without the assistance of any manure, and need not ever be ploughed up and renewed. Such land as is not within reach of water bears grain and artificial grasses; or if on a slope exposed to the sun, it is planted with vines; the worst situations are left in wood. Here, as in France, arable land lies fallow every third, fourth, or fifth year; the courses are, first, ploughing for wheat, three or four times in one year, without a crop; second, a crop of wheat the next year, which returns generally five and a half for one; third, barley; fourth, esparsel (sainfoin) or some other artificial grass; then ploughing again for wheat, without a crop. The turnip and sheep system is said not to answer here. A cow

on the Jura yields in the summer season, upon an average, six measures of milk daily, weighing each three pounds, of seventeen ounces.

The general appearance of the country is very woody, owing to the great number of walnut-trees, which grow to an immense size; every village, farm house, and gentleman's residence, is surrounded with them, you travel under their shade, and woods, or rather groves, of ancient and very picturesque forest trees are not uncommon.

In mountainous countries you frequently meet with inhabitants where you would least expect them. A few days ago, we were conducted to a beautiful water-fall at the foot of the Jura. The steep path which ascends to the top of the water-fall, continuing, arrives at the height of eight hundred or a thousand feet, at a sort of natural landing-place, scooped out of the perpendicular face of the mountain, and forming a level piece of ground of ten or twelve acres, nearly encompassed by stupendous rocks. This beautiful green nook was watered by a stream, cold as the snows whence it came, and forming the cascade below; many goats, the only grazing animal which could well find its way here, ranging at liberty among the rocks, were climbing up to every attainable blade of grass; and under the shade of some spreading trees we discovered a cottage,

where the sole proprietor of this secluded domain resides with his family. They appear to live in patriarchal plenty on the milk of their goats and on the potatoes, and even corn, which they raise. The path leading to this aërial residence only rests, in some places, on sticks driven into fissures of the rock, and on trees growing out of these same fissures; what it must be in winter may easily be imagined: yet these people make nothing of scrambling up and down their fourscore flights of stairs at all seasons. The estate has, no doubt, remained in the family many centuries, entailed on them, as it were, by nature; for who would think of buying, even if they were willing to sell? When foreign invaders ravaged Switzerland, in the fifth, the tenth, and the eighteenth centuries, this privileged family at a minute's warning might have made their asylum inaccessible, just by kicking away the ladder, and from their lofty battlements might have defied either *Attila* or Reubel.

The celebrated school of Pestalozzi, at Yverdun, is visited by most travellers through Switzerland: having been introduced to the venerable founder, he favoured me with an account of his method of instruction; I was present at some of the lessons, and having renewed my inquiries during a subsequent visit, I shall now give a connected view of

their result. The whole life of Pestalozzi has been devoted to usefulness, but in endeavouring to promote the welfare of mankind, his own was always out of the question. His apostolical poverty and simplicity, the homeliness of his appearance, and, above all, his obscure and perplexed elocution, had never recommended his active and energetic virtues to the notice of the world, if public calamities had not called them forth into action on a conspicuous stage. The bloody 9th of September, 1798, having left many children of Underwalden fatherless*, Pestalozzi collected at Stantz about eighty of these destitute orphans, and undertook to provide for their wants of body and mind; but the house he occupied having been soon taken away from him, for a military hospital, he had, with his adopted family, to seek shelter elsewhere. Berne provided him with another house, and made him liberal offers, but in the year 1804 he finally settled at Yverdun, where an ancient castle was appropriated to the use of his school.

The great aim of Mr. Pestalozzi was to make his pupils construct the sciences themselves, as far as they were able, first exciting a spirit of inquiry among them, by conversations properly directed, by the disclosure of curious facts connected with

* Chap. xxxix. Vol. II.

these sciences, and then leaving them to pursue the object for some time, without assistance and in their own way, before suggesting any of those artificial rules, which, at the same time that they almost mechanically facilitate the progress of the pupil towards any particular science, leave him in ignorance with regard to its rationale, and do not improve his mental faculties in general*. The school being only preparatory, and for pupils under fourteen years of age, intended afterwards for higher, or at least more special, schools, or to be sent into the world to earn their bread as artisans, the object was less to teach, than to prepare the pupils to be taught, to give them the ready use of their tools; and considering how little, before this age, children really learn, it may readily be ad-

* In order to convey a positive, instead of an abstract, idea of numbers to the mind of his pupils, Mr. Pestalozzi used small cubes or dice, one of them representing a unit. Any child might retain a distinct idea of a group of three units—for instance, of four or five; then of several of these groups; and, by that means, of a considerable sum of units, added up and multiplied without the help of figures. Something of this sort most probably takes place in the mind of those who have the faculty of calculating without figures, as was the case with an American boy some years ago; and such, again, may have been the mental process of Philidor playing chess, and even two or three games at the same time, without seeing the boards: he used to say he *saw the pieces and their changes of position*:—he had them in his mind's eye.

mitted, that whatever might be gained by this method, at least no time was lost. Mr. Pestalozzi thinks that public education is but an inferior substitute for domestic education, and that the former is good only in proportion as it resembles the latter: therefore, he deems mutual love and confidence between master and pupil indispensable to secure a favourable result. Wishing to ascertain how far practice agreed with theory, I have not only assisted at some of the lessons, but I have examined several of the pupils, respecting the sort of intercourse they have with the masters, and the employment of their time from morning to night, and set it all down under their eyes. The result of these inquiries is, that the mode of teaching is in fact very little different from what it is in other schools; the masters teach arithmetic, geography, geometry, &c., from elementary books, that is, dictate to the pupil his mode of proceeding, and as to *love and confidence*, Mr. Pestalozzi is himself now too old to have much conversation with his pupils, and the masters under him see them at the hours of instruction only, and love them about as much as in other schools, masters do love their scholars, and no more. *Aux taloches près*, this was the expression one of the pupils used; excepting a box on the ear occasionally, there is nothing very paternal

in their intercourse with the pupils; and once the master for religious instruction, in an angry moment, as I was told, burst one of the desks with a blow of his fist: "*C'est beau cela pour un maître de religion*," observed my informant, an intelligent boy, who, however, had no dislike to the school, nor any wish to leave it.

There are several other minor schools at Yverdun, all offsets of the first, and all better than this parent school, because they are new and the masters have their reputation to establish. Each of them professes the general principles of Mr. Pestalozzi, which are very good in themselves certainly, but require, in practice, a great deal of zeal and attention not to be expected from any but parents, and not always from them. Mr. Pestalozzi has shewn himself capable of this devotedness and constancy, for a number of years, and I am assured was very successful; but he stands alone, and a system, founded on personal qualities so rarely possessed, may well be deemed visionary: yet it is by aiming at the highest degree of perfection that inferior degrees are obtained, and this establishment has undoubtedly given a favourable impulse to education at Yverdun and in the whole canton. Poor Pestalozzi has been laughed at all his life, for his German mysticism, awkward en-

thusiasm, and simplicity, by people who neither felt nor understood his worth; but *à Dieu ne plaise,* as Fontenelle said, *que je voulusse jetter le plus petit ridicule sur la plus petite vertû.* Worldly-wise men of the ordinary stamp, the prudent, and the cold, may deride safely, as far as regards every purpose of common life, the enthusiastic few, who, while their minds are far away in a world of their own, walk on earth stumbling at every pebble in their way: yet are these the forlorn hope of mankind, falling often obscurely at the outposts, but falling in order that the army may conquer.

To return to Mr. Pestalozzi: he admits that his principles have been in a great degree abandoned, at the great school, but says that they are maintained in their purity, at Clendy, where he has established more recently another school for the express purpose of educating future teachers; a small number of young persons of both sexes, (nineteen at present) are brought up at his expense, and cost him twelve louis a year each; four more pupils from England, pay fifteen louis a year. I was certainly better pleased with what I saw there, and believe that the practice corresponds more with the theory. Of all the tracts published by Mr. Pestalozzi on his favourite pursuit, I only know his moral story of Leonard and Gertrude, in

which the simple graces of Gessner are united to much practical philosophy, on the subject of education, in the lower ranks of society.

In 1814, when the allies were about establishing a military hospital at Yverdun, this venerable man, having been deputed to Alexander, obtained for his town the exemption from this burthen, and was, on the occasion, decorated with a Russian order.

The municipal constitution of the Canton de Vaud, which is, as I understand, nearly the same as in the rest of Switzerland, deserves attention. Each corporate district possesses a common fund, out of which destitute burghers are assisted, and when the income of this fund does not prove sufficient, the municipal council supplies the deficiency by a tax on such proprietors as are *burghers*, and upon no others; this tax is often considerable, I know, for instance, a case of the proprietor of a *montagne* (which means a certain extent of mountain pasture) producing forty louis a year; rated for his share of the poor rates at six louis; this was, indeed, in a year of extraordinary distress.

A proprietor may become a burgher by paying to the public fund a certain sum, determined by the municipal council, which gives him an equality of right to assistance in case of need. Switzerland

is, perhaps, the only country in Europe, where there is a special fund appropriated to the assistance of the poor, exclusive of occasional poor rates raised by taxes. Every Swiss is a *burgher* somewhere in the country.

Yverdun was built out of the ruins of a Roman city of great importance, the ancient Ebrodunum. These ruins are still seen on a level with the soil, all over the plain to the east and south-east of Yverdun. The ancient city was farther from the lake than the modern town, or rather the lake extended farther. The Romans had likewise a fort on the site of Yverdun, being the residence of the naval commanders of the lake of Neuchâtel, where large quantities of timber, furnished by the Jura, were formed into rafts, and sent down that lake, the lake of Bienne, the rivers Thielle, Aar, and Rhine, to the ocean. This fort appears to have been destroyed by fire, from the quantity of corn reduced into a mass of coal, found among its ruins. The modern château of Yverdun, now occupied by the school of Pestalozzi, was built, in 1130, by the Duke of Zeringen, lieutenant of the emperor.

In going from the lake of Geneva to Yverdun, on the lake of Neuchâtel, you ascend two hundred and forty feet to the point where the waters divide, (Entre Roche), whence you descend fifty feet to

Yverdun; the difference of level between the two lakes is, therefore, one hundred and ninety feet, for a distance of twenty-four miles. An attempt was made, about two centuries ago, to construct a canal, which would have joined the two lakes; and, therefore, the Rhone and the Rhine, the ocean and the Mediterranean, by means of locks. It was made as far as Entre Roche, very nearly, being twelve miles, and navigable so far by means of only one lock. If a cut were made at Entre Roche, down to the level of the lake of Neuchâtel, it certainly might be drained to any extent and much fertile land acquired; at any rate, the marshy plain traversed by the Orbe would be effectually drained. The pavement of a Roman road has been discovered at Entre Roche, and it appears, by a Roman mile-stone found upon the spot, to have been constructed under Adrian, A.D. 117—138. This and other Roman roads, traced in several places between Entre Roche and Yverdun, are from four to five feet below the present level of the soil, raised to that height in the course of so many ages. This Yverdun canal would be of little use unless another was constructed at the Pas-de-l'Ecluse, making the Rhone navigable from Genêva to Lyons.

Landed property is in general very dear all

over Switzerland, for space is wanted, and every one wishes to obtain a morsel of land rather than emigrate. I was, however, shewn a domain of one hundred and forty poses, consisting of meadows, good arable land and wood, with a large dwelling-house, and farming buildings in indifferent order; springs of water, and a fine prospect, sold for about one thousand six hundred pounds sterling. Large estates, and such a one as this is not deemed small here, sell proportionally low, unless they can be divided; purchasers being in general of the class of peasants. Along the whole chain of the Jura, pastures let at the rate of forty-five to fifty French francs for each cow, from June to the 9th of October. The herdsmen hire cows as well as pasture, and pay twenty-four francs a head. With forty cows they can make a cheese a day, weighing forty-five pounds. The cows give upon an average twelve English quarts a day. A mountain, meaning a grazing farm, sells at the rate of twenty years' purchase; some of these mountains are bare of trees, while on others trees are thinly scattered. I measured on the Suchet many firs, fifteen feet in circumference, with prodigiously large limbs at right angles with the trunk.

The scarcity, although severely felt, has not yet reduced the population to absolute beggary, and

the number of deaths is not greater than usual, nor are there more debtors or criminals in the gaols, but marriages have been much less numerous *.

* Mr. Bengger, of Arau, had the goodness to communicate to me his valuable materials, collected for the purpose of giving to the public a statistical account of the Canton de Vaud, and permitted me to abstract the following interesting acts:—

Population of the Canton de Vaud, in the Years 1803 *to* 1810, *officially collected from the Parish Register.*

	BOYS		GIRLS			DIED			Proportion of Deaths to Births
Marriages	Legitimate	Illegitimate	Legitimate	Illegitimate	Total	Males	Females	Total	
8,544	17,758	486	17,010	516	35,770	12,116	12,025	24,141	

Mortality according to Age.

	1st Year	1 to 5	5 to 10	10 to 15	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50	50 to 60	60 to 70	70 to 75	75 to 80	80 to 85	85 to 90	90 to 95	96	97	98	99	Total
Males	295	135	33	31	44	85	63	92	114	163	97	91	61	27	5	1	0	0	1	1338
Females	228	116	49	38	38	80	81	91	144	206	120	73	83	22	13	0	0	0	0	1382

There are 4.07 births to a marriage, one child illegitimate out of 35.7; the country gives fewer illegitimate births than the town, *viz.*, one of 94 instead of one out of 25.68. In France the proportion is in general one illegitimate birth out of eleven, or even greater; but at Neufchatel it is only one out of fifty-seven. The population of the Canton de Vaud in 1798 was 142,589; in 1799, 136,891; in 1803, 144,178; in 1811, 155,807. Marriages, one among 139 persons. Population doubles in 71½ years, ($\frac{97}{1000}$ a year). The deaths are to the population as one to 49.41,

The patois of the *Romand* part of Helvetia is, as the learned affirm, in a great degree Celtic, and so it appears to be likewise in all the Roman provinces of Gaul, where the people have preserved a patois. The ample vocabularies, which have been collected, shew that the names of places particularly, are oftener Celtic than Latin*.

but in 1764 it was as one to 45.11. This fact is the most interesting of all in political economy, for the object is not so much how many are born as how many live to an efficient age. At Glaris there is one death out of thirty-eight inhabitants, and one birth out of twenty-eight; the increase is occasioned by manufactures. The probability of life in France is on an average only twenty years, and its mean duration twenty-eight years and a half; in Prussia, twenty-six years; in Mexico, twenty-three; in the United States, thirty-two; in Norway alone the mean life is greater than in Switzerland. There are 4.92 individuals to a house in the latter country, and in England 5.6.

* The Gaulic language has many words derived from the Greek, and from the oriental tongues, with others, which appear, at first sight, to be of Latin origin, because the Romans themselves borrowed them from the same source, and from the Celtic. The basis of the Basque language is also chiefly oriental, as no one acquainted with Hebrew and Arabic can doubt; it has, besides, many words purely Greek, and the remainder Latin. There is a still greater proportion of Greek in the dialects of the other Gaulic provinces, as well as in those of ancient Wales and Cornwall. Casauban gave a long list of English words of Greek origin; and there are not fewer in the ancient Irish, which is written in the Greek characters, and has only seventeen letters, a number which accords with that of the Grecian alphabet, previous to the Trojan

The landscape about Giez presents a broken surface, divided into small enclosures, with abundant springs of water. Groves of large walnut-trees shade every farm-house and village, as well as the public roads, giving to the whole country the appearance of a wood. While the Alps skirt our southern horizon, we have the Jura close by, extending from east to west, on the north side. This beautiful situation is besides classic ground: Charles the Bold, of Burgundy, occupied Giez and the neighbouring villages with sixty thousand men, on the eve of the battle of Grandson, the first of the three great battles which cost him his kingdom and his life. Fronting Giez, towards the left, and on the bank of the lake, is the castle of Grandson;

war! The four Greek letters, added by Palamedes, during the siege of Troy, and the four others, attributed to Simonides, are not to be found in the Irish alphabet; so that it was the alphabet of Cadmus, and not that of Ionia, subsequently adopted by all Greece, that the Irish nation received. The letter *F*, (as it is written in the Latin manner) they probably added; but not till the Emperor Claudian had inserted it in the Latin alphabet: this assuredly is no mean pedigree for a language.—*Memoir on the Ancient History of Switzerland*, by Loys de Bochat, 1747.

Bochat might have observed, besides, that Xenophon says, Cadmus's alphabet was like the one used by the Galateans, or *Asiatic Gauls*, which seems to imply, that this alphabet passed from the Gauls to the Greeks, and not from the Greeks to the Gauls!

the garrison of which was deliberately put to death by this same Charles the Bold, a few days before the battle. His camp was before this castle; but advancing to meet the Swiss three leagues farther, along the banks of the lake of Neuchâtel, he was driven back afterwards to his camp, and half-a-mile beyond *. Fragments of arms are still found occasionally over all this space, after the lapse of three centuries and a half. To the right of Giez, on a height, is the Castle of Champvent; one of those built in the time of Queen Bertha, for safety against the ravages of the Saracens †. Notwithstanding its nine hundred years, this castle is still in good repair, and inhabited; its walls, fifteen feet thick, vying in durability with the hill on which they stand.

The castle of Grandson recals to mind an interesting anecdote of the fourteenth century, concerning two ancient and powerful families, whose respective castles and estates lay on opposite sides of the lake: the Grandsons on the north-west side; and the Estavayers on the south-east, where the town of that name now stands. The knights of France and England, of Burgundy and Savoy, bore testimony to the valour of Otho de Grandson;

* See Vol. II., Chap. xxiii.

† See Vol. II., Chap. xxiii.

and his chivalrous accomplishments had made, it seems, a fatal impression on the heart of Catherine de Belp, wife of Gerard d'Estavayer. The husband, not ignorant of his disgrace, but unwilling to come to an open rupture with a wife, heiress to great estates, dissembled the injury, and waited for a favourable opportunity to be revenged; which the mysterious death of Amé VII., duke of Savoy, killed while hunting, seemed to furnish. Otho of Grandson was known to have disliked the Duke. It was enough for Estavayer to accuse him openly before the grand bailli of the Pays de Vaud, Louis de Joinville, offering to prove the charge by single combat, in the *ban-de-moudon.* A cause so important, between such illustrious adversaries, could not fail to excite universal attention; and when Amé VIII. appointed the day and place of meeting (the 7th of August, 1397, at *Bourg-en-Bresse,*) noble barons and knights hastened from the neighbouring states, and even from distant parts of Europe, to witness the combat.

Otho, although in a declining state of health, scorned to avoid the encounter on that account; but when he appeared before the assembly, he reminded them of a solemn inquest held after the death of the duke, and that not a shadow of suspicion had been found to rest on him; "how can it

be otherwise," continued he, "when none of the noble knights of Savoy here present, some of whom were related by blood to the late prince, and all of them his vassals, has thought it his duty to challenge me, as this Estavayer has done, for private purposes. *He lies,*" added he: "*so much the worse for him—so much the better for me!*" Amé of Savoy rose, bowed, and, crossing himself, said, "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, amen; *que gage de bataille soit fait, et se fasse, and let us entreat the Divine Judge to afford protection to the good cause, and render truth manifest.*"

The two champions, for whose appearance on the appointed day, twenty-one knights had given bail, each in one thousand marks, entered the lists on caparisoned steeds, and completely armed, each with a lance, two swords, and a dagger. During the desperate combat which ensued, the spectators, divided into opposite parties, with their respective badges and colours, evinced the liveliest interest. In the end, success did not attend the best cause; Otho falling lifeless on the field. Amé de Savoy took immediate possession of Grandson and all the domains of the unfortunate Otho, regardless of the claims of his brother, the last of the race.

After a fortnight spent very pleasantly at Giez,

we parted with regret from our friends. Two of them are of a much older date than the others; but none are new friends now: a fortnight spent under the same roof telling as years of common acquaintance. The daily familiar intercourse of domestic life scarcely admits of indifference; you must like or dislike; and assuredly the latter sentiment is not the one we feel.

NEUCHATEL, *June* 17.

A thick haze which hung all day on the distant prospect, hid the Alps from our sight; but the immediate banks of the lake of Neuchâtel, between which and the parallel chain of the Jura we travelled, presented an endless variety of views: from the comfortable habitations, and multitude of villages, on the fore-ground, overshaded with trees, and surrounded with rich meadows and fields, watered by innumerable springs, to the black forests of pines, and the snowy summits of the Jura. The peasantry, of both sexes, at work in the fields, were well dressed, and the women wore immense hats, of I know not what light materials, shining in the sun. At Serrieres, near Neuchâtel, a magnificent bridge of one arch crosses a considerable river, which is, however, scarcely three minutes above ground; this space of time being sufficient

to carry it from its source, at the foot of the Jura, to the lake; a distance of about three hundred yards. We saw its deep and clear waters burst out of the rocks, and boil up from between the stones of its bed, forming at once a river, which gave motion to a good deal of machinery, erected in a most picturesque dell, among such rocks and such trees as even manufactories cannot wholly disfigure. A feudal castle, on high, overlooks the smiling landscape; and no breathing creature disputes the commands of its powerful lord, the master-manufacturer of calicoes and muslins; and all below being his spinners and weavers. Opposites meet here: feudality and manufactures; castles and cotton-mills: times, perhaps, are not so much altered as one might suppose.

We have been looking curiously at every spot, appearing to be a gentleman's residence, and there are many, to ascertain what sort of taste they display; I am sorry to say it is none of the best: cut trees and box-borders, rectilinear walks and jets-d'eaux, terraces decorated with terra cotta, or leaden shepherds and shepherdesses. Had Pliny himself made these gardens, they could not be more purely classical. One of their men of taste has been several years occupied in making a mountain; labourers with spades and wheelbarrows are very

busy throwing up earth; the heap is already some thirty feet high, with a *Simplon road* over it, and may reach to sixty feet, if he goes on with the same spirit for the rest of his life. Mountblanc had better look about him, this may prove a dangerous rival. As to the houses, their elevated red tile roofs, and spiral brick chimneys, have a sort of picturesque homeliness not unpleasing; they are scrupulously neat within and without doors, and the fine trees about them, the springs of running water, and the glorious views on all sides, make ample amends for old-fashioned *parterres*.

Neuchâtel is a very good looking small town, with a pleasant walk by the lake, and several handsome public buildings, mostly due to the munificence of private citizens. Mr. Pury, a merchant, spent a million of Swiss livres on his native town, and left by his will four or five millions more for the same purpose.

Mr. Pourtalis, another wealthy merchant, a few years ago, built and endowed a very good hospital in a fine situation. The yearly returns shew, that, in the year 1813, two hundred and sixty-nine patients were admitted, of whom only ten died; in 1815, three hundred and twelve patients and eighteen deaths; in 1814, the hospital was filled with sick soldiers; and the humane individuals, profes-

sional and others, who continued their usual gratuitous attendance, were most of them attacked with nervous fever, of which several died.

This town owes its name to a castle, which was *neuf* thirteen or fourteen hundred years ago, having been built in the fifth century, to check the invading barbarians: it became, in latter times, the residence of the princes of Neuchâtel, or their representatives; the last of these princes, the King of Prussia, in 1806, transferred his faithful subjects to Buonaparte, who gave them Berthier for master. The chances of war and diplomacy threw them again into the hands of his Prussian majesty, or at least under his protection, whilst they at the same time remained, by a sort of political anomaly, members of the Helvetic republic.

I inquired of a decent sort of a man, who served us as a guide, what kind of a prince Berthier had been to them—*Why*, said he, *c'étoit un fort bon prince!*—And the King of Prussia, what think you of him? *Sa majesté*, our informant replied, *nous a envoyé un bon gouverneur tout à fait.* Thus things are always for the best at Neuchâtel. The antique château, in an elevated situation over the lake, commands a view which the reader may fancy better than I can describe. The lime-trees on its terrace are very large; one of them measures eighteen

feet in circumference, five feet above ground, and nearly double below.

Numerous fountains, ceaselessly pouring their limpid streams into large stone basins, are, besides their convenience and beauty, a species of living records of the taste and manners of past ages, being generally ornamented with colossal representations of Swiss warriors of the fifteenth century, clad in steel, with wasp shapes, and stuffed breasts, like the Prussian heroes of our days, wearing on the top of the head diminutive caps, contrasting with their vast exuberance of beard and stern countenances.

The artists, allowing sometimes a greater range to their imagination, have attempted allegorical allusions to religion and morality: we find, for instance, a good and a bad angel pulling about an unfortunate lamb between them, which the one endeavours to protect, while the other strives to get possession of it. The bad angel is always represented as a female, frightfully ugly, with horns and a long tail, appendages little likely to ensure her success. One of their most favourite subjects is a long-waisted goddess of justice, with short petticoats, slashed sleeves, close lace cap, and point ruffles; of course, the sword and scales.

June 18.—From Neuchâtel we reached Cerlier, on the lake of Bienne, in three hours, while our vehicle went on by land to the town; we took a row-boat, which carried us to Rousseau's island in one hour and a half. It was a very hot day, and the sun, almost vertical, poured on the surrounding scenery its floods of white unmeaning light, without any shade to relieve the uniform and distressing glare, a circumstance most fatal to picturesque beauty—no artist would choose the hour of noon for his picture, yet it is, I might almost say, *noon all day long* in a southern climate, while the northern one enjoys the harmonious breadth of morning and evening light at all hours. The mountains, which surround the lake of Bienne, have a monotonous and tame outline; they are stript of wood, and disfigured by vulgar enclosures and vineyards; in short, Rousseau's daily and protracted ecstasies, lying on his back in a boat, drifting at the mercy of the wind and waves on this lake, could have but little to do with what he saw, and must have been the fruit of his own fertile fancy alone. The Rabit Island, of which he speaks, has not a tree, a bush, or a blade of grass, that we could see; and that part of the lake we crossed is so shallow, and overspread with reeds, that our boat had some dif-

ficulty in making its way through them; yet the water is so clear, that the myriads of trout and other fish seemed to swim in thin air.

Rousseau's residence, the only house, I believe, on the island, is a substantial, neat, and orderly farm-house, built round a court shaded by a huge walnut-tree; it is also a house of entertainment for curious travellers, whose names are recorded in a book, with sentimental effusions about Rousseau. We copied a few of them, as well as the critical remarks of less friendly travellers, some of them amusing enough, but it would scarcely be fair to swell this book with quotations of young ladies' and gentlemen's poetry. A portly Swiss beauty, our landlady, introduced us to Rousseau's room, in the state he left it, very scantily furnished, and the bare walls scribbled over with the same sort of enthusiastic rhapsodies about the Genevan philosopher as fill the book. Looking over this book, we ascertained that the proportion of travellers from different countries stands thus: fifty-three Swiss and Germans, four Prussians, two Dutch, one Italian, five French, three Americans, and twenty-eight English.

Imagining we had seen all that was worth seeing, we were about to depart, after a violent thunder-storm, which happened during our dinner, when

chance directed our steps up a height in the middle of the island, where we were astonished to find a level ridge, about half a mile in length, and a quarter in breadth, shaded by a grove of antique oaks and other forest trees, older probably than the Helvetic league, and of a size I do not remember to have met with any where, except in the American wilderness; not however all crowded together, but many of them balancing their horizontal limbs in picturesque singleness, borne on a stem twenty feet in circumference. Several avenues traversed the mass of shade, forming lofty arches impenetrable to the rays of the sun, and in the more open parts of the grove we had under our feet a smooth lawn, or sheep-walk, of the liveliest green, over which the lords of the forest swelled their mighty roots in fanciful knobs and protuberances; the thickets of underwood were swarming with blackbirds. From this elevated situation we discovered, on the north side, a better shore than the one which had offered itself in the morning, and under more favourable circumstances of light; glorious glimpses of the Alps opened here and there towards the south. These grounds being public are fortunately protected from the sacrilegious axe and plough, and we feel grateful to the government of Berne on that account—the Swiss need not go

to England for a *jardin Anglois;* they have it here to perfection.

Bienne struck us as more Swiss than any thing we had yet seen, or rather as if we were entering Switzerland for the first time; every thing looked and sounded so foreign, and yet to see the curiosity we excited the moment we landed and entered the streets, we might have supposed it was ourselves who looked rather outlandish. The women wore their hair plaited down to their heels, while the full petticoat did not descend near so far; several groups of them, sitting at their doors, sung *in parts* with an accuracy of ear and of taste innate among the Germans. Gateways fortified with towers intersect the streets, which are composed of strange looking houses built on arcades, like those of bridges, and variously painted, blue with yellow borders, red with white, or purple and grey; projecting iron balconies, highly worked and of a glossy black, with bright green windows. The luxury of fountains and of running water is still greater here than at Neuchâtel, and you might be tempted to quench your thirst in the kennel, it runs so clear and pure. These public fountains are adorned with the kind of figures already described, which characterize sufficiently the respective periods of their construction; those of the fifteenth century have bearded

warriors; those of the sixteenth, angels of light with wings, and angels of darkness with tails. Watchmen perambulate the streets all night, as in England, proclaiming in German recitativo what o'clock it is, the state of the weather, and tranquillizing the citizens and their wives on the subject of fire and thieves. At the welcome sound they turn on their other ear, and go to sleep.—Morning and evening goats, in an immense drove, conducted to or from the mountain, traverse the streets, and stop of themselves, each at its own door. In the interior of the houses, most articles of furniture are quaintly shaped and ornamented, old-looking, but rubbed bright, and in good preservation; from the nut-cracker, curiously carved, to the double-necked cruet, pouring oil and vinegar out of the same bottle. The accommodations at the inn are homely, but not uncomfortable; substantially good, though not elegant.

Sohier, *June* 19.

This is a small village, eight or nine leagues from Bienne; a distance which took us ten hours to travel, including an hour and a half baiting; the league is eighteen thousand feet, the foot, smaller than the French, is about equal to the English; therefore, a Swiss league represents nearly three

and a half English miles, and is indifferently called an *hour* or a *league*. The road, immediately on leaving Bienne, ascends for a long while, and affords glorious views; it traverses afterwards the *Val de Suze*, and *Val St. Imier*, leading to *Pierre Pertuis*, a gate-way through a rock, opening into *Moustier Grand Val*, too irregular to be the work of art, yet not likely to be a mere accident: at any rate, this singular passage was known and frequented under the Romans, as appears by the inscription in the rock above it:

NVMINI AUG . . . .
. . . VM . . . . . .
VIA . CTA PER T . . .
DV . . VM PATER
IL VIR . COL HELT .

Mr. Ebel restored this inscription thus:

Numini augustorum via facta per Titum
Dunnium Paternum Il virum coloss? Helvet.

Writers, both ancient and modern, differ strangely on the simple fact of the dimensions of this passage, so easily ascertained, and Mr. Ebel himself, generally so very exact, is as much mistaken as the others. Its irregular breadth is thirty feet in the narrowest part, and fifty in the widest; its height, estimated by comparing it with the height of a

man standing under it, is nearly twenty feet; the thickness of the screen of rock, through which the road passes, is twenty-four feet on one side of the passage, and twenty-eight on the other. This is considered as a strong military position; yet our guide scaled the rock on one side, and descended on the other, with perfect ease, in a minute and a half, by my watch. In 1814 the French fortified Pierre Pertuis with palisades and a breast-work, still visible, but abandoned it on the approach of the Austrians, who reached Grelinger, some miles farther, that same evening. Their officer occupied, at Sohier, the room where we dined; he sat up all night at the window, fearing, as the innkeeper told us, a surprise in so wild a country. It is, indeed, difficult to convey an idea of its extraordinary appearance; the chain of the Jura, apparent from top to bottom, in its length from Pierre Pertuis to Sohier, and the torrent of the Birse flows in this gigantic channel. A narrow, but otherwise excellent, road, constructed by the Romans, and restored in the tenth and the eighteenth centuries, follows the stream, changing sides repeatedly by means of bridges, and is in some places excavated out of the rock; the parallel calcareous strata of which the Jura is composed, bent and twisted frequently in various fantastic ways,

retain, however, in general, a vertical position, but rarely correspond from side to side of the chasm. It should seem as if the two respective sections of the mountain, after their violent separation, had sunk unequally into the earth, or experienced distinct changes so as to disturb the similarity of dip. These vertical strata, some thousand feet high, in several places only a few feet thick, and separated by narrow interstices, resemble the leaves of a book standing on end, or take from various breaks and other accidents the appearance of towers and fortifications separated by frightful trenches, where the light of day never penetrates, where no plant grows, or living creature draws its breath; the only sound, the only indication of life amidst the general immobility and silence of this inert creation being occasioned by the trickling of hidden waters down the rock, which they insensibly wear away. Its substance infinitely divided and washed away into the river Birse, thence into the Rhine, is deposited in due time on the low grounds of Holland, and fertilizing its meadows, serves ultimately to fatten Dutch cows, and of course Dutchmen themselves. Several huge fragments of the vertical strata, detached and precipitated into the Birse, stand edgewise, in most terrific equipoise. More than once

we thought we perceived, perched up on high, the ruins of real castles, monasteries, and hermits' cells; and there are, in fact, several. Germanus, of Treves, of an illustrious family in Germany, built himself a cell some where here, in the seventh century, and the spot is said to be accessible by means of ladders. A rich monastery was afterwards erected on that spot, called in German Munster, (Monasterium), and in French *Moustier*; thence the names of Munster Thal and Moustier Grand-Val, which the country has retained. It flourished greatly under the protection of Germanus, who was, however, assassinated, in A.D. 666, by the sons of a Duke of Alsace, jealous of his power. The family of the Marechal de Tavanne, one of the first to embrace the tenets of the Reformation, in 1520, and whose name recalls the horrors of the day of St. Bartholomew, had their castle near the entrance of Moustier-Grand-Val, where a village named *Tavanne* still exists. They were, it seems, descended from a Scotch engineer, called Mackenbrie, probably Mackenzie, employed by Queen Bertha, in the tenth century, to restore the Roman road along the Birse.

The Jura, like most calcareous mountains, abounds with fossil remains of plants and animals. Elephants' bones and a tusk, as well as various

marine bodies, have been found in the rocks bordering the road we have travelled, that is at the very centre and foundation of the Jura. Similar facts respecting a former world with living plants and animals, anterior to the existence of rocks and mountains, are so numerous, that we might cease to wonder at them, yet the thing is so passing strange, that it never will lose its novelty.

Several troops of men and women passed by us in the course of the day, who had much the appearance of quakers, only that they were dressed in black instead of the characteristic drab. They are, we find, the peaceable descendants of those furious sectaries of the sixteenth century, the Anabaptists, guilty then of such incredible excesses *, and now the quietest and most inoffensive of mankind. Their ancestors were driven away from the Canton of Berne, about one hundred and fifty years ago, because they refused to bear arms, and they took shelter here, where the Bernese found them, when subsequently they obtained possession of the country. But this time they agreed very well with their former masters, who had learned to tolerate harmless peculiarities, and they are very much respected in the neighbourhood.

At Grelingen, where we dined, a man had six-

* See Chap. xxvi. Vol. II.

teen bags of oats seized, which he was carrying from a district of the Canton of Berne to the Canton of Soleure, where it appears the scarcity is still more severely felt, and ran away for fear of worse consequences. This is the more strange, as the federal constitution of 1815, expressly provides for the freedom of trade between the Cantons, excepting, however, all attempts at forestalling or regrating. This poor fellow, with his sixteen bags of oats, must have been deemed a forestaller. This is, I perceive, much as at Sens, excepting that there it was the populace; which took the absurd and illiberal side of the question, and here the government.

The memorable field of battle of St. Jaques, or *Jakeb*, was pointed out to us, as we approached Bâle, on our right, between the left bank of the Birse and the road *.

BALE, *June* 20.

A high terrace before the cathedral of Bâle overlooks the course of the Rhine, both above and below the town, where that river, changing its direction from west to north, makes a great bend; it looks more like a ravaging torrent than a beneficent and fertilizing stream; not a boat appeared

* See Chap. xxii. Vol. II.

on its waters, which were of a greyish blue, like the Rhone; these two great rivers have a sort of family likeness, showing their common origin. The bridge which unites Bâle, on the south side of the Rhine, with the suburb called Lesser Bâle on the north side, is built of stone at both ends, and of wood in the middle, where the water is deepest and most rapid. Ten very large horse-chestnut-trees cover the beautiful terrace with their impervious shade; you thence see beyond the Rhine, the mountains of the Black Forest terminating the horizon in the north-west. The cathedral, built in the tenth century, is not large, but its front is fine and in surprising preservation, considering the many and violent earthquakes it has been exposed to, especially the one in 1356, which left only a hundred houses standing in the town. The name of Psaltz, given to the cathedral at Bâle, is derived from Palatium, there having been a Roman palace on its site. A curious duel, in the Don Quixote style, was fought in 1428, on the square before the cathedral *. The hall where the celebrated council of Bâle sat seventeen years, (1431 to 1448) is still in being, very shabby, and of dimensions, in length and breadth, scarcely equal to those of the British House of Commons,

* See Chap. xx. Vol. II.

with the ceiling not half so high. It seems very inadequate to contain, and still less to accommodate, the fathers of the council, with the crowd of princes, ambassadors, and great men of all degrees, who attended it.

The plague which ravaged Europe repeatedly in the fifteenth century, as it had done in the fourteenth, once reduced the Council of Bâle to a single member, all those who did not die having fled *.

This town, the situation of which appears as convenient for trade as it is beautiful, has seen better, or at least, more flourishing, days than the present, and it is difficult to assign a reason for the gradual decrease of its population. Ammianus Marcellinus, in the fourth century, speaks of it, under the name of Basilea, as already considerable; and in the eleventh century it certainly was the largest town in Helvetia. The Crusaders, who conquered Constantinople, met here A.D. 1202. It had very early a celebrated university, and the art of printing, when in its infancy every where else, had here already been carried to a high degree of perfection. A multitude of eminent men were born, or at least received their education, in this town; it is enough to name Erasmus, Euler,

* See Chap. xxii. Vol. II.

Bernouilli; and in the arts, Holbein, who, notwithstanding his defects, rose so much above the general standard of his time. A copy of the *Eloge de la Folie*, with marginal drawings by him, is, we understand, preserved in the public library; but it is very doubtful whether he had any thing to do with the celebrated *Dans des Morts* bearing his name. This celebrated composition was originally painted on the wall of a church-yard, which it was found necessary to pull down seventeen years ago. The picture having suffered much from long exposure, and being almost obliterated, was retouched, and perhaps wholly painted anew, four different times, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, yet always retained the name of Holbein; this tradition is the only proof of his having painted it the first time. There are here several good pictures by him; we saw the finest, perhaps, at Mr. Vocher's, a very good artist himself; it is on the same subject as the admirable picture of the three Mary's by Annibal Carracci (formerly in the Orleans collection, now at Castle Howard), and not unworthy of the comparison. Next to this picture is a portrait of Anna Bullen, by Holbein likewise, but where the dry, hard, inharmonious style is most conspicuous. We saw, at the same artist's, a very fine panorama of Thun,

and some interesting aqua-tinta engravings composed and executed by him.

I read, with great interest, the following account of Bâle, given by no less a person than the historian De Thou, travelling in the year 1597; like Cæsar, he spoke of himself in the third person, and wrote in Latin: "De Thou stopped a few days at *Bâle of the Rauraques*, where the Rhine begins to be navigable, and endeavoured to employ his time to the best advantage." He had letters to Thomas Zwinger and to Basil Amerbach; this last, a polite and attentive gentleman, never left De Thou; he shewed him, in his own house, Erasmus's library, his MSS., collection of medals, and some plate which had been bequeathed to his father. Among other things, there was a terrestrial globe, of silver, worked at Zurich; while he was admiring it, the globe opened, forming two hemispheres, which were, according to custom here, filled with wine, and drank by the company, to the health of De Thou*. Thence he

* This globe was a present made to Erasmus, and not the only one of the kind, for L'Escarbot, in his *Picture of Switzerland*, a rare and curious book published in 1618, says, that at the renewal of a treaty of alliance between Zurich and France, in 1614, there was a great entertainment given to Mr. De Castille, ambassador of the king. The lords counsellors of Zurich (*La Seigneurie*) had at first intended to present him with a prodigious ox with

was conducted to the public library, in which many valuable MSS. are preserved, such as the commentaries of Proclus and other Greeks on Plato and Aristotle. He visited also Felix Platter, a doctor of medicine, living in a large and pleasant house, where he was received very kindly, and shewn an elk (alce), a mountain rat, vulgarly called dormouse, as big as a cat, in a torpid state, having passed the winter without food. Platter shewed him, likewise, in the collection of fossils of Conrad Gessner, a great many strange productions of nature, and uncommon insects, which De Thou examined at leisure, and with great curiosity, assisted by Amerbach, who understood these things extremely well. He then went to pay his respects to Theodorus Zwinger, whose house was ornamented with numerous inscriptions composed by himself, a thing in which he excelled*. He last went to the printing-office of Peter Perna of

gilt horns; but upon further consideration it was thought best to change the offering to a terrestrial globe, of gilt silver, which divided into two large cups, for the purpose of drinking joyously and copiously.

* Theodorus Zwinger's residence had no other tapestry but these inscriptions in Hebrew, in Greek, in German, all, as is affirmed, most ingeniously devised; it took a great deal of time to peruse this learned house; amateurs may find a selection of these inscriptions in the Basilia Sepulta of Tonjola.

Lucca, an old man, but so vigorous, that he worked himself at the press. Then De Thou, after returning thanks to Amerbach for all his good offices, took his departure from Bâle," *&c.*

Whether the present inhabitants of Bâle are as hospitable and as learned as they were at the time of De Thou, we had no opportunity whatever of judging; but if public report is to be credited, their pursuits are now rather more directed to the acquisition of wealth, than to the cultivation of literature or science, and their houses not by any means so readily opened to strangers. The population of Bâle has gradually decreased since the seventeenth century, and is now one half of what it was then; a circumstance not easily accounted for, considering the advantages of situation and the steady industry of the inhabitants.

Louis XIV. built the citadel of Huningen within cannon-shot of Bâle, with views little favourable to the Helvetic neutrality. Its demolition, stipulated in the last general treaty of peace, has since been carried into execution; the site is a heap of ruins, and forms but a melancholy residence for the remaining inhabitants of the forty or fifty crippled houses still standing. A poor wretch, well worth describing, offered himself to us as a guide; he had lost an eye, his arm was in a sling,

and his head bound up with a dirty rag of a handkerchief; the large military hat over it half hid an unshaved countenance, deeply tinged with bile and sickness, rather than sunburnt; a pair of cast-off shoes, much too large for his feet, were fastened on with packthread, and he wore about his waist something, which might have been an officer's scarf, in order to keep his tattered coat from flying abroad. Salvator Rosa was stamped upon his figure; and when, "sad historian of the pensive" ruins, he began his narrative, the lowering expression of his countenance and surly voice and manner accorded perfectly with his general appearance. He had been an artillery-man during the siege, had been wounded, and was just dismissed from the hospital. In his ill-humour he abused every body; the Emperor of Austria first, his own commander next, (General Barbanegre, whose able defence of the place is well known); "We were betrayed," he exclaimed, "sold;" &c. One hundred and sixty women and twenty men are all that remain of the former population, and our driver, who had been conversing with some of the solitary ladies, while we looked over the dismantled bastions, found them still more discontented than our invalid guide, and considering the undue pro-

portion their sex bore in the general population of the place, this discontent was natural enough.

Half way between Huningen and Bâle, we observed some ruins with the following inscription: "*L'armée du Rhin sous les ordres du Général Moreau à son retour d'Allemagne; à la mémoire du Général Abbatucci, mort à la suite des blessures qu'il reçut en defendant la tête du pont d'Huningen.*"— "Who destroyed this monument?" we asked a citizen of Bâle. "We did," he answered. "Why," we continued, "should you wish to disturb the ashes of the dead?"—"Ask those," he replied, "who pulled down the *Ossuary* of Morat*!" The two cases were not exactly similar, but the spirit which animated the actors was the same.

About two hours and a half after leaving Bâle, on the road to Schaffhausen, we passed the village of Augst, on the site of a Roman city (Augusta Rauracorum†), founded by Augustus fifty years before our era, which perished in the fourth or fifth century, during some of the invasions of northern barbarians, without the circumstances being re-

* See chap. ii. Vol. II.

† Lucius Munatius Plaucus conducted the colony; and it appears, by an inscription found on the spot, that the colonists were the Rauriaci (Colonia Rauricæ).

corded any where. Muller conjectures that it was destroyed by an earthquake, because a part of the ruins is now under the level of the Rhine. Mr. Ebel attributes the catastrophe to the Huns. In the year 1589 the learned antiquary Amerbach, the same who was so friendly to De Thou, drew an accurate plan of all these ruins, which is preserved in the library of Bâle. The theatre, the aqueduct, the walls of the town, have in a great degree disappeared since that time, but many other remains, then underground, have since been brought to light. The library of Bâle possesses, it is said, twelve thousand medals, mostly found in these ruins. It is surely a matter of surprise that so many medals, and pieces of coin, should have been found among the ruins of antiquity, which imply a much greater number still hidden. We moderns do not scatter about our money, and other valuables, in this manner; and when, some thousand years hence, London and Paris come to be dug out of corn fields, on the banks of the Thames and the Seine, the pieces of gold and silver, and of brass, picked up among their ruins, will still be Greek and Roman, with very few French or English. The reason must be, that, now a days, misers do not bury their treasures, which is assuredly all in favour of the modern state of society, and security of property.

As late as the fourteenth century, merchants travelling along the Rhine were often plundered by the feudal lords of the country; these proud chiefs, hospitable as the emirs of Arabia, entertained likewise a very exalted opinion of the profession of highwaymen; but the vulgar citizens of towns had far different ideas, and destroyed whenever they could, the strong holds of these noble robbers. Those of Bâle, having taken the castle of Falkenstein, commanding the pass of Cluse, between this and Soleure, on our right, cut off the heads of the whole garrison *in terrorem*.

WALDSHUT, *June* 21.

Here we are in Germany, eleven leagues, or hours, from Bâle, in thirteen hours, including three hours' rest at Stein, a village on the Swiss side of the Rhine, opposite Seckingen, where we dined at a country inn; our room, perfectly neat, had five windows, commanding a glorious view up and down the Rhine, and that part of Germany called the Black Forest, extending on the other side to distant mountains. It is no longer a forest infested, as formerly, with robbers; the best lands are now cultivated, and the people are industrious and orderly: our landlord at Stein, a very sensible man, told us, that the strict police established by the

French had contributed to the change; we had, he added, on the Swiss frontier much to suffer from the French armies from 1796 to 1799; not on the part of the soldiers, who, as soldiers, were rather of the better sort, but from the systematic plunder and insatiable rapacity of the general officers." The bridge over the Rhine at Seckingen is built of wood, and covered with a roof; its seven arches, estimated at fifty or sixty feet span, would give about four hundred feet width to the Rhine, although Mr. Ebel gives only two hundred and eighty feet to that river at Bâle, where it appears full as wide as here.

We should think an innkeeper's bill along the Rhine, in Cæsar's time, Ammianus Marcellinus's, or even Mr. De Thou's, a most valuable document, and encouraged by this reflection, I shall here record our dinner at the country inn of Stein, although I think it in general unnecessary to trouble the reader with such details, however important they may in reality be to travellers during their journey*. Our landlord told us that he and his

* The dishes were not ordered, but such as the landlord chose to give; the pottage came alone. Then for the first course we had bouilli, veal cutlets over sour crout, fried calves' feet over spinage. Second course, two small trout, a pigeon, tongue in ragout. Third course, a chicken larded, roast veal, and salad; and

neighbours were all proprietors, and raised what they consumed, and that there was very little call for their surplus produce, particularly for horse-feed, but what travellers occasioned. Land is much subdivided, and worked mostly by the spade. He could not speak positively as to the price of land, as little of it was in the market, yet he thought a measure of five hundred Swiss feet by one hundred (about an English acre and a quarter), might be worth five hundred florins, or about forty-five pounds sterling.

After passing the Rhine over the bridge of Laufenbourg, very high and narrow, and, to appearance extremely old and crazy, built over a frightful part of the river, which is seen from the giddy height tumbling over sunken rocks, we found ourselves in Germany, and in the Grand Duchy of Baden. Large boats pass the rapids empty, and guided by ropes from the shore; but a young Englishman (Lord Montague) lost his life here some years ago, in foolishly attempting to conduct his boat himself; and, by a singular coinci-

fourthly the dessert, consisting of gruyere cheese, biscuit, almonds and raisins, and a small bottle of particular *vin du Rhin*, having had commoner wine during the dinner, which was remarkably well dressed. For this fare we were charged forty batz, equal to five shillings sterling for us two. In England it might have cost five or six times as much.

dence, his residence at home, Cowdray Castle, was burnt to the ground that very same day. The change of countries we had just made would scarcely have been perceivable, only that we were immediately assailed by numerous beggars, who are very rare in Switzerland. The women also looked much worse, from the circumstance of their working harder, and being exposed to the sun without the large straw hats of the Swiss women, or at least wearing them cocked strangely on four sides, so as to answer no purpose of utility against the sun, and certainly none of beauty. The country did not appear quite so thickly inhabited, and the villages were at a greater distance from each other. Two leagues, or hours, farther, we reached Waldshut, just before the rain which had been threatening, and will lay the dust by which we have been much annoyed. Storks are very common along the Rhine, and their monstrous nests are perched on the fearful summit of every steeple, old tower, or even chimney, where the hen on stilts is seen feeding her young with her yard of neck. Notwithstanding their awkward appearance these birds fly swiftly, and, like birds of prey, skim the air on extended and motionless wings, giving only now and then a short and vigorous, but imperceptible, stroke; their long red

legs, stretched under the tail, form, in the air, a single line with the stiff long white neck and red bill.

I have omitted to mention the custom in Swiss husbandry, of burning, or rather of smoking, the land: it is done thus; a long line of green fagots and dead leaves, covered over with turf or clods, is set fire to; the brush burns very slowly, and smokes a great deal through the interstices of its earthy covering, which, when thoroughly impregnated and dried, is scattered about, in a pulverized state, over the field, which it fertilizes in an extraordinary manner, particularly for potatoes, and at very little expense. The Swiss farmers collect in large casks the drainings of their dunghills and hog-pens, brought in carts to their potato fields; there the nice stuff is drawn off into wooden tubs well fitted to the shoulders of men, and sometimes of women, who, walking along the furrows of the potato field, distribute in due proportions to each plant by stooping to the right and left, the coffee-coloured nectar pouring over their heads. It is impossible to do a more uncleanly thing more delicately, but the stench is intolerable. I do not know how Virgil would have got over this process of husbandry, if he had found it established at the time of the Georgics; there is certainly little in it that is congenial to poetry and romance.

SCHAFFHAUSEN, *June* 23.

It rained all day yesterday, and we remained shut up in our room at a German inn in Waldshut, enjoying a day's rest with our books, and observing men and manners in Germany, through the small round panes of our casements. The projecting roofs of houses afford so much shelter on both sides of the streets, that the beau sex of Waldshut were out all day long in their Sunday clothes, as if it had been fine weather; their long yellow hair in a single plait hung down to their heels, along a back made very straight by the habit of carrying pails of milk and of water on the head; their snow-white shift-sleeves, rolled up to the shoulder, exposed to view a sinewy, sun-burnt arm; the dark red stays were laced with black in front, and a petticoat, scarcely longer than the Scotch kilt, hid nothing of the lower limb, nor of a perfectly neat stocking well stretched by red garters full in sight. The aged among them, generally frightful, looked like withered little old men in disguise. We had time, likewise, to examine the furniture of our apartment: the most prominent articles were, an oaken sofa of high antiquity, carved all over to imitate point lace, curiously woven into a rich pattern;

then, a ponderous table, also of ancient oak, with spreading legs to secure it against overturns in case of an earthquake, these convulsions of nature being very frequent along the Rhine during the fifteenth century, a period when this table might have been in its prime; the worsted carpet covering, glowing with the primitive colours of the rainbow, had seen many generations of travellers, and promised to see many more, from the uniform care with which furniture is kept in German houses, although neatness, particularly as to floors and stairs, is not so conspicuous as in Switzerland. Not a soul in the house spoke any thing but German, except the landlord, who understood a little French, and, bowing at every word, said, *J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer*, whenever we called for any thing.

One half of the German words are the same, or nearly the same, as in English, particularly for common things, such as a *house, water, butter, bread, milk, more, less, I thank you*—in short, any English word wholly different from Latin may be sure to meet its fellow in German, yet the pronunciation of the two languages is so entirely different, that the knowledge of one does not enable you to understand the other.

To-day we set off with fine weather, and tra-

velled through a fine country, the hills covered with large trees, chiefly oak, and ruined castles, extensive fields of hay and corn, promising well, but having fewer scattered dwellings than in Switzerland. Here, as well as there, the peasants bow or nod kindly to you as you pass along. Oxen are harnessed to the cart or plough, by a chain passing under the throat in such a manner as to strangle the animal if he should be so ill-advised as to exert his might in drawing.

About three miles below Schaffhausen we saw, at a distance, the rapids of the Rhine above its fall; and leaving our vehicle, which went on to the town, we proceeded on foot to the spot, where, from a height, we discovered at once the foaming breakers above, the abyss below, the cataract between, pouring through five distinct passages, separated by four insulated rocks, standing, like inverted cones, with huge black heads overhanging their narrow bases, undermined by the ceaseless fury of the waters, to which every part of their surface has been successively exposed; first, the top only, when the cataract fell from that height, then gradually lower down, at the rate, perhaps, of a century for each inch. How many centuries might be required, at that rate, to wear away the whole solid flood-gate down to its present

level, leaving only the four insulated remnants, would be too bold a computation to undertake. There are living witnesses, who pretend there was a time when two of the pillars were accessible from below, and tell of their own hair-breadth escapes in climbing to the top for birds' nests, while now, birds rear their young undisturbed on these their secure asylums; possibly, these adventurous witnesses themselves have alone undergone the change they ascribe to these rocks. Mr. Ebel draws, from the circumstance of Roman stations having existed on the borders of the lake of Constance, where they would have been under water if the natural dam at Schaffhausen which occasions the fall had been considerably higher, an argument against any great change having taken place since the time of the Romans. Rome, however, was but yesterday, compared to the accumulated number of ages evidently necessary sensibly to reduce a solid mass of rocks by the friction of water; and the argument seems otherwise not very conclusive, for the fall at Schaffhausen might be many feet higher than it is now, and even as high as the remaining pillars, without at all raising the level of the lake of Constance, as the rapidity of the whole course of the Rhine shews this level to be much too high above Schaff-

hausen to be affected by the supposed greater elevation of the fall.

There are boats in attendance to take you across below the fall; its proximity and noise, the agitation of the water, the foam, whirlpools, and rapidity of the current, especially when the Rhine is as full as at present, are certainly terrific, and give you the *beau ideal* of danger, although not the reality. But the best place to be frightened at, and really with some reason, is the *Station*, a wooden balcony projecting from the rocky shore, close to the fall, and at present touching it, so as to be at moments within its foam, shaken, and almost overwhelmed; the whole crazy fabric might be carried off in an instant. We just looked in, and retired to safe grounds, where we had nearly as good a view. The velocity and the bustle, the deafening roar of this *enfer d'eau*, as it has been called, surpass, perhaps, Niagara itself, but there is here less grandeur and majesty The mass of water of the American cataract is probably ten times greater, its breadth six times as great, and height three times*; yet it bends over, and de-

* One of the dimensions of an object intended to be measured being known or estimated, the other dimension may be obtained with tolerable exactness, by holding a straight stick, a straw, your finger at arm's length between the object and your eye, and cover-

scends unbroken, in its native emerald green, a vertical lake, as it were, instead of a horizontal one. The Rhine, on the contrary, is here all froth and fury, from top to bottom; it might be compared to a cataract of snow, but does not make a worse picture on that account; and the height and length are besides in juster proportions. At Niagara the scenery is insignificant; but here it is ignoble, and positively offensive, the castle of Lauffen excepted, which, however, is not particularly picturesque, and, if I may be allowed the expression, belittles the fall. Had I the honour of being one of their Excellencies of Zurich or of Schaffhausen, I would certainly vote for levelling to the ground a vile mill and miller's house, three stories high, stuck up over against the very cataract, and full in front of it, on an island. I would next pull up by the roots every plant of a still viler vineyard, above this cataract,

ing the known dimension with a corresponding portion of the stick or finger, which serves next as a scale to measure the unknown dimensions. The fall of Niagara, for instance, being known to be one hundred and fifty-six feet high, (it can be measured with great ease by a plummet and line when standing at the top,) and having taken a convenient station about one mile and a half below, I found the length to be nearly eighteen times the known height, that is, equal to two thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, or thereabouts.

and forming now the back ground of it: nothing is more paltry than a vineyard in a picture. (I beg, however, to be understood, I would indemnify the miller and the proprietor of the vineyard.) The composition of the landscape below the fall being quite unexceptionable, luxuriant woods, and rocks, and every thing that could be wished, it is the more provoking for the picturesque spectator, as he must turn his back to it all when looking on the main object. Finally, I would plant, above the fall, a thick grove of forest trees; without these improvements, one of the marvels of the world will for ever look little better than an overflowing mill-dam.

The day was drawing to a close, and it became necessary, before dark, to think of our night quarters, three miles off, through a country partly overflowed by the Rhine. Yet we lingered to contemplate the cataract illuminated by the last rays of the sun; the flashes of emerald green at the top seemed now more bright than ever, the foam of a more dazzling whiteness, and a double rainbow still tinged the spray, while evening shades already spread their vague terrors over the abyss below; in short, nature was making a last effort to touch our obdurate hearts, and force

us to admire this, one of her finest works—nor was the effort made in vain.

There were other admirers here besides ourselves, some English, and more Germans, who furnished us with an opportunity of comparing the difference of national manners. The former divided into groups, carefully avoiding any communication with each other still more than with the foreign travellers, never exchanged a word, and scarcely a look, with any but the legitimate interlocutors of their own set; women adhering more particularly to the rule, from native reserve and timidity, full as much as from pride or from extreme good breeding. Some of the ladies here might be Scotch; they wore the national colours, and we overheard them drawing comparisons between what we had under our eyes and Coralyn, giving, justly enough, the preference to the Clyde: but, at any rate, they behaved *à l'Anglaise*. The German ladies, on the contrary, contrived to *lier conversation* in indifferent French; with genuine simplicity, wholly unconscious of forwardness, although it might undoubtedly have been so qualified in England, they begged of my friend to let them hear a few words in English, just to know the sound, to which they were strangers. If we

are to judge of the respective merits of these opposite manners, by the impression they leave, I think the question is already decided by the English against themselves; yet, at the same time that they blame and deride their own proud reserve, and would depart from it if they well knew how, a few only venture: I really believe they are the best bred who thus allow themselves to be good-humoured and vulgar.

It can scarcely be deemed uninteresting to know how people travelled two hundred and fifty years ago, and particularly such a person as the historian De Thou, whom I shall again quote. The barbarian admires vineyards, and speaks only in general of the long course of falls of the Rhine, without bestowing a look or a word on the one par excellence. "De Thou," says he, (speaking always in the third person, and in Latin,) "having accompanied his elder brother to the waters of Plombieres, in 1579, took advantage of the opportunity to visit a part of Swabia and Switzerland. From Augsburg he went, by way of Memingen and Lindau, to Constance. Those who go round the lake are gratified with the sight of its banks covered with vines descending gently to the water, which reflects the brilliant perspective. Thence, following the course of the Rhine,

De Thou visited Schaffhausen, one of the principal towns of the Helvetic League, Lauffenberg, and Rainfelden: during all that space, the Rhine forms noisy cataracts, and hurries down to Bâle of the Rauraques, where it begins to be navigable," &c.

Our driver, when he left us, had named *l'Auberge de la Courronne*, as the one where he should put up and wait for us; but to our utter dismay, nobody in the streets of Schaffhausen, when we reached it on foot, understood our inquiries. It was already dark, and our situation became critical: at last I tried to ask for *the Crown; Oh! die Krone!* —and immediately we were conducted to the place.

CONSTANCE, *June* 24.

Thank heaven! we might have exclaimed this morning, as a friend of ours did in similar circumstances, that there is nothing to see at Schaffhausen. Some sights are, no doubt, curious and gratifying; but at the same time that travellers are, or may be, supposed to be expressly in search of sights, it is, nevertheless, true, that they become, after a while, excessively tired of them. The only thing Schaffhausen offers remarkable is, its celebrated wooden bridge that was, having been burnt down by the French, in 1799, traces of it only remaining, " to point a

moral and adorn a tale." 'Schaffhausen was, in the eighth century, a mere landing-place above the falls, a *skiff-house* or *boat-house;* it became afterwards the property of an abbey; then an Imperial town, and its burghers having successively extended their territory, by purchase and by conquests, over the neighbouring feudal chieftains, they were ultimately admitted into the Helvetic League*.

The overflowing of the Rhine on the Swiss side obliged us to pursue our way to Constance by the Duchy of Baden. The country through which we travelled promised fine crops, but future plenty scarcely compensated for present wants; food is dear, and demand for labour much reduced; beggars swarm almost as much as in France. We passed by a singular rock, full six hundred feet high, starting out of the ground like a huge pillar, in the manner of the rock of Edinburgh, only twice as high, and wholly insulated; it has much of the basaltic appearance, although without any decided prismatic pillars. I should class it, ignorantly perhaps, among the amygdaloid clink-stone. The summit is crowned with the extensive ruins of a fort, which capitulated to the French in 1800, although to appearance impregnable, and was blown

* See Chap. xxiii. Vol. II.

up by them; its commander was tried by court-martial, and confined many years.

Constantius Chlorus having defeated the barbarians in a great battle fought upon the present site of Constance, restored the Roman station, which they had destroyed, and gave it his name; but the celebrity of Constance is principally due to the Council which met within its walls eleven centuries after this Emperor (1414-1418); and the Council itself owes much of its own celebrity to the sad story of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. All Christendom was occupied, during five years, in effecting little that now lives in the minds of men, except the execution of these two unfortunate theologians, in violation of the Imperial safe conduct, on the faith of which they had appeared at Constance*.

As soon as we were fairly established in our quarters, taking a guide, we proceeded, by land and water, on stepping-stones and tottering boards (the Rhine, higher than it has been for more than a century, overflows part of the town,) to the place of meeting of the Council, an old rambling house where the country people hold their fair or market for yarn. The hall in which that memorable assembly sat is very spacious; measured by my

* See Chap. xix. Vol. II.

steps it appeared to be sixty feet wide and one hundred and fifty-three feet long; the ceiling, about seventeen feet high, is supported by two rows of wooden pillars, to which leathern shields, measuring three feet and a half by eighteen inches, are suspended. If the red cross upon them indicates they had belonged to Crusaders, they would be of greater antiquity still than the Council, since the last Crusade preceded it one hundred and fifty years. The thick walls bear marks of partitions between each window, indicating the cells where the fathers of the Council were shut up while forming those solemn decisions which ultimately decided nothing. A hole in the gate is still seen, through which provisions and other necessaries used to be introduced; and near that entrance, the places where a count and a bishop stood sentry night and day. The dusty seats of the Emperor Sigismund and Pope Martin V. are there, unceremoniously filled on market-days by old women selling yarn, wholly unconscious of the awe those who filled these seats inspired four hundred years ago, and ignorant even of their names. In the cathedral the spot is marked by traditions, (Mr. Ebel says, by a piece of brass in the pavement, but we did not notice it,) where John Huss heard his sentence pronounced by the

fathers of the Council assembled for that purpose. The prisoner, being a doctor of divinity, was degraded, after his sentence had been read; then driven at once out of the door, a few yards distant by a kick*; and the civil power, ready there waiting for him, led him that instant to the stake, where he was burnt alive.

The very guide who conducted us, a simple man, smiled in contempt, and shrugged his shoulders while repeating the story; yet not one, probably, of the one hundred and fifty thousand persons assembled here on the occasion of the Council, although some might have disapproved of the proceedings, would probably have been struck with their glaring absurdity, as well as cruelty, nor inclined to smile in contempt: so great is the change produced by time, in the mode of viewing the same things. Our guide smiled again, on another occasion, when I asked him whether many of the French regicides had not taken shelter at Constance? "*Yes*," he answered, "twenty-four of them; the *old fellows are*

* John Huss's cloak dropped on the occasion, and escaped burning. It is now shewn as a curiosity, and I obtained a scrap of it—a coarse, threadbare, worsted stuff, of a russet black, much such a thing as a *savant* of the fifteenth century might be supposed to wear; yet the recollection of Buonaparte's pen at Fontainebleau shakes my faith in this relict.

seen strolling together in the sun, nobody minds them now." "What, so soon! the men who *could pass sentence of death on the King of France, and send him, and soon after send, daily, hundreds of their fellow-citizens, to the guillotine!* Those men of the Convention, who made all Europe tremble, and whose troops laid this very town of Constance under contribution, are already so completely out of date, as to be *old fellows of no consequence;* and a simple man can now smile in contempt, and see at once the folly of proceedings so serious twenty-five years ago! This, assuredly, is a great and rapid change! Walking farther, our guide said, "*That fine house yonder,*" pointing to the other side of the Rhine, "belonged to Queen Hortense!" and he smiled at the name of *Queen Hortense!* Another dream vanished, thought we, or fashion gone by. "But," added he, "*she was a good lady, very charitable to the poor;*" and saying this, he did not smile! May it be, then—we trust it is—that there is, after all, nothing serious in the world but those eternal principles of morality and religion, to which men cling in their sober moments, and to which they return after many criminal deviations—that there is no real greatness, even in this world, but in a firm adherence to those principles; no durable admiration among

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men, without esteem; and that even the lower part of mankind come at last to set the right value on the advantages this world affords, and dintinguish between truth and falsehood.

Constance had early a great transit trade with Italy, and flourishing manufactures of linen particularly, and thirty-six thousand inhabitants; but when a heterogeneous population of more than a hundred thousand souls* assembled there during the Council, with thirty thousand horses, manufactures and commerce, incommoded by this multitude, sought a more quiet and cheaper residence at St. Gall and other towns, the prosperity of which, and the decline of Constance, began at this period. But the loss of its independence, political and religious, when in 1548 it fell under the dominion of Austria, rendered its ruin irretrievable; nor did it gain by its last transfer, in 1805, from Austria to the Duke of Baden. Mr. Ebel says, that the population is reduced to two thousand souls; certain it is, that grass grows in

* Poggio Bracciolini, who was present, says the Council brought together at Constance 2,300 princes and noble knights, 18,000 prelates, priests, and doctors, 80,000 laymen; and among tradesmen he reckoned 228 tailors, 300 barbers, 75 confectioners, 44 apothecaries, and 1,500 courtezans, mentioning only (he was pleased to say) those of his acquaintance. Mr. Ebel estimates the whole number at 100,000, Muller at 150,000, souls.

the streets, which are half made up of empty convents; and you may hire a large house for twenty-five francs a month.

The door of our room at the *Eagle* turns on plated hinges, and the wood is curiously inlaid with figures of warriors on horseback; this was the taste of the fifteenth century: but the walls are hung with more modern articles of luxury, which I thought decidedly in worse taste; prints of the last age, very finely engraved, exhibiting unnatural affected manner and false expression, shepherds in full-bottomed wigs, dress coats, and a crook, at the feet of shepherdesses, with wasp shapes, and hoops under their petticoats, while multitudes of unbreeched Cupids flutter in mid air. All this antiquated finery, so much admired in two distant ages, is come at last together, to furnish a bed-room at an inn. The sheets of the beds partook of the ill-judged taste for luxury, being trimmed with lace, and starched muslin borders gently tickling the face of weary travellers just falling asleep, and so very short as scarcely to reach the length of the bed.

Bread here, a few weeks ago, was at five batz and a half the pound of twenty ounces; it has lately been reduced to four batz, which is still

nearly double the usual price; labour has, however, risen in proportion.

When the French entered Constance, two of the suburbs were plundered. They had, it seems, been attended by some Appenzel patriots, who not only bought the stolen goods, put up to auction in the streets, but who acted as agents and guides, pointing out to the invaders where the game lay, and individuals best able to pay a high ransom for their persons and property. We were shewn the house of a tanner, in particular, who had been exorbitantly fleeced. For this behaviour, the citizens of Constance are rancorous against their good neighbours the Swiss, but jealousy of superior industry and success (not less than the various differences arising out of religious opinions, and the local propinquity) is probably at the root of their hatred, or they would not so eagerly seek to attach the infamy of a few individuals to the character of a whole nation.

St. Gall, *June* 26.

The road from Constance to this place runs through Thurgovia, the new canton dismembered from Bern, and distinguished by its extraordinary fertility; but as it has no mountains, no rocks, no

forests, nor even green meadows or pastures, but arable lands, producing only the finest possible corn and hemp, and shaded by apple orchards, without so much as a grove of forest trees, we shall pass it over in silence. It is, however, worth observing, that the lake of Constance, bounded by this rich flat country, (Suabia, on the other side, is equally flat,) is three times deeper than any of the mountain-girt lakes of Switzerland; its greatest depth being three hundred and sixty-eight fathoms of seven feet each, or two thousand five hundred and seventy-six feet; its height above the sea is only one thousand and eighty feet; so that, in fact, more than one half of this vast body of water is below the level of the sea. It abounds in fish; salmon often weighing forty pounds, trout in plenty, and a fish called lavaret, the most esteemed of any. This town, like so many others, owes its existence to the protection of a monastery. The abbey of St. Gall, founded by some learned Scots*, was, during the middle ages, a most erudite spot; in aftertimes, the abbots neglected the learning and the Christian virtues of their predecessors, for politics and for war; but lost, in the end, their power, with the qualities by which ori-

* See Chap. iv. Vol. II.

ginally it had been obtained. They were driven away in 1798, and the community finally suppressed in 1805; its revenue reverting to the State, with a reserved provision for the monks during life.

The Canton of St. Gall is divided nearly equally between the two communions, Protestant and Catholic; the latter have here a very handsome church, highly and even gaily ornamented inside; but all the wonders of the chisel and of the pencil are in imminent danger of being soon buried under the ruins of a stone arch terribly cracked, and to appearance near falling. We were taken to the most considerable cotton-mill of the place, set in motion, not by water or steam, but by the labour of an ox acting the part of turnspit; the poor animal, shut up in a wheel thirty-three feet in diameter, walks on in self-defence, as the wheel, being once in motion, he must go with it, which he does very deliberately, resting his feet on brackets, or pieces of boards, nailed across the revolving floor. There are three oxen working by turns, each two hours; they last at this rate two or three years; the power is sufficient to move twenty-nine *mules* of two hundred and sixteen spindles each, (there were only twenty going when I saw it,) with carding and cleaning machines in

proportion; one hundred and thirty persons are employed, half of them children, who formerly earned about five batz (seven-pence sterling) a day; the grown workmen, working by the piece, used to earn as much as twenty-four shillings sterling a week; none of these people now get half what they did, and many of them, especially in the country, are wholly without work. Mr. Ebel tells us there were of late, in the Canton of St. Gall alone, from thirty to forty thousand women employed in working (embroidering) muslin, and the whole manufacturing population, at this rate, must have been very great indeed: crimes multiply with wants, the prisons are full, and executions frequent. There have been three miserable women decapitated in the course of the last year for the crime of infanticide alone. This is laid to the account of the manufacturing system; how justly, is well worth inquiring into.

Agricultural labour here, as elsewhere, cannot afford the high wages of manufacturing labour, while the loom flourishes; none but the richest land defrays the expense of cultivation, and in this mountainous country the quantity of rich arable land is very inconsiderable. Population, encouraged by manufactures, advanced; the greatest part of the country was laid down in grass, the

quantity of corn grown diminishing in the same rate. The people depended justly in theory, if not, in fact, on being supplied with corn from other countries, so long as they could supply those countries with what was corn's worth.

In this state of things the return of peace, after a general war of unexampled duration, having directed the attention of every government towards the means of employing its own population, they have most of them hit upon the expedient of closing their doors against foreign industry by way of favouring their own. Each nation, shut up within itself, is now to become its own grower and consumer, but the results of such a prohibitory system, although advantageous to none, are not in the same degree unfavourable to all. Those countries, France and Germany for instance, which exported corn and imported manufactured produce, have now indeed a surplus of grain for which there is no demand. The landed interest suffers, without the manufacturing interest being proportionably benefited, for the farmers cannot consume, at least they cannot buy and pay, unless they sell; yet no one need starve in a country where there is a glut of corn; whilst on the other hand, in those inland countries which, like the diminutive one now under consideration, exported manufactures and imported

corn, the people, not being able to eat the article which they can no longer sell, may easily be reduced to absolute famine. If commerce, universally free, were allowed to find its own level, consumption would ever prove commensurate to production, commodities creating a market for each other; all past experience warrants this belief. Never at any period of the world was there such a mass and variety of commodities produced as during the last century, yet nothing remained on hand; never were there so many machines invented for the express purpose of superseding human labour, yet never was there such an increasing demand for it, marked by so rapid an advance in population; the introduction of new objects of enjoyment, and consequently of new branches of industry, having uniformly kept pace with, and even outstript, the introduction of new machines into the old and established branches. No one foresaw all the while either the new manufacture or the new machine, any more than we can at present foresee what will be invented in the same way henceforward; but we have no reason to suppose the progression at an end, and the fear entertained, by some political economists, that too much may be produced, are just only in this sense, that too much of an article, or a set of articles, may be produced

at one time. There might, undoubtedly, be too many shoes, and too many hats, but there cannot be too many enjoyable commodities properly varied, and adjusted to the existing wants and demand*, for the one will create a market for the other. Commercial industry and skill may be safely trusted for the assortment.

The peace deprived a vast number of individuals, in every part of Europe, of their usual mode of earning a livelihood—not soldiers and sailors merely, but all the artificers, of whatever sort, who had administered to their wants. During the war, the money raised by taxes and by loans, from the richer part of the community, was distributed, in the shape of salaries, for useful or useless labour, or for no labour at all, to numberless individuals, who themselves spent it among the industrious class of consumers; but this mode of circulation is now stopped. The richer class, relieved from some of the war-taxes, might now afford to

* Some differences of opinion have lately taken place respecting the theory of prices; the question at issue seems to be, whether prices are regulated by cost of production, or by demand? Something analogous to this would be the question, whether the level of the sea is regulated by the winds, or by gravitation? Like this great law of nature, cost of production must be deemed the fundamental regulator of prices, disturbed indeed incessantly within certain bounds, but never beyond them, by demand.

spend something more, but such an increase of demand on their part would by no means compensate for the reduced consumption of the impoverished majority; add to which, a miserly disposition to save a part of their income, instead of spending, has been ascribed to them, in order to recruit their capitals, diminished by war-taxes and high prices. On this an interesting question arises —What is saving, in a political point of view? A man who saves a part of his income annually does not now hoard it as misers formerly did. The miser in our days is simply a person who employs somebody, else to spend his money for him. He lends it to others, or lays it out profitably himself; but in either case it is spent by somebody, and remains in circulation. Since the year 1815, the enormous sum of one hundred and fifty millions, or even more, has been added to the value of stocks in the market, (risen from fifty-six to seventy-six,) by the competition of purchasers wanting to invest large sums saved annually; but, as this increase of capital adds nothing to the revenue of the fund-holders, we might be led to conclude, that the rise in time of peace, of property yielding a fixed income by the investment of all the money which in time of war was spent among consumers being just so much capital thrown away, since it yields

no additional income, is the obvious cause of the glut, of which manufacturers complain, and of the poverty of the labouring classes; but every purchase implying a sale, the same sum invested by the buyer re-appears again in the hands of him who sold out, and thus savings remain available for the purposes of consumption.

Lands and houses have fallen in price, ships and manufacturing stock still more, in consequence of the reduction of rents and profits; some of the holders of this kind of property have been tempted by the high interest of money in the funds; fundholders, on the other hand, have been tempted by the low price of real property; sales and purchases have taken place between them, but this shifting of property, however varied and multiplied, has no influence on the consumption, which is regulated by income, and not by capital. The income from the funds remains as it was, that of almost every other species of property is much reduced, and there only we must look for the cause of the diminution of consumption.

We have seen that the demand for that sort of labour incidental to a state of war has ceased, and moreover, that the revenue, out of which it was paid, has ceased also. One of the equivalents in the series of barters, which constitute trade, being

thus withdrawn, its correspondent equivalent must necessarily remain on hand somewhere. It is not only the gunsmith, the shipwright, and the sail-maker, who can no longer employ the tailor or the shoemaker; these, in their turn, are compelled to make similar retrenchments, which descend lower and lower till they arrive at the mere labourer, who having lived, when in full work, as abstemiously as he could live, is driven, when out of work, to the parish for subsistence, his poverty then re-acting on the richer classes. Such is the state of things in England at present. In Switzerland, the chain of causes and effects has not so many links; yet, as far as it goes, it is perfectly similar, and the results still more calamitous; for, in other countries, the starving artificers are, in the last resort, thrown on the bounty of the corn-growers, but here there are no such people for them to have recourse to; this is entirely a nation of artificers starving altogether, helpless and hopeless, and even the rich among them have not the resource of money saved in time of peace by the cessation of war taxes, because, during war, they had no such taxes.

England differs from Switzerland, as from most other countries, in this; that, although exporting manufactured produce to a prodigious extent, she raises nearly her own supply of corn, under the

protection of corn-laws, which give to the less manageable machine, land, a legal monopoly, balancing the superior advantages of manufacturing machines. And thus the only country in Europe, where an insular situation, and the consequently safe and easy communication with distant corn-countries, might have rendered the fundamental principle of political economy, entire freedom of commerce, and unshackled exercise of industry, least liable to inconvenience, was the one where it was least trusted to in practice. It is in Switzerland, if any where, that corn-laws are wanted. I am aware that the policy of corn-laws in England is defensible on other grounds, *viz.*, on the necessity of preserving a certain parity of value between landed and funded property, and the danger of increasing the comparative value of the debt and sum of interest thereon, beyond a possibility of its discharge. Although this reason does not apply to Switzerland, I am inclined to think a duty on the importation of corn, protecting agriculture against manufactures, would be a very wise measure there, not to ensure the debt, but to ensure bread.

The tendency of manufactures has been arraigned by moralists, and the sect of liberal politicians is divided respecting them. As philosophers, they are bound to maintain the advantages of a simple coun-

try-life; as party-men, they must not overlook the value of a manufacturing population. It cannot be denied that the world is indebted to the dense population of towns for most of its improvements, moral as well as political; nor do I believe that peasants are much, or at all, better than towns' people, or even shepherds superior to weavers; the former are but a coarser sort of peasants, with as little, or even less, intellect, and with stronger, because more concentrated, passions.

It has been observed that more crimes, in proportion, are committed in mountainous countries, all over Europe, than in any others. No theory on the subject can be absolutely true, or absolutely false; yet it might be said that there is more innocence and docility, and at the same time more stubbornness of prejudice, in the country—more experience of vice and virtue in towns, greater struggles between the two, more intelligence, more decided qualities, good and bad, than in the country. On the other hand, the lower employments in manufactures are so very confined, embrace so few objects of thought, exercise the faculties of mind and body so partially and so faintly, as to induce, from generation to generation, a successive degradation of the species. Perhaps domestic manufactures in the country unite

most of the advantages of towns, by inducing a certain degree of social intercourse, without a forced and indiscriminate contact with the vulgar; by preventing idleness, particularly during the protracted winters of northern or alpine countries, yet retaining those of the country, fresh air, space, cleanliness, and exercise. In these effects I find ample reason, not hastily to condemn the introduction of manufactures among the Swiss mountains. Although I think it had been better for the people of St. Gall to have remained satisfied with the learned pre-eminence they formerly enjoyed, without aiming at commercial successes also, I only blame their having pursued it too exclusively, and, above all, their having relinquished the plough. The present crisis has administered a terrible lesson, and I should hope not in vain.

The obloquy to which manufacturers are liable is abundantly shared by machines, which are by many supposed to multiply vices as fast as they produce cotton yarn or cloth; yet a moment's consideration should convince the most prejudiced, that the object of machines being expressly to supersede manual labour, and the excessive accumulation of men in manufactories being alleged, and justly, to have a demoralizing tendency, machines become, in fact, the natural allies of mo-

rality; and it is far better that the work should be performed by the agency of wood and iron, than by the hand of man, particularly when we find that the immediate consequence is to raise workmen to the condition of conductors of machines, from having been machines themselves. It is a matter of painful surprise that the return of peace should have been the signal of great and lasting complaints of poverty all over Europe; unfortunately, it might countenance the idea, that war, with its attending circumstances of taxation, and an indefinite increase of debt, is a blessing.

War undoubtedly occasions at first an immediate demand for men; it takes from the rich to give to the poor; and the rich make themselves ample amends by the increased value of property. Individuals with fixed incomes alone suffer from the first. In time, the labouring population having increased to the level of the war demand, wages fall again to their minimum, the rise of price stopping short of the increase of taxes is no longer a compensation to farmers and manufacturers. After a few years of war an impatience for peace becomes universal; peace however, like surgical operations, inflicts much immediate pain, for the sake of prospective good; for all that part of the population, fostered and supported by war, falling back on the rest

of the people, already not much at ease, makes them share in its distress. Farmers and manufacturers, on the contrary, find they lose more by the decrease of consumption, and the lowering of prices, than by the partial relief from taxation;—individuals with fixed incomes are alone relieved. In due time, however, new branches of industry are discovered, new exchangeable produce brought to market; communications between countries long at war are opened by degrees; production and consumption recover their equilibrium, and as at bottom there cannot be any thing desirable, *per se*, in killing and being killed, and in supporting at heavy cost, those who are so employed, the arts of peace, which administer to our pleasures and convenience, must in the end obtain the preference over the arts of war. Yet, as there scarcely is any absolute good or absolute evil in this world, and that, in a moral point of view, even war is not wholly without its compensation, we are to look for the most favourable balance, which we shall undoubtedly find on the side of peace.

St. Gall has an orphan asylum for seventy-five destitute children, who are maintained till the age of fifteen, and then bound to a trade. The building is spacious, the situation airy; the kitchen, bedrooms, *&c.*, in excellent order; but the school-room

was a scene of confusion and idleness; the only teacher we could find, a youth, who had never heard of the systems now so well known all over Europe by the names of their inventors, Bell and Lancaster, nor even of his countryman, Mr. Pestalozzi:—the specimens of writing and drawing that he shewed us were but indifferent; arithmetic and the elements of geometry, which also enter into the the plan of instruction here, are probably not better taught.

Our guide insisted upon shewing us a garden, open to the public by the liberality of its proprietor, and which is the pride and admiration of the town of St. Gall; crowded into a narrow space, we there beheld all that is useful or beautiful; zig-zag walks among cabbages, and stars of onions and carrots enclosed with box borders. Foreign fish frisked about in tubs, a jet d'eau refreshed the air, and the hour of noon was announced by the discharge of a solar gun. To complete this paradise of taste, we found hedged in, in a corner, a *jardin Anglois*, with its bridge, island, and grotto. Several other private gardens, of which we had a glimpse, seemed in the same style, which prevails through Switzerland. On the other hand, our inn was in the best modern taste, much like the best English inns, and not dear. Having left the calcareous chain of the

Jura, we no longer enjoy the luxury of running water in the streets of the towns.

GAISS, *June* 27.

From St. Gall to this place five leagues*, or hours, of mountain-road. A voiturier's horses only walk, and that not faster than a man; in fact, you do generally walk, with the advantages of resting when you please by stepping into the carriage, being sheltered, *tant bien que mal*, in case of rain, and having your baggage carried for you. The ride was pleasant; we had torrents and rocks and fine woods enough to engage the eye, but nothing sufficiently marked for a description. Gaiss is a place of public resort for drinking goats' whey, as a remedy for what ailments I know not; the taste is very peculiar, and not disagreeable. We walked, the evening of our arrival, to Am-Stofs, the spot marked by an old chapel, where, four hundred and two years ago, the men of Appenzal defeated, with great slaughter, an army of Austrians four times their number; it is on the brow of a hill, fifteen hundred or two thousand perpendicular feet above the valley of the Rheinthal, which is seen below,

* A Swiss league is 18,000 Bernese feet, nearly equal to English feet. It is also 16,200 French feet, or about 5,27868 kilometres.

chequered with cultivation; villages and towns are scattered along the devious course of the Rhine. On the other side of this fine valley rose the Tyrolese mountains, capped with bright snows, on which it seemed as if we might have flung a stone. This picturesque field of battle was not very convenient for the assailants, who had to climb and fight at the same time*.

The Gabris is a mountain of easy ascent, over smooth lawns; it affords the same prospect extended from a greater height. Upon its very summit, and in the neighbourhood of unmelted snows, we were much incommoded by a swarm of ants with wings, and much more active than could have been expected from the temperature. Near these snows, we observed a large shrub, with leaves like those of a laurel; its fine flowers were not unlike those of the pomegranate, and also a flourishing holly†, with abundance of roses and eglantine.

We are here in the track of the pudding-stone, or breccia, which crosses Switzerland in a N.E. and S.W. direction. The rounded fragments, agglo-

* Chap. xviii. Vol. II.

† In England, plantations on mountains scarcely succeed above the height of 1200 feet, as has been experienced on Snowdon, not from any excess of cold in winter, but from absence of heat in summer.

merated into distinct strata, are of various nature and origin, either striking fire with steel, or effervescing with acids; some of them, indeed, belong to former pudding-stone formations. What waters could those be, which thus rolled together heaps of rounded fragments to the height of several thousand feet? Certainly, not torrents, such as we are acquainted with; nor do the shores of our ocean present any such phenomenon.

At a chalet, when coming down, we met, for the first time, a cretin: those unfortunate creatures are not very common on elevated grounds. It was milking time, which occurs twice a day, at ten o'clock in the morning and at ten at night; the cows, looking all sleek and well, come of themselves to the stable, allured by a little salt, and are chained to the manger. Some of them had a large egg-shaped brass bell, nearly a foot in diameter, suspended from the neck by a very wide leathern collar highly worked and ornamented. During the milking, a man sung the *Ranz des Vaches*; we had heard it before, but never so well; the notes, singularly wild and melancholy, and yet lively, were frequently interrupted by a sudden shriek, very like those in the war songs of the American savages. I can perfectly conceive, that so peculiar a strain, associated with the remembrances of youth, its strong

affections and lively pleasures, might have a very powerful effect on the Swiss, when they heard it again in foreign lands; and I am sorry to hear that its magic is now lost. While I was musing near the stable-door, after the melody, which had worked me up to something like ancient Swiss feelings, had ceased, the cowherd came out with his pails of milk; and seeing me there, with a touch of sympathy perhaps still marked on my countenance, set down the pails, and with a vulgar, mirthful grin, which soon restored me to the level of real life, held his cap to receive a few batz for his performance. I understood from him, that his cows, when in full milk, the first six months yielded, upon an average, eight to ten measures of milk each, equal to sixteen or twenty common bottles a day. The price is ten pounds, and a young active pony costs about as much*.

The women of the house where we stopped to rest were employed in working muslins, tambouring, open work, and embroidery, earning two batz a day, (not quite three pence sterling). One of them was churning, by means of a lever suspended

* Let other travellers beware—having imprudently passed my hand on the sleek smooth coat of one of these ponies, his two feet were up in the air in a moment, and narrowly missed my breast.

from the ceiling. The house was built of larch, spacious and clean; it had a large common room up stairs, for company, with many windows, commanding the fine prospect. The furniture of that room consisted of a long bench round three sides, and a long table before it; an enormous earthen stove, so constructed as to answer the purpose of steps to ascend to the next story above, by an opening in the ceiling of the room. The kitchen, in another part of the building, has no chimney, but the smoke issues out of a hole in the roof, covered with a shutter which is opened or closed by pulling a rope. I have already described the projecting roofs of these houses, the projecting gallery under the eaves of that roof, the high-pointed gable ends full of windows, the outside stairs, *&c.* Above the first floor, built of stone, the upper structure is composed of square beams, placed one over the other, and dovetailed at the angles of the building; the whole covered with boards, within and without. Although the sides of the building shew only one story above the ground-floor, yet the gable end, or rather front, has four or five, each marked by a row of small contiguous windows. This front is decorated with passages from the Scriptures, inscribed very neatly on the wood, as well as the date of the building (often two hundred years

back), name of the builder, subsequent restorers, *&c* This wood is not painted; but, which does as well, the rosin that oozes at first covers it with a sort of natural varnish of a brownish colour.

As we again descended to Gaiss (for Gaiss, situated so much above St. Gall, was now much beneath us,) the magnificent sound of a bell, fifty-four hundred pounds weight, (how transported there I do not know), came upon the ear; its sonorous vibrations, solemn, deep, and slow, gently shook our vast and rare atmosphere, yet scarcely broke the universal silence and peace of the wide world beneath. The sensation was so vague and evanescent, that, while it raised the idea of sovereign power in the mind, you might still doubt its reality; most melancholy, yet most beautiful: the music of the spheres must strike on just such a key. The following anecdote was related to us by our landlord at the *Bœuf*, a magistrate, a man of property and of sense, and very moderate in his politics. When General Vandamme was in this neighbourhood, the magistrates of the commune of Gaiss received a letter from him, written in French, which was translated by our landlord (then, as he is now,) the only inhabitant at all versed in that polite language! The substance of the epistle was, to inform them, that some friends of the General, at Paris, having

heard of the great perfection of the worked muslins of Gaiss, had commissioned him, if he happened to go that way, to purchase for them a certain quantity of these muslins, as per margin; he trusted the commune would charge the lowest price, at the longest credit. The magistrates did not well know what to make of this message, but our innkeeper *Au Bœuf*, being a person of more experience, explained to them that there was no room to hesitate, and that they would be very well off if no more was required. The muslins, therefore, were procured, and sent the next day, with a request that the General would take his own time for the payment. One short month afterwards, General Vandamme's friends having found the muslins much to their liking, favoured the town of Gaiss with another order. Our landlord was again consulted, and again advised compliance; the magistrates, however, thought best to procrastinate, and answered evasively, that the articles were not immediately to be had, but that they would be procured as soon as possible, *&c. &c.* Upon this, they received no more commissions, but, instead, a visit from a company of soldiers, who remained some weeks quartered upon them, consuming and wasting many times the same amount. Stories not unlike this are told of Massena and others, who had all

a taste for fine muslins: the common men generally behaved well.

HERISAU, *June* 28.

Five hours and a half from Gaiss; a beautiful ride even more rural than that from St. Gall, but the number of beggars, mostly women and children, is perfectly shocking, and their imploring cries and eloquent looks are irresistible. Bread is five batz and a half the pound, of twenty ounces, (eightpence English); manufacturers are without work, and it is impossible for them to procure food; they are supported by private and public charities, and distributions of economical soup, (made with oatmeal and a little meat), in quantities scarcely sufficient to sustain life. We see nothing but meadows and pastures, not a patch of potatoes or grain, not even a garden. On the contrary, surrounding every house is a nice green carpet of turf, which, now undoubtedly, had better have been laid down in potatoes. The climate is not very favourable to any crop but hay, and the time of the inhabitants was more profitably employed in their manufactures; but circumstances have shewn, that the produce of the loom cannot always command the produce of the fields. Such evils work their own remedy, but the admonition is severe.

Whilst treading this land of heroic husbandmen and shepherds, who, for three centuries, defied the united hosts of Austria, her vassals and allies; and, armed only with their clubs, attacked and defeated whole squadrons of mailed knights; and, finally, established their independence by more than Roman deeds; we could not avoid forming a somewhat mournful comparison between these historic visions of the past and the state of things actually before our eyes. What we saw might be the population of Rouen, or of Manchester, of Leeds, or of Abbeville; in better air, no doubt, and better lodged, but pale and thin, and humbled; and, I fear, not very moral. On entering the town of Appenzel we learnt that there were to be two capital executions this week (beheading), one for setting fire to a barn, the other for repeated robberies; eight other culprits were lately whipt: there is nothing Arcadian in all this; and yet of the heroic age of Switzerland, (proud though no doubt it was), the latter half, at least, was decidedly more abandoned*, more lawless, in fact, more corrupt, than this weaving age, contemptible as it certainly appears.

The modern invention of braces, which elsewhere affords so much comfort to mankind, (and

* Chap. xxiv. Vol. II.

might, indeed, to womankind likewise,) has not yet, incredible as it may seem, penetrated to Appenzel. We might laugh, if pity did not check merriment, at the odd figure and gestures of the poor starved manufacturers, walking along the road in their way to town, with the weekly task of the family tied up in a green bag, themselves dressed in a very short jacket, and shorter breeches; the preposterous interval between which two garments, and their perpetual, but ineffectual, struggles to close it, adds a new and striking feature to their poverty-struck appearance.

June 28-29.—From Herisau we are come to dine at Wattwyl; the number of beggars is rather lessened, but we understand that many distressed people are dead, if not absolutely of hunger, yet of the consequences. After supporting for some time a miserable existence, on scarcely any thing but boiled nettles and other herbs, their organs became impaired, and when too late assisted by better food, they could not digest it; their extremities swelled, and they perished in a few days. The church at Wattwyl is common to both Catholics and Protestants; a circumstance not now unfrequent with the Swiss, and forming a striking contrast with their fanatical intolerance in the earlier days of the Reformation.

June 29-30.—The inn at Kaltenbrunn, where we slept, after an afternoon's drive of three hours, through a very beautiful and less famished country, was certainly a great improvement upon those situated higher in the mountains, yet an English traveller would feel the want of bells and carpets, of bedside carpets at least; and he might possibly object to a mattress of beech leaves, (fayard) with scarcely any thing else under him but *en revanche*, an enormous feather-bed over him, which, if he thought proper to remove, he would be left, there being no blankets, with merely an upper sheet, two yards and a half long and two yards broad, and flounced all round with stiff starched worked muslin. From Kaltenbrunn to Wesen, at the outlet of the Lake of Wallenstadt, in four hours, through a flourishing country; the road level and shaded by walnut-trees, the cottages tidy, the farms in the best order, and not a beggar to be seen.

The superiority of the plough over the loom stands manifest here, and the suddenness of the change is explained by the system prevalent through Switzerland, of confining paupers to their respective parishes. In the manufacturing districts, where the "Burghers' Fund" is not at present equal to the demands upon it, the poor are re-

duced to beg, but must not stray. The mountain views that now meet our eyes, turn them which way we will, here in the plain, are such as the mountains themselves, which we have just left, are far from affording, for there, in fact, they hide each other.

The rich scenery of the range situated on our right, crags and hanging woods, with church steeples peeping from amongst them, pasture grounds and chalets, is suddenly interrupted by a deep gap, forming the entrance of the Valley of Glaris, where the battle of Nafels was fought *. On our left the mountain, of which we skirt the base, is all composed of pudding-stone strata, alternating with those of sandstone, for we are still in the line of that peculiar formation; in front of us the lake fills up the long perspective, between the two ranges of receding hills, and the vista is terminated by a snowy curtain, drawn across the chain of the high Alps in the Grisons.

Approaching the lake we found its borders marshy, from the inundations of the river Linth, which is perpetually filling up its old channel, and overflowing into a new one, in consequence of the mass of rubbish and stones brought down from the Glaris mountains; the level of the lake itself has

* Chap. xvi. Vol. II.

been actually raised ten feet in the last sixty years by this accumulation.

A work of great public utility, the greatest ever undertaken in Switzerland, is now going on here, intended to throw the Linth, with all the earth and the stones it brings, into a deep part of the lake, instead of joining it at the outlet; a straight and navigable channel will carry the waters of one lake to the other, tranquil and clear at all times *.

The small town of Wesen, where we only stopped for a boat, looks dreary and desolate; the streets are under water, the houses besmeared with mud, the inhabitants sick and idle. Having unfortunately been in the track of the armies to and from Italy in the years 1799 and 1800, it suffered cruelly by them. French, Austrians, and Russians manœuvring in its neighbourhood, pursuing and pursued alternately, left neither furniture in the houses nor cattle on the hills. Under the Romans this was a place of some importance, communicating with various military stations, on the lake of which the villages Terzen, Quarten, Quinten, still preserve the ancient denominations. At the time of the destruction of Helvetia, Wesen, of course, disappeared with the rest; but having

* Some further account will be given of a subsequent visit to these works.

partly risen from its ashes during the feudal times, was again destroyed, and not altogether without just cause*, in 1388, by its neighbours of Glaris, and since that has never been considerable.

The price of a boat, fit to carry a carriage and horses, to the farthest end of the lake, (four leagues) is ten shillings sterling, exclusive of a small present to the men. We performed the voyage with oars in four hours and a half; sailing with a favourable wind it may be accomplished in two. Terrible tales are told of the tempests on this lake, as indeed on all the lakes enclosed, as this is, by mountains; government has thought proper to interfere for the safety of ignorant or rash travellers, forbidding the boatmen to venture out at all, under certain circumstances of weather, obliging them, in more dubious cases, to keep close along the southern shore, where there are harbours, and allowing no boat to remain more than three years in use. The most dangerous is supposed to be the north wind, which falling vertically, furrows the surface of the water into deep short waves that suck in every floating thing; at least so it is said, nor does the form and make of the boats give the smallest hope of their being able to weather any storm, quite flat, and so shallow as to

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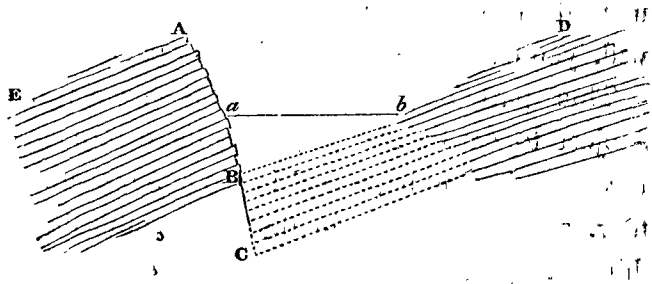
fill with the slightest swell; very weakly built, and not even ceiled or lined inside, to protect the planks from the kick of a horse; they are mere square boxes, rowing and sailing equally ill; but were you inclined for any other mode of conveyance, there is no road for a carriage round the lake; add to which, that to give up the view of the shores from the water, would be to forego the very purpose of the expedition. The lake is seldom more than two miles across, so that sail where you will, you cannot lose sight of either bank.

This part of the country has always been subject to earthquakes. Thirty-three are upon record as having happened in the seventeenth century, and eighty-seven in the eighteenth; that is, thirty-seven between August, 1701, and February, 1702; fifty between September, 1763, and May, 1764; but the geological revolutions, indicated by the general appearances of this district, are far beyond the power of common earthquakes, which are, indeed, more likely to have been an effect than a cause; for the vast vacuities left between, and among, the fragments of the old earth's crust, when they settled into their present positions, would naturally become so many gazometers, occasionally filling with an elastic fluid, the sudden expansion, rarefaction, or possibly inflammation,

of which now heaves, at times, their ponderous coverings, and communicates to the surface of our earth those undulations, denominated earthquakes, which spread terror and dismay among its inhabitants*.

To convey some idea of these geological appearances, and of the speculations which I have ventured to build upon them, I will here give a transverse section of the lake and its banks.



a b, surface of the lake of Wallenstadt, in its breadth.

A B, north bank of the lake.

D B, south bank dipping into the lake.

The section A B is supposed to have coincided formerly with B C, and the latter to have slid down to its present position, forming the basin of the lake of Wallenstadt, the greatest depth of which is near the northern bank.

It seems as if the section A B of the North bank, and the section B C of the South bank,

* They have been compared, and not unaptly, to the wind blowing under a carpet.

had once been contiguous and upon the same plane; but that, broken asunder by some mighty force, the portion B C had slipped down, leaving the precipice A B to stand exposed to our wondering eyes, a gigantic specimen of natural history, presenting from four to six thousand feet perpendicular of parallel strata, all containing, in the organic remains, abundant proof of their secondary origin.

Geology is certainly no mean auxiliary of the picturesque, for imagination will ever follow with peculiar delight the traces of a former world. It is roused to mighty contemplation at the sight of piles of rocks, as high as the clouds, recumbent on a bed of fern, and at finding the remains of animals that once sported on the summits of other Alps, now buried beneath the very base and foundations of ours.

In the course of our voyage, approaching sometimes the northern, but oftener the southern shore, which is rent in several places from top to bottom, we happened to pass close by one of these great fissures. It was dark as night itself; invisible torrents roared down its precipices; nothing human could climb their sides, or breathe in their eternal mist; as the eye measured in wonder the fearful height, and dwelt on the heavenly softness

of the mountain verdure seen through the opening at the top, we could scarcely believe our senses when we discovered peasants making hay quietly on the brink of such an abyss, thousands of feet above our head, on the northern shore of the lake, at the foot of its abrupt rampart, close to its tremendous cataracts, the greatest perhaps in Switzerland. On the very promontories of earth and stone, originally brought by them, we often descried a farm-house, with its grove of umbrageous walnuts, its meadows, and husbandmen at their work. A nearer approach to what appeared a perpendicular wall of rocks, enabled us to detect some slight marks of a climbing path, where notched logs, or sticks driven into holes, or overhanging branches and withy ropes leading from one beetling shelf to another, shewed that a strong hand and steady step left nothing inaccessible to the ingenuity and perseverance of man. Enormous as the mountain appeared before, such points of comparison as these swelled its dimensions at once to an oppressive excess, from which the eye turned with a sort of dread.

The lake, which never freezes, abounds with fish; salmon (even at this distance from the German ocean), trout, *&c.*, and pike in proportion, some of them weighing thirty pounds. Our boat-

man picked up a large fish, just dead of wounds received in an encounter with a jack. We were told of a man catching fifty hundred weight of fish in one day. Angling is allowed in all the waters of Switzerland, but every other kind of fishery is private property, and leased out.

The Lammergeyer, the largest, after the American condor, of all the birds of prey, measuring sixteen feet from wing to wing, haunts this lake, chiefly the northern bank, and carries off kids, and even large dogs. Mr. Ebel speaks of a hunter, Joseph Schorer, who having discovered a nest of these powerful birds, and killed the male, crept bare-footed, for greater safety, along a shelf of the rock, and was just lifting to seize the young, when the hen, pouncing down upon him, stuck her claws into his arm, and her bill into his back. The hunter, whom the least movement might have precipitated from his dangerous station, remained at first quite still, then, gradually with his foot, directing the muzzle of his gun, which fortunately he still held in his left hand, towards the bird, he in the same manner cocked it, pushed the trigger, and shot her dead, not however before she had inflicted wounds which confined him to his bed for some months. These hunters are men from whom the North American Indians themselves might learn patient

endurance under the severest privations and hardships; acuteness of sense, boldness, and contempt of death; there are few of them who do not come to an untimely end; they disappear one after the other, and their lamentable story is only known from the mangled remains sometimes discovered.

The villagers of Wallenstadt (at the upper end of the lake), like those of Wesen at the lower, have been boatmen and mule-drivers from time immemorial, under the Roman prefects, under the Ostrogoths, the Huns, and the Saracens; under Massena and the French army, and now in the service of curious gentlemen and ladies; yet all without having advanced one step in the art of building, or managing boats, during this apprenticeship of seventeen centuries. Some assuredly of their present passengers, citizens bold of the British metropolis, sunday-navigators of the Thames between London-bridge and Richmond, could teach them better things; yet, when we consider the inartificial state of these same nautical arts upon the Seine, at the very fountain-head of European civilization, as every body at Paris knows, we see less reason to wonder at the Swiss.

Having no freight for Italy by the mountains, nor for Zurich and the Rhine by the lakes, we staid no longer on the slimy quay of Wallen-

stadt than was requisite to arrange the crazy tackle of our carriage. This poor little town was, like Wesen, repeatedly plundered in 1799, and, besides, burnt to the ground.

From Wallenstadt to Sargans, two hours, along a fine valley, formed by the same screens of magnificent mountains, and being in fact a continuation of the basin of the lake, but above water instead of beneath; a solid instead of a liquid surface, and in high cultivation. The inhabitants, in their holiday dresses, were sitting at the doors of their broad wooden dwellings, too large, it seems, to be denominated cottages, under the shade of spreading walnut-trees. Not a beggar was to be seen. The women, sunburnt and masculine from habitual exposure in the fields, wear a small skull-cap, under which the hair is drawn up so tight as finally to eradicate it even to baldness, an infirmity to which women are not naturally subject. The crane, so common along the course of the Rhine in Germany, re-appears here, near its source. Every steeple is capped with a gigantic nest, and the highest houses have one or more about their chimneys.

July 1.—The Stag at Sargans, where we slept, is kept by two sisters, with whom we had a good deal of interesting conversation, by signs, by

means of Mr. Ebel's Swiss Vocabulary, and by the help of English words: their house deserves to be recommended*. From thence to Ragatz, half a mile from the Rhine, in one hour. The mountains on both sides of us, much lower than yesterday, presented many feudal and Roman ruins, now involved in equal obscurity. A trifling rise of the ground of the valley, nineteen feet only aboye the usual level of the Rhine, alone prevents its making a short cut by the lakes of Wallenstadt and of Zurich, instead of passing by the lake of Constance. About two miles North-East of Sargans, the Rhine passes between two high mountains, the Schollberg on this side, and the Falkniss on the Grison side, which bear strong marks of having been united formerly. The Rhine must then have flowed in the direction mentioned above; but as its course appears clearly to have been obstructed also at Baden, below Zurich, the proba-

* Having already advanced substantial reasons for particularizing the items of an inn dinner, I shall here insert those of our whole entertainment at the Stag. First, eggs and herb soup; second, omelet, spinage, custard pudding, fried bread covered with mashed strawberries and cream; third, roast veal, sallad, and fritters; fourth, dessert. Wine of the country; coffee and cream. Strawberries and cream in the evening. Very good beds. Coffee and strawberries for breakfast. The bill for two persons was ten shillings sterling (twelve French francs).

bility is, that the whole space between Baden and Coire in the Grisons formed then an immense lake, twice as long as the lake of Constance, and about as broad in some places. Both these obstacles to the course of the Rhine have been removed by some causes to us unknown; that at the Schollberg gave way first, otherwise the stream never would afterwards have left the shorter for the longer course, the greater for the lesser fall. Whatever may have been the state of things in former times, if an *eboulement* (a fall of a mountain) was to take place now between the Schollberg and the Falkniss, and fill up the bed of the Rhine, elevating it only nineteen feet (we have seen it would be sufficient), the Rhine would infallibly turn to the lake of Wallenstadt. There is no danger of the great lake being formed again, unless the gap at Baden was also filled up again; but the waters of the Rhine added to those of the Limmat would certainly make it overflow permanently its present banks, and cause much damage. An embankment across the valley of Sargans is pointed out by all those who understand the subject best, as an easy and safe remedy against any thing but a very great *eboulement* at the Schollberg, where, however, the passage is not less than two miles wide.

Leaving our carriage, to wait our return, at Ragatz,

we proceeded on foot, with a guide, along a path not very practicable for horses, towards the Pfeffers baths, which we reached in two hours, passing the remains of several avalanches; the snow of one of them filling the bed of a mountain stream, had melted below, and formed an arch, broken through in some places, so as to shew us the danger we had incurred in crossing over.

About eight hundred years ago, one of the hunters of the abbey of Pfeffer, being in pursuit of game, discovered, at the bottom of a tremendous cleft, where the Tamina rolls its foaming waters, the hot springs since so famous. The abbey had then flourished for three centuries, and had during that time introduced cultivation and law into the wild region traversed by the Tamina, from its source to the Rhine, an empire of eight square leagues, which nearly equalled in duration, if not in power, the Roman Empire itself, and was likewise destroyed by a northern invasion, during the successive campaigns of 1799 and 1800. The French and the Austrians contending for the possession of these eight leagues of rocks and precipices, ruined the miserable inhabitants by carrying away their cattle.

The sick formerly were let down by ropes, some hundred feet, to certain rude huts, which they en-

tered by the roof, and where they remained a week stewing in hot water and steam; by degrees, communications became better, and about one hundred years ago the abbot of Pfeffer had the present stone house and baths constructed, and a path to it cut zig-zag among rocks and trees. These baths are situated about six hundred yards below the spring, the water blood heat, and continually running in and out, forms, in fact, a steam as well as a water bath. One part of the ceremony of sight-seeing is to go along a scaffolding, suspended against the face of the rock, to the place where the water gushes out of the mountain piping hot. Desirous to perform my duty on all occasions, as far as I am able, I proceeded about half way, and fully convincing myself that I should return quite wet from the dripping of the rock; finding, besides, the plank so narrow and slippery, and the torrent below so very furious, that a fall (not very unlikely to happen) would leave no hopes of salvation, and the scene appearing altogether frightful, I thought to myself, that a confession of prudence might do full as well in a journal as a confession of rashness, being, at any rate, much more original; therefore, after several awful pauses, I stopped at last near a projection of the rock, overhanging the trembling board which stands insulated from the side, and where the rash adven-

turer finds himself much in the situation of a rope-dancer, without even the assistance of his pole, and here intimated to the guide that I should proceed no farther. This sort of cavern is formed by the loose rocks already mentioned, piled up above, between the perpendicular side of the cleft; it is about two hundred feet high, and perfectly dark, except from a small opening at the top, through which a single ray of light falling on those who pass under it in their progress to and from the spring gives them, to the curious eye looking on from a distance the air of shades wandering on the precincts of the infernal regions.

The water has scarcely any taste, a bottle of it contains, as Mr. Ebel says, 1 grain selenite, 9-16th gr. sulphate of soda, 5-8th gr. sulphate of magnesia, 3-8th gr. calcareous earth, 5.8th gr. calcareous nitrate of potash. It is principally good for debility of stomach, rheumatisms, &c. Provisions and other necessaries are brought to within six hundred and sixty-four feet perpendicular above the house, and then let down by ropes; the cases containing bottles of the water, which are sent all over Europe, are hoisted up the same way. From this great depth the mountain rises at once to a height where the snow never melts entirely in

summer; there are summits of five thousand and six thousand feet all in sight, one even of nine thousand two hundred feet. We dined and spent an evening and a night at this strange place; the company was very small, it being yet early in the season: one lady from Italy and two from Appenzel, an Englishman, a Capuchin, and two Benedictines; none of the attendants understood any thing but German. The house is built like a convent, with long galleries and immensely thick walls. The mode of life is original, like the place: the dinner bell rang at eleven in the morning, and the supper was announced at seven. The principal dish on table, and a very good one, was wholly made of the blood of chamois, which, strange as it may seem, looked and tasted a good deal like spinage; the feet of chamois was another, and there were no vegetables.

Although the torrent of the Tamina never could have formed of itself the whole of its gigantic bed, yet, that it has worn it down many feet, appears from the many large holes, and even caverns of great size, hollowed out of the calcareous rock, a little above the present level of the water, on each side, by the violent eddies of the current.

One of them, which I did not see, is twenty-

eight feet in depth, thirty-five feet wide, and twenty-four feet high*. This Tamina is a furious torrent, which in its short course collects and carries to the Rhine an incredible quantity of water and of stones. Fifty-five years ago, during one of its most memorable inundations, the village of Ragatz was nearly buried under a mass of rubbish, not yet entirely removed. During the last war, this same village, scarcely recovered from the effects of the first calamity, experienced another—a military inundation, of which to convey some idea, it is enough to say, that the physician of the place, a Dr. Hager, had seven thousand foreign soldiers successively quartered upon him, during the years 1799 and 1800; ten men, upon an average, daily entering his house. At last, the wooden bridge over the river having been set on fire by the French, as a measure of defence, the flames communicated to the village, which was reduced to ashes, and the inhabitants at once relieved of their guests, by this means.

July 1, 2.—Returned to occupy our comfortable quarters at the Stag; we embarked again this

* Mr. Ebel states, that gigantic human bones have been repeatedly found in that part of the valley of Glaris the nearest to this place. The men of the valley of Tavestch, which is also very near, are even at this day above the ordinary stature.

morning at Wallenstadt, favoured with a lowering sky and mist, which spread over the oceanic landscape of the lake a suitable tinge of inky blue; a few rays of the sun piercing through the clouds, played here and there on the tender green of the mountain pastures, and brought to view peaceful chalets and villages among hanging woods and precipices. At last, the clouds poured down their deluge, from which we sought shelter under the crazy top of our carriage. It washed down the vapours and cleared the air, but without improving the landscape, for a cold grey atmosphere, a distinct clear light without shadows constitute its most unfavourable state to a picturesque eye. We were amused, however, on discovering hundreds of white goats, till then unperceived, adhering like flies apparently against the perpendicular face of the rock; some of them putting us in mind of Gray's deer, which "danced, and scratched an ear with its hind foot," in a place where I could not have stood stock still,

"For all beneath the moon."

Amidst these noble scenes of nature, one of a different sort came unluckily to obtrude itself on our sight: Crabbe might have thought it not unwelcome. A Swiss gend'arme conducting, in a boat, half a dozen paupers, from a parish where

they had been found loitering, to the one to which they legally belonged. One of them was an old shepherd, with a venerable length of grey beard, a mountain stick in his hand, and scarcely clothed. Another was a woman with young children. The gend'arme speaking of his charge, called them lazzaroni. This is melancholy in such a country; and yet it would be difficult to point out any mode of public assistance not leading to such inconveniences; there is no knowing where to stop when once attempted.

After landing at Wesen, we left the valley of the Linth, by which we had arrived the first time, to the right, and crossing the river, entered the valley of Glaris on our left. Some idea may be formed of the Helvetic geography, by comparing the country to a large town, of which the valleys are the streets and the mountains groups of contiguous houses. Four or five considerable rivers, the Rhone and the Rhine, the Aar, the Reuss, and the Limmat, mark the principal avenues and fashionable residences, where wealthy and polite people live; side valleys, short and parallel with each other, opening into these main avenues, are the bye streets or alleys, not thoroughfares, and yet communicating with each other by winding and dark passages among the houses. As we

judge better of a town by walking the principal streets, than by entering houses and ascending to the garrets, thus we see Switzerland to more advantage by travelling through its valleys, than by taking the trouble to ascend many of its mountains, which in general afford prospects singularly confined.

Three hours' ride, by an excellent road perfectly level, and through a luxuriant country hemmed in on either side by ramparts of rock, the most stupendous we had seen, brought us to Glaris. Its narrow crooked streets, its diminutive and antiquated houses with low entrances, heavy doors, and walls painted in fresco; the silence and quietness which prevailed—the surrounding heights, which seemed almost to overhang the town, altogether suggested to us the idea of a place just dug out of the earth like Pompeii or Herculaneum. We thought, at Bienne, we were entering Switzerland for the first time, but this is more Swiss than any thing we had yet seen; more different, at least, from any thing you see in other countries. Glaris is so closely invested by mountains, that the sun is visible but four hours of a winter's day; from our room window, at the inn, it is necessary to put your head quite out to see something of the sky. Most of the houses bear

the date of their construction; there are but few that are not several hundred years old, some as many as five hundred. The walls of the house just opposite to us, one of considerable size and appearance, and oddly ornamented with fine iron gratings to the windows, evidently of high antiquity, are painted in fresco; the figures are gigantic, and represent a knight in complete armour on horseback, engaged in mortal combat with a Turk, who is also mounted; a woman appears at a window looking at them. Various coats of arms also adorn this house, the original owner of which was probably a Crusader.

It would seem that Glaris must be liable to avalanches; yet, though many do in fact fall near it every winter, the town itself has never been endangered. A village in sight was nearly overwhelmed this spring, and the snow is not all melted yet. Within a walk of twenty minutes north of the town is a heap of rocky fragments, half a mile in breadth, and some hundred feet high, which fell from the Glarnish during an earthquake in 1593. The place whence they fell, at a height of seven or eight thousand feet, is easily discernible, looking like a mere dimple on the face of the mountain, such as one might cover with the end of one's finger; yet the mass below

would be deemed, near Paris or London, a very respectable mountain. The Glarnish rising eight thousand nine hundred feet, which is above the level at which snow melts in summer, is consequently covered with a glacier.

This place may boast of having given birth to the first and greatest historian of Switzerland (Tschudi): he died in 1572. The two first volumes of his Chronicle, embracing a period of nearly five centuries, from A.D. 1000 to 1470, was not printed till 1734-36. The sequel, carrying on the history to 1559, *viz.*, four volumes of text and two of supplement, remains still unpublished. Mr. Ebel says there are five copies existing in manuscript. The name of Tschudi occurs very frequently among the magistrates and warriors of Glaris, during a space of nine centuries. Few families in Europe are so ancient. The historian himself was Landamman of the Republic.

July 3.—We took horse very early this morning, rode up to the chaotic heap of rock before described, and skirting round it, ascended the base of Mount Pragel, by the side of a furious torrent, which rushed towards us with a swiftness that almost made us giddy to look at. The fall of rocks from the Glarnish having filled up its original bed, occasions a sudden bend in its course,

which was fatal to many a Russian, on the night of the 30th of September, 1799, when retreating under Suwarrow, after the battle of the Mouotta-thal*, and coming in crowds upon the sudden turn unawares, and in total darkness, they went down, one after another, headlong into the abyss; their cries, if they uttered any, being lost in the noise of the stream, and affording no warning to those who followed close at their heels. Some pack-horses loaded with money fell down likewise, and pieces of gold and silver used to be picked up occasionally for years after.

To the left of us was the Glarnish, rising "abrupt and sheer," its towering summit terminated by a sharp edge of ice, brighter and of a purer blue than even the sky of this fair summer's day. To the right was the Wigghis, scarcely less high and less abrupt than the Glarnish. The precipitous tracks are pointed out along which some of the adventurous detachments of pursuing French came down upon the Russians, intending to cut off their retreat, instead of which some hundreds of themselves were made prisoners.

No avalanches ever come down the Glarnish, it is too abrupt for the requisite accumulations of snow, but they are frequent down the Wigghis: thus,

* Chap. xxxix. Vol. II.

to use a humble, but very exact, comparison, we see sheets of snow sliding down the *roof* of a house in winter, but never down its walls. This very spring a prodigious avalanche came down the precipitous side of the Wigghis, crossed the path we are now treading, and actually went up the opposite side of the Glarnish, that is, up the slope at its base several hundred feet, laying down a whole forest of pines in its descent, and laying up another similar forest in its ascent; trees, two and three feet in diameter, uprooted, broken or bent to the ground, have not been able to get up again; a few of the youngest and more slender are making a more successful effort. In about two hours we reached a level spot, the landing-place of the first floor of the mountain, in the middle of which was a very pretty basin of water, the reservoir of our stream; flowery meadows, now just mowing down, and pastures of the freshest green, surround this beautiful water. We thought we might have rode round in a few minutes, and our surprise was very great when we found it would require three hours; so easily is the eye deceived among these gigantic forms, which reduce the apparent dimensions of lesser objects. On the south side of this lake, towards the base of the mountain, on the face of a large fragment of rock, some friends of Gessner

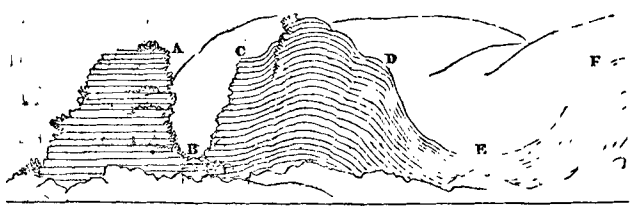
have inscribed a few German lines commemorating the poet, who was fond of the spot, and used to come from Zurich, in the summer season, to spend some weeks in one of the chalets of the neighbourhood.

The population of Glaris recruits the armies, counting-houses, and work-shops of all Europe; but most of those who meet with success in their respective callings, return to end their life where it began. Like the people of Appenzel and St. Gall, those of Glaris have much increased their wealth and numbers, during the last sixty or eighty years, by the manufacture of calicoes and muslins, and, like them, are now beginning to feel the small avail of their fictitious opulence, and the embarrassment of having more mouths to feed than bread to put into them. Yet beggars are not so numerous here as in Appenzel, or even at St. Gall; and a glance at the respective statistical tables will suggest the reason, *i. e.*, an excess of population beyond the means of support*.

	Square Leagues.	Souls.	To a Square League.
* Glaris	30	19,000	633
St. Gall	100	130,000	1,300
Appenzal	20	55,000	2,750

The population of France is estimated at 1,100 souls to each square league, but the proportion of productive land is much greater there than in Switzerland.

The Linth, a furious stream, traverses the vale of Glaris, and the fearful bridge over it was, in October, 1799, the scene of several obstinate combats between Suwarrow and General Molitor, who, with inferior forces, succeeded in stopping the Russians at the outlet of the valley of Glaris, as Soult and Mortier had done, two days before, at the outlet of the Mouottathal*. Soon after passing it, I was induced, by the singular appearance of the mountain on the left, (the Wigghis,) to take a hasty sketch of its strata. I have taken many such in other places, as extraordinary, perhaps, but this will suffice to give, and much more effectually than any written description, an idea of the inconceivable revolutions that the surface of our earth must have experienced.



The calcareous strata of the Wigghis, parallel to each other and nearly horizontal, have been

* General Molitor, who opposed Suwarrow so successfully, had, two days before, cleared the valley of Glaris of several corps of Austrians, which had come there in concert with the Russian General, and displayed on the occasion as much intrepidity.

broken through and carried away at A B C. The prodigious gap cannot well be less than three thousand feet in depth. The same strata continue at D E F, bent into the saddle shape, without breaks any where, which supposes a flexibility totally different from the present hard state of the rock.

The valley of Glaris has ever been subject to earthquakes, as the basin of the lake of Wallenstadt. They are felt along a narrow tract of country, which Mr. Ebel considers as gypseous, and which abounds in sulphureous springs. As I mentioned before, there have been one hundred and twenty earthquakes recorded in the two last centuries.

July 4.—Rapperschwyl, where we slept, is a small walled town; its antiquated and crazy fortifications look very well from the outside, but the buildings cooped up within them, equally antiquated, are not alike picturesque. This is, however, a premature old age, as the town was burnt to the ground by the usurper Rodolph Brun*, four hundred and sixty-seven years ago only, the present erection must be of a subsequent date.

All artists and lovers of the picturesque must ever regret high towers and embattled walls, and

* See Chap. xi. Vol. II.

if, as is asserted, none of the modern engineering, close cropped and half hid under ground, which you must be upon to see, and which no picturesque eye will for a moment bear to look at, can resist more than a given number of days, while the old-fashioned walls, impregnable in Homer's time, remained so for two thousand years after the siege of Troy, it seems a great pity that they should have been discarded to so little purpose.

The scenery of the lake of Zurich is wholly different from what we have been accustomed to for some days past, particularly upon the lake of Wallenstadt, its twin brother. Having turned our backs on the Alps, the only mountain in sight was the Albis, on the other side of the lake, so green, so smooth and inhabited, that although twelve or fifteen hundred feet in height, it seemed only a gentle knoll. Our side of the lake appeared very fertile, and thickly inhabited by small proprietors, whose farms, cultivated like a garden, are laid out in patches of all sorts of crops. The people were busy making hay, hoeing potatoes and maize, and carrying in wooden vessels on their shoulders that liquid manure already described, forming a valuable, but most offensive, ingredient in their rural economy. The road was excellent, but passed, oddly enough, now and then through a house, and

in some places was shaded by vines trained from side to side like an arbour. Across the glassy lake the view extended to innumerable habitations among groves of trees on its lofty banks. Being overtaken by a violent storm of thunder and lightning, we sought shelter in the house of one of the inhabitants of the poorest class. Scythes, rakes, and other implements of agriculture, hung round the naked wall of a large room; a loom stood near the window, on which some of the women had been at work on a piece of silk; but in the fright occasioned by several loud claps of thunder, the shuttle was abandoned, and the whole family, skulking about in great perturbation, bestowed little attention on the sudden appearance of strangers. We happened to travel for some time behind the mail-carriage from Glaris to Zurich, which gave us an opportunity of observing the composed and phlegmatic manners of the country; for it stopped every five minutes, in a road too narrow for our own creeping vehicle to pass by it, and as people came out with letters or parcels, a conversation never failed to commence between them and the driver of the mail or his passengers, while extinguished pipes were lighted again, or replenished. A Swiss or German pipe is a portly article, not made of vulgar clay, but of high-

wrought and embossed silver, tipped with horn; it is a thing that waves gracefully from the mouth, down upon the breast and up again, in Hogarth's line of beauty. The mode of travelling in this country is just that of Horace and other gentlemen of antiquity, whose day's journey rarely exceeded fifteen or twenty miles.

July 5.—It has rained all day, and excepting for a few minutes that we ventured out to a beautiful walk planted with lime-trees and affording an extensive prospect, we have passed a good deal of our time at the window of our apartment at the *Epée*, in full view and hearing of the blue waves of the Limmat, rushing by even under us with the noise of a fast-sailing vessel at sea. There is a bridge also before this house, full fifty or sixty feet wide, serving as a market-place, where we have an opportunity of seeing all classes of people, in their various employments and dresses. The beauty of the fair sex, and that of the draught horses, divide our attention; the latter would most of them do credit to the best appointed equipage; they are full-tailed, very neatly harnessed, with English collars, to country waggons, the leaders a great way before the pole. We are told that these teams work ten hours a day; and it is enough to see them to be certain that farming

is carried on on a larger scale than fell under our notice yesterday.

A summons to the *table d'hôte* suspended the course of our observations, or rather changed their object. Among the strangers, with whom we sat down at dinner, the most conspicuous were an English company of seven persons, travelling *en famille*, who, from the colour of the servants, and the stately dulness of the masters, we judged to be nabobs. A German making love to his young wife formed, by the ingenuous vulgarity of his manners and complete unconsciousness of ridicule, a good contrast with the immovable stiffness and reserve of his next neighbours: we were nearly tired of our company, when the folding doors of an adjoining room were thrown open, and a glorious harmony of two clarionets, two flutes, two bassoons, and a French horn struck up at once. The Germans are indeed adepts in the magic of sounds; there is a breathing soul in their instruments as well as in their voices, unlike any thing of the kind any where else. I think music, even when it is not German, is an excellent auxiliary to most dinners; as Prince Eugene is made to say in his memoirs, *Cela vous évite la peine de parler.*

We were shewn the spot where Lavater was mortally wounded, in the street, a few steps from

his own door, while endeavouring to rescue one of his friends, mal-treated by some soldiers. Massena, aware of the very deep impression this treatment of a man so highly respected would produce, caused the strictest search to be made after the perpetrator of the deed, and would not have spared him if he had been discovered; but he remained unknown, except to Lavater himself and his family, who forbore informing against him. The stone over the grave simply bears his name, without any mention of the manner of his death or even a date. The rapacity of Massena's predecessor having already placed the public treasury out of his reach, left him no opportunity of tarnishing the fame of his military achievements at Zurich. Here, as well as every where else in Switzerland, the complaints we hear against the French apply to the civil and military authorities, more than to the soldiers, who, raised by conscription, were a better sort of men than are usually brought together by military enlistments.

The people of Switzerland yielded but a doubtful acquiescence to a revolution forced upon them by a foreign army, and the counter-revolution was therefore effected with little difficulty, when Buonaparte's policy inclined to the restoration of the old forms of government in Switzerland. "*Our peasants*," I hear the Swiss say, "*are led like a flock of sheep*:"

a rare disposition in this age, but scarcely to be regretted here, considering the total ignorance in which this people appear to be of the commonest principles of civil liberty. A creditable citizen of Zurich, pointing to the insulated tower in the lake, told us that it was a prison for criminals, and added, that when a man was sent there, it was all over with him—*son affaire est beintôt faite.* "It is, then," I observed, "the prison of condemned criminals?" "No," he replied, "*but it is the prison of those to be condemned!*" "But how, pray, is that known before trial?" "*Oh! on sait bien ça!—c'est qu'on ne badine pas ici, foyez fou.*" As he said this, my informant, helping his bad French with a most intelligible sign, drew the edge of his hard hand across his neck. In his idea, the Zurich judges only gave, by this anticipation of trial, a proof of their ability and zeal; and as the criminal's confession of his guilt is, in their opinion of justice, or of mercy even, absolutely necessary to complete the evidence, the culprit is stimulated by the application of a cow-skin, to pronounce his own condemnation. Having bestowed on this judicial proceeding the name of *torture*, my Zurich friend undeceived me, by observing, that *torture* came from *tordre* (to twist or distort the limbs,) a thing totally different

from their practice: the torture, or rack, he admitted, was used at Soleure, but not the least at Zurich.

This town very early enjoyed a high literary reputation, and in an age of profound darkness—the tenth century—was called *learned*. The thirteenth century gave birth to a multitude of poets. Roger Manesse, the Mecænas of those times (he died in 1304) noticed one hundred and forty of them. Several eminent theologians appeared at the Reformation; and, in modern times, the names of Gessner, Lavater, and Zimmerman, have acquired celebrity throughout Europe. *Many an honest Swiss,* Voltaire used to say, *has been cheated of his fame, by the uncouthness of his name!* He probably meant in his own country, for elsewhere so frivolous an objection did not invalidate a good title to literary fame.

There are now at Zurich several men of great acquirements in the sciences, and several eminent artists. A multitude of public establishments testify the humanity and public spirit of its citizens; among others, a *saving bank,* established earlier, probably, than any other (1805); a good school for the education of the blind, who are taught to read and write by means of sharp types denting or tearing the paper; and another, for the deaf and dumb;

finally, there are no beggars in the canton, although its very numerous population, in a considerable degree fostered by manufactures, amounts to eighteen hundred souls on a square league.

There is here a delightful public walk, but the private garden of which we had a glimpse, highly carved in *charmille*, recalls to mind what Madame de Stael said of German conversation, that the anecdotes of the court of Louis XIV. are still the news of the day. The *Gout des Jardins* in Switzerland is likewise full a hundred years behind hand.

July 6.—Zurich to Zug, five leagues, in seven hours; then by the lake of Zug to Arth, three leagues, in two miles and a half. Our road lay first over the Albis, a rich, although mountainous, district, affording very beautiful views, with old castles in commanding situations. These strongholds of Austrian bailiffs, now in ruins, still occasionally shelter some forlorn inhabitant: to a tyrant of the fourteenth century succeeds a weaver of the nineteenth! I entered into conversation with our landlady at Zug, respecting the late wars. This, the smallest of the cantons, containing only twelve thousand five hundred souls, had, for nearly three years, eleven thousand men quartered upon it. The good woman gave us a lamentable account of the wanton destruction of all her crockery-ware, yet

without showing resentment, and mentioned, even with expressions of great regret, the fate of an officer killed at Underwalden, who had been some time an inmate of her family, and to whom they had become attached. The Swiss in general speak of those times with surprising temper, much as of an earthquake, or the fall of a mountain, a severe dispensation of providence, in which man was only a secondary agent.

The boat which conveyed us and our carriage from Zug to Art, cost ten shillings sterling: it was navigated *en famille*, by two men, a woman, a girl, and a boy. The women had their plaited hair fastened to the top of the head by the large gilt broach of antiquity; no hat, very short petticoats, and neat shoes and stockings; red stays, laced with black, and tucked-up shift-sleeves.

The little town of Zug boasts its remote antiquity, being one of the twelve destroyed by the Helvetians*, when they attempted to emigrate into the Roman provinces, in Cæsar's time, and re-built, of course, on their return. Strabo makes some mention of it; and the antiquarian Bochat says, that its name means, in the Celtic language, *Near deep waters*.

The winter of 1435 was so excessively cold, that

* Chap. i. Vol. II.

the whole course of the Rhine froze to the sea, and not only the lake of Zurich was crossed on horseback and in carriages, but the lake of Constance likewise, although the largest and deepest of any. It is on record, that the magistrates forbad the killing the wild birds, which came into the town for shelter. Early in the spring, when the lake of Zug began to thaw, profound rents under that part of the town nearest to the water alarmed the inhabitants, many of whom fled. On the 4th of March, at night, two streets and a part of the walls of the town suddenly slid into the lake, carrying with them sixty persons, and among others the first magistrate of the canton; his infant son, who was found floating in his cradle, lived to a very advanced age, and succeeded to the dignity of his father. One hundred and fifty years after this catastrophe, some few houses again sunk; but although this lake, the deepest in Switzerland after that of Constance, be two hundred fathoms in many places, near Zug it is not now more than twenty or thirty fathoms. Mountains of no great elevation encompass the lake of Zug, but towards the south Mount Righi stands an insulated Colossus; its bold and dark outline opposed to the vague and bluish distance.

The first sight of Art, when we landed, renewed

the impression we had experienced at Bienne and at Glaris, when we seemed again to enter Switzerland for the first time; so new and foreign did every thing appear—the people, their dress, their houses, their manners.

July 8.—Early yesterday morning we set off for the Righi, which separates the lake of Zug from the lake of Lucerne, and forms a sort of tower of observation, affording the most extensive view of any in Switzerland. In half an hour, we reached the chaos of ruins formed by the fall of the Rossberg. Eleven years ago, five or six villages, containing altogether one hundred and eleven houses, were suddenly buried, with four hundred and fifty-seven of their inhabitants; only seventeen were dug out alive: we spoke to a man who assisted in rescuing them. The Rossberg, the cause of this disaster, rose on our left hand towards the north-east, to the height of three thousand six hundred perpendicular feet above Zug; the Righi, on our right, towards the south-west, to four thousand five hundred feet: these two mountains are here called, one *Sonnenberg*, the other *Schaltenberg* (the *sunny mountain* and *shady mountain*), from their respective situations in regard to Zug. Leaving for the present this desolate tract, we began to ascend the Righi, on horseback for nearly two hours, then on foot for two

hours more, to a convent of Capuchins, whither pilgrims resort; we met several upon their return, singing aloud in German. After taking some refreshment (goats' milk whey and new cheese), we climbed, for an hour and a half more, to the summit of the mountain, a narrow platform of smooth turf, called the *Righi-Coulm*, where a house has lately been erected for the accommodation of tourists, who spend the night there, in order to see the sun rise and set over all Switzerland, and follow their own shadows, projected to a distance of fifty miles. This is an out post of the great body of the Alps; their inner chain, bright with eternal snows, stretches irregularly, but with scarce any interruptions, from the Glarnish, due east, behind Schwitz to the Bernese Oberland in the south-west.

The outer chain of the Alps, separating Italy from Switzerland, higher and more frozen still, is almost entirely hidden by the inner chain. The groupe of Oberland Glaciers and the Finster Aar-hom, although not so high by one thousand eight hundred feet, intercepting the view of Monte Rosa and the Blumlis Alp, eleven thousand three hundred and seventy feet, hiding Mont Blanc itself, which is fourteen thousand nine hundred and eighty feet, but at double the distance.

The northern horizon, from east to west, bounded only by the rounding of the earth, comprehends nearly all the area circumscribed by the Rhine, from the Lake of Constance to Basle, and by the chain of the Jura from Bâle to Neuchâtel, that is three fourths of Switzerland, with fourteen of its lakes. It is a quarter of an hour before sun-rise, and when the vapours of the night have not yet begun to rise and alter the purity of the atmosphere, that the details of this great geographical map are most discernible.

There is a crevice on the level top of the Righi, down which if you throw a stone, and then lie flat, with your head over the perpendicular side of the mountain, you see the stone come out of an opening a thousand feet below, glance over the snow, which in this northern aspect is still unmelted in July, and taking a second leap, never stops till it reaches the lake, four thousand three hundred and thirty-two perpendicular feet below.

Who could suppose that armies should have thought it worth while to contend for the possession of this insulated pillar of a former world?—yet so it was. The French ascended that part of the Righi on which we were, while the Austrians climbed another summit, separated from it by the deep ravine in which the Capuchin's convent is

situated, firing at each other, for a day or two, very harmlessly, as there could not be less than twelve or fifteen hundred yards between them.

A panoramic view of three hundred miles in circumference, at least, displayed itself before the astonished spectator, by just turning round on the summit of the Righi: this space includes a greater number of memorable fields of battle than probably the same space in any other part of the world; it was ravaged by incessant wars in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and after a peace of three hundred years became again, and all at once, the seat of the most active warfare between all the belligerent powers of Europe.

The French entered first in March, 1798, the Austrians in May, 1799, the Russians soon after, and finally the Prussians. Our guide, an old soldier, having, of course, no objection to fight his battles over again, gave us a long talk about former and recent wars, to which we listened with great interest. I wrote it down immediately after, nearly in his own words. "You see this lake immediately under us," he said, throwing a stone which went bounding down, I know not where, possibly to the very Lake of Zug; "in ancient times there was a wall across the defile, between the lake and the mountain, and the same on the other side of the lake to

the Mossberg; our Canton was thus safe under lock and key, it is now no longer so; there it was that the French endeavoured to penetrate on the 2d of May, 1798, but our marksmen, stationed among the rocks and precipices on their flanks, took aim as at a herd of chamois; every shot told, and most of their officers being killed or wounded, they were obliged to retire. Another attack was made at the same time on Morgarten, near the lake which you see in front of us, partly hidden by the Mossberg; it was there also we fought, a great while ago (1315) our first great battle against Austria, in which one thousand three hundred of our people, commanded by Rodolph Reding, defeated twenty thousand enemies *. It was a Reding also, who commanded us in 1798; during four successive days the enemy had been repulsed every where, even at the point of the bayonet; they had buried three thousand of their men, and we not five hundred; but a few more such victories and we were annihilated, having only four thousand men able to bear arms. Several positions were occupied by our women only, who made fascines, and dragged cannon, night and day, over the mountains. At last we found it necessary to listen to the terms held out, and to submit, for the present,

* Chap. x. Vol. II.

to the new government imposed on us, rather than come to such extremities as those poor people on the other side," turning round and pointing beyond the lake of Lucerne. "You see," he continued, "Stantz, in that green valley at the foot of Mount Pilatus, the highest snowy mountain south-west of us; the spire of the church is just now glittering in the sun; there is a fine dark wood behind, and the valley, smooth as velvet, winds up between the mountains as far as Sarnersea; that beautiful little lake as blue as the skies, so shady and green all round." I saw the speck, and could not believe it was a lake; yet he assured us it was two hours long and near one hour wide. "These high mountains on the left, whose snows look like white wreaths thrown over their dark blue sides from one summit to another, are the Surren* Alps, which surround the Underwald with an almost inaccessible rampart. They form a striking contrast with the comparatively gentle and smooth irregularities,

* In 1786, a bold adventurer, with ten guides, scaled the Titlis, one of the highest summits of the chain of the *Surren Alps*, where he found the ice one hundred and seventy-five feet thick, and from whence he could see the second line of the Alps, on the confines of Italy, scarcely a few summits of which are visible from the Righi. Towards the north, his view extended over all Switzerland, into Germany, and followed the course of the Rhine beyond Strasburg.

which diversify the intermediate landscape. In a glen of the Melchthal, three leagues behind Stantz, the lowly cell is still shown where Nicholas de Flue, the pacificator and legislator of his country, lived a hermit in the fifteenth century *.

" Twenty years ago, the innocent, harmless people of Underwald, rich and happy in their obscurity, were all at once invaded by a foreign army, for the avowed purpose of imposing on them that new government, to which we had submitted four months before. The French first endeavoured to starve them into compliance by cutting off their supplies, but this mode was too slow for their impatience. On the 3d of September, 1798, General Schawenberg, their commander, directed a general attack to be made, by means of boats, from Lucerne, as well as by the Oberland. Repulsed with great spirit by the inhabitants, only two thousand strong, the attack was renewed every day from the 3d to the 9th of September. On this last day, towards two in the afternoon, new reinforcements having penetrated by the land side with field-pieces, the invaders forced their way into the very heart of the country. In their despair the people rushed on them with very inferior arms; whole families perished together; no quarter was given on either

* Chap. xxiii. Vol. II.

side. Eighteen young women were found among the dead, side by side, with their fathers and brothers, near the chapel of Winkelreid. Sixty-three persons, who had taken shelter in the church of Stantz, were slaughtered there, with the priest at the altar. Every house in the open country, in all six hundred, was burnt down; Stantz itself excepted, which was saved by the humanity of a *Chef de Brigade*. The inhabitants who survived this day, wandering in the mountains without the means of subsistence, would have died during the ensuing winter, if they had not received timely assistance from the other cantons, from Germany and England, and from the French army itself, after its first fury was abated. The enemy knew very well, that if the attack of the 9th of September had not succeeded, the people of Zug were ready, with the whole country, to rise again; and they punished us for the intention, by the occupation of our town of Art, where they remained to the end of the year. On the 10th of October, we were called upon to deliver up the warlike trophies of former times, preserved in many private families, although won by our ancestors, in the defence of liberty, against those very Austrians with whom the French were at war! Our expostulations and prayers were all in vain: swords and banners, halberts and shields,

were thrown into a fire, lighted for the purpose, on the public square of Art, and the iron which remained was sunk in the lake. The day after this wanton insult, another was added, by the erection of a pole and cap of liberty on the still warm ashes. An insurrection, which broke out in April following, served only to render our situation worse.

"See there," the guide continued, pointing east, "these two spiral heights, each a naked insulated rock, with white clouds gathering on one side, like a fantastic crest of feathers: they are *Kleine Mythe* and *Grosse Mythe*, so called, because from a certain position they have together the form of a huge mitre over the head of Schwitz, which you see below with the lake of Lowertz before it. More to the right, observe a narrow gorge between high mountains, with a torrent issuing out of it: that is the entrance of the Mouottathal, or Valley of the Mouotta, where Suwarrow, with an army of twenty-five thousand Russians, coming from Italy by the St. Gothard, appeared, the 29th September, 1799, on his way to Massena's position on the Albis, intending to surprise that General, who, he knew, had been there a long while watching another Russian army, under Korsakau, in possession of Zurich. But Massena, well apprized of his approach, had already attacked and defeated the other Russian army, and detached

the divisions of Soult and Mortier to meet Suwarrow on his way. They met at the entrance of the *Mouottathal**; and a desperate engagement ensued. Many French and Russian soldiers fell together into the Mouotta from the bridge, which a projecting point hides from our sight. This bridge was taken and re-taken many times; the mingled blood of the two nations crimsoned the stream, which carried down their floating bodies. All the efforts of the Russians, during two successive days, to force the passage, proved unavailing, nor could their success have answered any purpose, after the defeat at Zurich. A retreat became unavoidable, and Suwarrow effected it by Glaris, instead of by Altorff, whence he had come. No traveller, probably, had ever before passed the Kientzigkoulm from Altorff to the Mouottathal†; the very shepherds take off their shoes, and hold by their hands, where armies marched and fought during that memorable campaign. The precipices were strewn with bodies of fallen soldiers; not a mossy rock beside a running spring that had not been chosen by some of them to lay down his head upon and die; and when, in

* The Grand Duke Constantine served with Suwarrow.

† Some of the summits which belong to the Kientzigkoulm are visible from the Righi, but not easily distinguished among the labyrinth of mountains.

the ensuing spring, the melting of the snows left the corpses uncovered, the ravenous birds of prey became so dainty, that they fed their young only with the eyes!"

The difficulties Suwarrow had to encounter in crossing Mount Praggel and the Klanthal, were scarcely less, yet they were occasioned by the opposition he met from the enemy, rather than natural difficulties. He did not then intend to repass the Alps into Italy, but expected from Glaris to reach Zurich, by the right side of the lake, in time to rally and bring back the defeated forces of Korsakow, to whom he wrote, "I charge you, on your head, not to fall back one step farther; I am coming to retrieve your blunders." But he too was compelled by General Molitor to fall back as well as Korsakow.

The field of battle of Cappel *, where Zuinglius lost his life in the civil wars of the sixteenth century, was pointed out to us in the perpendicular line above Zug; higher again, in perspective, is the town of Zurich, and the Albis, where Massena was encamped; more to the left is Sempach, of glorious memory †, just above the lake of the same name, seen entire at the distance of twenty miles in a straight line. It would be irksome to

* Chap. xxviii. Vol. II.

† Chap. xv. Vol. II.

enumerate all the memorable spots seen from this commanding station. The mountain of the Rossberg, over the wrecks of which we had passed in the morning, was now rather below our level; a long track of ruins, like a scarf hung from its shoulder in hideous barrenness, over the rich dress of shaggy woods and green pastures, and grew wider and wider down to the lake of Lowertz and to the Righi, a distance of four or five miles. Its greatest breadth may be three miles, and the triangular area of ruins is fully equal to that of Paris, taken at the external boulevards, or about double the real extent of the inhabited city. I notice, however, that the portion of the strata at the top of the Rossberg, which slid down into the valley, is certainly less than the chaotic accumulation below, and I have no doubt that a considerable part of it comes from the soil of the valley itself, ploughed up and thrown into ridges like the waves of the sea, and hurled to prodigious distances by the impulse of the descending mass, plunging upon it with a force not very inferior to that of a cannon-ball*.

* The velocity of a ball at the cannon's mouth (nearly equal to the diurnal motion of the earth round its axis, at the equator,) is estimated at 1600 or 1700 feet in a second of time; but at the distance at which the falling rocks struck the surface of the valley, the velocity would be much diminished.

The velocity of the descending strata of rocks on an inclined

Various paths communicating from one village, or from one cottage, to another, not wholly obliterated, end abruptly on the brink of the precipice, whence the living may, as it were, look down on the dead and learn their fate. The mountain is composed of parallel strata of pudding-stone (nagel flue), dipping south-east at an angle of twenty-five or thirty degrees, and separated by thin beds of an argillaceous earth, liable, by the accidental introduction of water, to become a viscous mud, over which the superincumbent strata of rock must have slid, just as a ship in the act of launching slides on her ways: it was properly an avalanche of rocks. There are abundant proofs of other and similar ones having taken place, at remote periods, on the same spot; and it is much to be feared that more may happen, not near Art, (where all that was to fall seems to have fallen long ago,) but towards the lake of Lowertz; yet, as the symptoms which preceded the last catastrophe are well known, the inha-

plane, supposing the perpendicular height of the mountain to be 3600 feet, would have been equal to 464 feet in the last second of time, that is, the fifteenth second from the beginning of its descent, less the friction, which cannot well be estimated, and was much less for the upper than the lower strata in motion. We may fairly suppose that the upper strata of the falling rocks struck the soil of the valley in about half a minute after they began to fall.

bitants have at least the certainty of saving their lives, if not their property.

I shall here give some of the most authentic and interesting circumstances of the fall of the Rossberg, taken from the narrative published at the time by Dr. Zay, of Art, an eye-witness.

The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the 1st and 2d of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, a sort of cracking noise was heard internally, stones started out of the ground, detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o'clock in the afternoon on the 2d of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above, and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances; soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed, insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow, the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly, as to afford time to the inha-

bitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe, when told by a young man, running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling; he rose and looked out, but came in to his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third; but she went in for another, who still remained (Marianne, aged five); just then Francisca Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room, with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress; at that instant, as Francisca afterwards said, "the house appeared to be torn from its foundation (it was of wood), and spun round and round like a tetotum; I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child"—when the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, much bruised, and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth; with much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint

moans of Marianne, and called to her by her name; the child answered that she was on her back among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and even something green; she asked whether people would not soon come to take them out; Francisca answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in heaven; they prayed together; at last Francisca's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Stenenberg; then seven o'clock struck in another village, and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavoured to comfort the child; the poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper, but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francisca, still with her head downwards, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable; after prodigious efforts, she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the mean time the unfortunate father, who, with much difficulty, had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look

for the rest of his family; he soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above ground; she was dead with a child in her arms—his cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh, and saying that Francisca was not far off, a farther search led to her release also, but in such a state, that her life was despaired of; she was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about one thousand five hundred feet from where it stood before.

In another place a child two years old was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattress upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which he had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the lake of Lowertz, although five miles distant, that one end of it was filled up, and a prodigious wave passing completely over the island of Schwanau, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and as it returned swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The chapel of Olten, built of wood, was found half a league from the place it had previously occupied, and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position.

The day gave promise of a glorious sun-set, to be succeeded, in a very few hours, by as glorious a sun-rise: we had determined to spend the night upon the mountain, in order to enjoy both, and to see the shades of evening pervade the grey world below, while we should bathe in floods of golden light; but we are destined to contemplate a totally different, though not less splendid, scene. Towards evening the clouds began to gather above the head of Mount Pilate, famous for the dismal lake * upon its summit. When the cloud, which is very apt to form over that dark unfathomed pool, instead of rising, remains attached to the surrounding rocks, a violent storm generally follows. In remote ages this water bore the name of *Mare Infernale*. The belief was, that *Pontius Pilatus* † had drowned himself there, after his crime, (thence the present name of the mountain,) and the approach of a stranger being

* Mount Pilate is nearly seven thousand feet high; the calcareous rocks of which it is composed abound in remains of fish, shells, and madrepore, and shew two petrified trunks of trees.

† Another version makes the story derive from the name, instead of the name from the story: the probability is, that the Roman name of the mountain was *Pileatus*, from the cap of clouds on the summit, then by corruption *Pilatus*, then the popular tales —another part of the mountain is called *Fruemone*, from *mons fractus*. The *Righi culm* is probably derived from *culmen reginæ montium*.

very apt to agitate the lake, the magistrates of Lucerne prudently forbade any one to go near it, under severe penalties *.

This evening, when we saw *Pontius Pilatus* "put on his hat," and look fiercely at us, it was too late to leave our place of shelter for one less exposed. The night closed upon us, in utter darkness; the wind roared to a degree never experienced and shook our wooden box very sensibly; being built of logs, or rather very thick planks, dove-tailed at the corners, it could not be blown to pieces; but the idea that it might be blown away altogether, crossed our minds more than once, and that we might be sent floating, in the illimitable void, down to the ruins of Goldau in the vale, or to one of the lakes on three sides of us! the shingle-roof at least was in great danger, notwithstanding the load of large stones by which it was secured. Dazzling streaks of fiery light incessantly crossed the darkness, instantaneously followed by peals of thunder close to our ears. A solitary cross of wood, some twelve or fifteen feet high, planted about fifty yards from the

* Wagner, in his natural history of Switzerland, speaks of thirty-five writers, who have treated of the supernatural apparitions about the lake on Mount Pilatus, in voluminous works; he himself went to the lake in 1676, to ascertain *facts*, and labours hard to invalidate previous evidence.

house, on the very apex of the mountain, was the only *thing* that rose at all above us, and could serve as a conductor. Illuminated as it was every now and then by the sudden flashes, that bright cross, seen against the viewless black of the air, was truly an object of confidence and hope *. After a comfortless night, but a comfortable breakfast on coffee and cream, and looking over the book on the table where many a luckless attempt to see the sun set and rise on the Righi had been recorded by preceding travellers, we merely added our names, and took our departure on a dull drizly morning, down the rude path worn over the slippery roots of trees, and strewed with stones, and after three hours of *slee-slaw-slud* † walk, arrived at Art, where dry clothes, a second breakfast on strawberries and cream, and a carriage, enabled us to pursue our journey immediately. The road to Schwyz led us a second time over the ruins of Goldau, and beyond what we had seen yesterday. We were astonished at their vast extent, and at the magnitude and elevation of the blocks heaped up in all sorts of ways, over eight or ten square miles of country. Some of them, fifty or sixty feet in thickness, measured three or four

* It has since been struck by lightning, and I understand broke in pieces.

† See Cowper's Letters.

hundred feet in length and breadth; a bulk equal to that of the palace of the Thuilleries at Paris. The force which falling bodies obey knows no difference between a grain of sand and a mountain, although to our imagination it may seem otherwise. We fancy a new impulse given, whenever we see a new motion produced; we suppose an effort, and a greater one, to move a heavy, than a light, body—to move it far, than to move it a little way; but the impulse (gravitation) exists in the falling body when at rest, as much as at the moment of its fall, it might lay dormant for a thousand years, and yet needs only to be set free to act with undiminished energy. Such an obstacle as the hand of a child may remove; a pebble, which the grazing sheep pushes aside to nibble the blade of grass underneath; a shower of rain may rouse the dormant power of gravitation, and overcome the inertia of bodies. A first fragment in motion breaks the bonds which detained others, motion is superadded to motion, cumulating, like the miser, interest and principal in a compound ratio; but the omnipotent hand, we fancy we see on all occasions, was displayed only once.

The fallen rocks of the Rossberg, as well as those of the Righi, are composed of rounded fragments, some as much as three feet in diameter;

they are of all sorts, from the oldest to the latest formation, granitic and calcareous, slate and basalt, crystals and organic remains. All the mountains, situated on a narrow track, extending from the south end of the Lake of Constance to the east end of the Lake of Geneva, are composed of such rounded fragments, agglomerated by a common cement, so hard that they break rather than come loose. The protuberating and rounded form of these fragments suggested to the German naturalist the name of *nagelflue*, (nail head). The agglomerated mass bears also, in their language, the no less descriptive appellation of pudding stone. This formation is not found here in irregular heaps, but in distinct strata of various thickness, parallel to each other, and generally separated by thin earthy strata; they all dip more or less to the south-east, presenting to the north-west their transverse sections. From all these appearances we may justly infer, first, the existence of a former world, like ours, with nearly such rocks, such animals, and such plants, destroyed by some mighty revolution of the globe. Secondly, new rocks formed out of the materials of this former world, some of them including organic remains of plants and animals. Thirdly, these new formations broken again into fragments,

rolling for ages under water, and acquiring their rounded shape, afterwards deposited into deep seas, and agglomerated under their heavy pressure, stratum over stratum, to the height we see here. Fourthly, this sub-marine formation, (the whole ancient basin of the ocean), lifted at once into dry land, which implies a correspondent sinking of former continents into a new basin for the ocean pouring from one section of the globe over another, there to begin anew the long process of mineral formation. That some mighty stream once traversed this country, from south-east to north-west, (what Saussure denominates *la grande debacle*) tearing asunder chains of mountains, and carrying their fragments to vast distances, is not a matter of conjecture; we find the granite of the high Alps strewed in enormous fragments over that slope of the Righi, of the Rossberg, and of Mount Pilatus, which fronts the Alps, as well as along the whole chain of the Jura, and not in Italy. The fragments of the central chain would be sought in vain towards the Alps; but are, on the contrary, found scattered in the canton of Zurich, and not in the cantons of Uri, or Underwalden, that is to the north west, and not, in any instance, to the south-east.

However remote the period which the phenomena under consideration may imply, it seems but

of yesterday, compared to that revealed by another fact:—Among the rounded fragments agglomerated into *pudding-stein*, or *nagel-flue*, are rounded fragments of *negel-flue* itself! It will readily be perceived, that our geological antiquity is at once doubled by this single circumstance*. We wonder, and justly, at finding fragments of ancient construction worked into the walls, and lying under the foundations of the remains, comparatively modern, of Egyptian architecture, marking two distinct generations of ruins. Here we find even more than two generations of ruins in the construction of our globe; and there is almost as wide a distance between the antiquity of the ruins of art and that of the ruins of nature, as between the respective architects.

The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Goldau, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. I shall relate only one more incident: a party of eleven travellers from Berne, belonging

* Among so many organized remains of a former world, not any traces of human beings were, as, is well known, ever found; a circumstance the more remarkable, as were the present world to be destroyed, the quantity of human remains would so much exceed any others; and this circumstance tends singularly to reconcile the Mosaic with the scientific geology, the revealed with the natural account of time.

to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Art on the 2d of September, and set off on foot for the Righi, a few minutes before the catastrophe; seven of them had got about two hundred yards ahead, the other four saw them entering the village of Goldau, and one of the latter, Mr. R. Jenner, pointing out to the rest the summit of the Rossberg, (full four miles off in a straight line,) where some strange commotion seemed taking place, which they themselves (the four behind) were observing with a telescope, and had entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers just come up; when, all at once, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads, a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard; they fled! As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends, but the village of Goldau had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors one lost a wife to whom he was just married, one a son, a third the two pupils under his care; all researches to discover their remains were, and have ever since been, fruitless. Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and

which was found about a mile off. With the rocks torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground towards the lake of Lowertz, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley towards the Righi. The rocks above, moving much faster than those near the ground, went farther, and ascended even a great way up the Righi; its base is covered with large blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down, as they might have been by cannon.

A few straggling cottages, timid attempts towards a restoration of the desolated country to something like fruitfulness, appear here and there; beggarly children in ill health, for the place is become sickly from stagnant water, came running to us for a few batz—the sad remains of a wealthy population, remarkable for personal comeliness as well as for morality. A vast extent of flat shore without vegetation marks the encroachment on the lake of Lowertz; not a blade of grass seems to grow upon the sterile surface. The road along the south side of this lake passes picturesquely, but rather fearfully, along a narrow causeway overhung by a high cliff; beyond this we travelled over the rich vale of Schwytz, an

image of what the one we had just left was a few years ago. Schwytz, which we only traversed in our way to Brunnen, is neatly built and delightfully situated. It is generally supposed that the patriotism of its inhabitants made the name prevail in the Helvetic League; but this name became collective in the sixteenth, and not in the fourteenth, century, at a period of civil wars, not at that which secured Helvetic independence. In the guilty times of national discord, not of union, Schwytz, therefore, has less cause for boasting.

At Brunnen we went, in a small row-boat, up the southern branch of the lake of the Waldstetten, a sort of deep bay or gulf penetrating into the canton of Uri. The beauty of its scenery exceeds even that of the lake of Wallenstadt, and every part of it is classical ground. Soon after passing the magnificent entrance, through a lofty portal of mountains, marked by an insulated rock on the right, rising like a pillar out of the water, we landed on the same side as the *Grutli*. The spot is marked by a triple fountain, where the conspirators, whom I shall call patriots, because their cause was just, because it was successful, and because they shed no blood, held their nightly meetings five hundred years ago*. A peasant brought us an ancient cup,

* Chap. xix. Vol. II.

to drink out of at the sacred spring, and made a speech, unintelligible to us, but to which some other peasants, who had landed at the same time as ourselves, listened with great attention. This historian of the Stauffachers, of the Ernis of Melchthal, and of the Walter Furtz, received gratefully a few batz in his cap for his performance. Farther on, on the opposite shore, at the foot of the Achsenberg, about the distance of two hours from Grutli, is the rock (Tellensprung) on which William Tell leaped on shore, from the boat in which Gessler was carrying him away a prisoner. Eighty-one years after the event, and thirty-one after the death of the hero, a chapel was constructed on this rock; one hundred and fourteen individuals, who had known him personally, were then living. William Tell fought at Morgarten in 1315, and was drowned in 1358, at a very advanced age, in attempting to rescue a boy who had fallen into the Schechen, a torrent which traverses Burglen, his birth-place, and where he then filled the station of first magistrate: it is situated beyond Altorp, and above three hours from Tellensprung: the family was not extinct till the year 1720.

There is I know not what of absurd and fabulous in the story of Gessler's cap and the apple, which throws a degree of doubt on all that relates

to William Tell; and his name had some how been ranked in my mind, with those of Theseus and Hercules, and of the founders of Rome, to whose reality we yield only a sort of hypothetical belief. The lake, the rock, the fountains, the chapel, the story painted on the wall; the hundred and fourteen persons who had known him; the local tradition in every man's mouth;—have all at once given a totally different colour and shape to the whole transaction, yet the story of the apple is questioned by the Swiss themselves; by the critics, at least, in the learned part of the country; for on the spot, there are no such critics, and doubt would be treason. This anecdote will be found elucidated in the historical part of this work, Chap. ix.

Observing, when on the Tellensprung, that the floor of the chapel, close to the lake, was not more than three feet above its level, we inquired of the boatmen, whether the chapel had never received any damage from the tempests, which they describe as so dangerous; but found that even the floor was rarely wetted by them: a fact which may enable us to form an estimate of such tempests.

The Achsenberg, behind Tellensprung, was five thousand three hundred and forty feet above the sea; but the chain of the Suren Alps, attaining almost every where the height of ten thousand feet,

presents an interrupted succession of glaciers, easily distinguishable from mere snows, by the azure streaks on their surface: nothing can exceed the wild magnificence of this part of the lake.

The boatmen made us observe a whitish mark on the perpendicular face of the *Frohn Alpe,* about two miles north of the Tellensprung: a piece of the rock having scaled off, fell into the lake in the year 1801. The fragment which has left such a trifling blemish on the fair face of the mountain, was about twelve hundred feet wide; when it fell, it raised such a wave on the lake as overwhelmed five houses of the village of Sissigen, distant one mile: eleven of the inhabitants were drowned; but a child found floating asleep in its cradle, is now alive in the village. The swell occasioned several other accidents of less consequence, and was felt at Lucerne, thirty miles off! To look at the mark, I should not have supposed that the fall could have occasioned more than a rippling along the adjacent shore. The navigation from Althorf to Brunnen takes two or three hours; but the journey by the mountains requires a whole day: in 1799, the French, under General de Courbe, performed it in the night by torch-light.

The national name of this lake (Vier Waldstatten See) means the Water of the four sylvan, or rural,

States. Uri, Schwytz, and Underwald, are the three which first asserted their independence in 1307-8; Lucerne was the first which joined their league in 1332. A tradition exists, of the first inhabitants having come from the *North-West Frieze*, or *Denmark;* whence they were driven by famine. They lived long entirely secluded and unknown, in their almost inaccessible fortresses; and although some of the subsequent northern invaders penetrated to the banks of their lake in the fifth century, they did not reduce the people to obedience. The motives which, in after-times, induced the Waldstetten to place themselves under the protection of the German empire, cannot be conjectured; but an imperial diploma of 809, in the archives of Uri, proves the fact: the Dukes of Austria and Swabia, long their advocates, or representatives at the Imperial court, assumed, during the anarchy of the empire, the title of Hereditary Protectors, and delegated their powers to bailiffs; who exercised it so much the more tyrannically, from its being more questionable, and who were finally driven away in 1308*.

July 9.—From Brunnen (whither we returned last night) to Lucerne, twenty-four miles: we performed the voyage in six hours in a large boat, with

* Chap. ix. Vol. II.

our vehicle and horses; it was rowed by nine men (several of whom might be passengers in disguise), for thirty French francs (twenty-four shillings sterling). The lake was perfectly calm, and the prospect lovely; but not grand like that of yesterday, although Mount Pilatus would any where else be deemed a magnificent feature in the landscape. The Righi on this side is monstrous; the steep declivity at its base, shelving into the lake, was originally a mere heap of rubbish, such as is formed at the foot of all mountains; but four centuries of persevering industry have improved it into luxuriant meadows and fields, interspersed with comfortable dwellings, shaded by walnut and even fig trees, which flourish in this sunny exposure, sheltered from the north. This was the territory of the little republic of Gersau, the smallest in Europe. Our boatmen informed us, that it required five hundred and fifty strokes of the oar to pass along the shore of its territory. After four centuries of independent sovereignty, acknowledged, and *legitimate* as any that ever was, it has been annexed, why I do not know, to Schwytz*; but as no canton can now have subjects, the union must be on the footing of

* It was literally forgotten at the Congress of Vienna, and not being acknowledged by any power, merged in the canton of Schwytz.

equality. During the whole period of the existence of the republic of Gersau, no instance occurred of an individual punished for any crime.

Farther on, upon the same littoral slope of the Righi, the district of Wegghis, formerly a subject *province* of the canton of Lucerne (it might in other countries be deemed a good-sized parish), was, twenty-two years ago, nearly all swallowed up by an irruption of mud. I should first say, that this district belonged one thousand years ago, to the Abbey of Pfeffers, by which it was enfeoffed to a noble baron; who sold his right to Lucerne in 1380, at the moment the inhabitants were about redeeming themselves by purchase; and all hopes of obtaining their independence was from that moment extinguished, as republics are not apt to alienate, and still less to give away gratuitously, any of their advantages. Gersau, under similar circumstances, had the good fortune to obtain her freedom in 1390, by purchasing a mortgage granted by her feudal lord to one of his creditors. In those remote times, it seems not to have occurred to any body, that a state might not be exactly an estate. But to return to the mud: in the spring of the year 1795, longitudinal cracks, or crevices, appeared on the perpendicular front of the Righi, at about one-third of its height (seen from the lake); the place is now

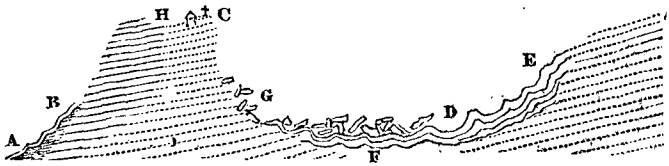
distinguishable by its reddish colour. Before day, on the 16th of July, the inhabitants were awakened by strange noises, and soon observed a stream of mud, a mile wide, and fifty or sixty feet high, coming down upon them; but as it travelled very slowly, they had ample time to take care of their moveables; like a stream of lava it overtopped and crushed down houses, walls, and every artificial obstacle in its way; and, flowing during a fortnight, covered a great part of the country with a bed of ferruginous clay, which the long application of industrious labour, at length begins to render productive. Doubtless this clay, intervening between strata of rock, and soaked by the accidental introduction of springs, was pressed out by the superincumbent weight of two or three thousand perpendicular feet of mountain, and, as the fall of the Rossberg was also to all appearance determined by this same circumstance (*i. e.*, the softening of the earthy strata into mud), and as the general dip of the strata is the same in both mountains, there was great reason to fear that the whole top of the Righi might have come down, sliding over its base, as a mere slice of the Rossberg had done before; but as this mass would have been, at least, ten times as large as the other, it is frightful to think of the possible consequences of its fall into the lake; the waters,

driven at one stroke from their bed, would have covered the valleys of the Four Waldstetten, assailed even the highest mountains, and perhaps swept away every living creature from the ancient hold of the Helvetic League. That such a misfortune did not happen when appearances seemed so threatening, affords, however, strong reason for hoping that it will never happen in this place at least, the earthy stratum having been entirely squeezed out. In the case of the Rossberg, the catastrophe was announced, by various signs, years before-hand, and so strongly, for some hours before, as not to be mistaken; affording ample time for the inhabitants to save their lives.

When we were on the *Righi Coulm*, I observed a hole or crevice on the level top of the mountain, and about three hundred yards south of the house where we slept, in the direction of the lake of the Waldstetten, so situated as to absorb most of the waters of the melting snows, which then formed a stream into it, penetrating to the very heart of the mountain: nothing is more likely to produce the dreadful accident under consideration. It seems obvious that superficial drains should be made to lead away the waters.

It is necessary to observe, that the greater part of the inclined strata of the Rossberg resting, at

its lower extremity, on the solid ground of the valley, a very small part of it could slide down; whereas the whole strata of the Righi stands insulated, and wholly unsupported on the south side, towards the lake of Lucerne, and nothing keeps the strata in their places, but the adhesion of their surfaces. A sketch of the tranverse section, or profile, of the two mountains, the intervening valley of Goldau, the lake, *&c.*, will render the foregoing account of the catastrophe of Goldau much clearer.



A, lake of Lucerne.

F, lake of Lowertz.

A B C, the Righi; the straight lines mark the calcareous strata, the dotted lines the pudding-stone strata, all dipping in the same manner.

E, the Rossberg.

E D G, fall of the upper stratum of pudding-stone into the valley of Goldau, down to the lake of Lowertz, and to the Righi.

C, cross on the top of Righi, and house near it.

B A, eruption of mud down the Righi, into the lake of Lucerne.

Soon after passing the Righi, the Gulf of Kusnacht opens to your view on the right. It was at the farther end of it that the Bailli Gessler landed,

after weathering the storm, during which William Tell made his escape from the boat: the latter, who had reached the place sooner by land, waylaid the tyrant in a hollow road, near the castle to which he was to have been carried a prisoner, and shot him dead with an arrow, the 18th of November, 1307. This action, however questionable its character, and although it was on the point of defeating the plan of the patriots of Grutli, and was much blamed by them, was, nevertheless, commemorated by a chapel, built on the spot.

Some thirty-five years ago, L'Abbé Raynal, in a fit of that theatrical patriotism of which he contributed to set the fashion in France, and which he condemned so severely himself, when too late, erected in a small island of the gulf of Kusnacht, at his own expense, an obelisk of sham granite, forty feet high, with William Tell's arrow and apple on the top of it: an upright bar of iron, by which it was secured on the inside, attracting lightning, caused the destruction of the whole fabric very soon after it was erected. The patriotic Abbé would have wished to erect his opera monument at the fountain of Grutli, and petitioned the magistrates of Uri for permission; but he was answered, that they had no need of such a fine thing to put them in mind of their ancestors.

The old-fashioned towers and battlements, in amphitheatre behind Lucerne, make a fine termination to the lake. On landing, we were carried to a magnificent hotel, with a dining-room eighty feet by forty, on a garden in better taste than any we have yet seen in Switzerland.

The principal sight at Lucerne is the celebrated relievo of General Pfeffer, who employed half a century in walking over, and measuring with his own hands, one hundred and eighty square leagues of the most mountainous part of Switzerland, including the Waldstetten, and modelling the whole in exact proportion. Each square league of country covers in the model a space of nearly fifteen inches by fifteen, and a mountain of nine thousand seven hundred feet rises ten inches over the level of the lake of Waldstetten; not a mountain path, not a house, not a cross, on the cliff, but is conspicuous there; the fault, indeed, is, that these objects are beyond all reason too large, many a village steeple rivalling in height the neighbouring Alps! This spoils the effect altogether, and disparages a work, in the main very accurate, although clumsily executed. With all its defects, nothing in the shape of a sight ever gave me more pleasure. It is highly interesting to retrace thus easily your own laborious footsteps, and go over them again as a bird flies; to

be initiated in detail into the mysteries of the mountains, and learn to despise the ideal terrors of precipices, thus measured by the inch. The common observation, that a road appears shorter and easier the second time you travel it, than the first, applies here: there is no first time in travelling over Switzerland, when you have studied this model.

A full-length portrait of General Pfeffer, a spare, active, old man, hangs on the wall of the room in which the model is preserved, and in the house he inhabited. He is represented in his working-dress, and in a climbing attitude; his iron-shod *galoches*, portable seat, and mountain-stick lay also there. The plunderers who invaded this country, at the end of the last century, had been on the point of carrying off the model to Paris, but were shamed out of it. The old General died soon after (1802), at the age of eighty-five, in possession of his mountains and his fame. About two centuries and a half ago, one of his ancestors, Louis Pfeffer, at the head of six thousand Swiss, defended Mary of Medicis and her son Charles IX. against the Protestants, and conveyed them safe to Paris. I shall not undertake to decide between the respective merits of these two members of the family.

The arsenal contains, among other curious things, the banner carried by the heroic Gundoldingen, at

the battle of Sempach, in 1386, stained with his blood, and the iron collar armed with points, which the Austrians had brought to put on him; likewise the coat of arms of Leopold of Austria, also killed in the battle. I was sorry to see there the battle-axe and the helmet of Zwingle*, thinking this best of the reformers, killed at the battle of Cappel in 1531, had assisted there as a minister of peace, to comfort the dying, and not to add to their numbers. This arsenal suffered much during the French invasion, and the public treasury, previously carried away, filled six wagons.

There was very early a printing-press at Lucerne, and one of its citizens, Ulrich Gering, was the first printer who introduced the art in the capital of France, in 1469-70. He followed the trade there forty years, and bequeathed his large fortune to the students of the University and the poor of Paris. His birthday, or rather his *fête*, was long kept at the Sorbonne†.

Wooden bridges of immense length, (one is one

* Chap. xxviii. Vol. II.

† There is no birthday, properly speaking, kept in France, but a patronymic or baptismal day, which answers the same purpose; that is, the day in the Roman Catholic calendar bearing the name of the saint from whom your Christian name is taken. Now that it is the fashion to give heathen or heroic names, I do not know how the fête is managed.

thousand feet long, the other one thousand three hundred, over the lake, connect different parts of the town; you may walk there at all times, screened from the sun and rain by a roof, and enjoy one of the finest prospects in existence; prodigious mountains rising at once from the tranquil and pure expanse of the waters, at the distance of a few miles between Mount Pilatus and the Righi, on the foreground. Ancient pictures on scriptural subjects, in a singular and characteristic taste, decorate the interior of the roof.

One hour and a half after our departure from Lucerne for Berne, we had a retrospective view of the lake and mountain, even more beautiful than the view from the bridges, as we stood on higher ground, and had a wider and more distant horizon. The near view of prodigious mountains and deep valleys, striking at first in the highest degree, is apt to become in time oppressive and dull. These noble objects, so clearly seen and so exactly defined, are generally hard, and often mean in their details; the effect is too positive for the mind to imagine aught but what the senses convey. I must have a due proportion of celestial vagueness, with just so much of reality as gives a certain coherence and fixity to the dreams of fancy.

A succession of woody hills and fertile valleys

highly cultivated brought us, in a few hours, to the banks of the lake of Sempach, shaded with those immense walnut-trees which are such an ornament to Swiss landscape. I was half tempted to take a boat, and cross over to the field of battle of Sempach*; but the afternoon was very hot, and when I came to reflect that even there I should have to imagine the battle, of which no other vestige remains but a small chapel on the spot where Leopold fell†, I thought I might do that full as well after dinner, while resting under the shade of the trees. In the cool of the evening, we pursued our way to Sursee, a pretty town six leagues from Lucerne. The English hill (Englander hubel) is seen at a short distance to the left of the road; it is the spot where three thousand of the followers of Enguerard de Coucy met the fate they so well deserved, and where they lie buried‡.

The road from Sursee to Berne, by the west end of the canton of Argovie, is fifteen leagues, through the richest country imaginable. Meadows, irrigated with the utmost care by means of never-failing springs, yield three or four, and even five, crops of hay: the ground is not divided into small patches of all sorts of heterogeneous productions, as on the banks of the lake of Zurich, but into sufficiently

* See Chap. xv. Vol. II. † Ibid. ‡ Chap. xiv. Vol. II.

large farms, for the best division of labour and improved mode of cultivation to be introduced to advantage; not a beggar, not a mean dwelling, to be seen. Houses are rarely thatched in Switzerland, the most usual covering for peasants' houses is wooden shingles, very clumsily split out of pine wood, and secured in their position on the huge roofs by poles laid across and heavy stones; but in this improved part of the country, the houses are generally covered with tiles, very neatly made; thin, flat, about six inches by twelve, instead of laying double, a thin wooden shingle is introduced under each seam of the tiles, which reduces the expense to just half, and the weight likewise.

The women we meet are elegantly dressed in the national costume, with large straw hats, which, however, are not made of straw, nor are hats properly speaking, having no crown at all, but being quite flat, and kept on by means of a ribbon tied under the chin; they are made of some light substance, painted light yellow and highly glazed, with a bunch of flowers or knot of ribbons in lieu of a crown; black stays, short full shift-sleeves, Scotch kilt rather than petticoats, very white stockings, and small neat shoes. They are generally portly ladies, showing a round, good-humoured face, with a very scanty share of the *beau idéal* in it.

On approaching nearer Berne, the straw hat is superseded by a very odd-looking black scull-cap, standing off the face stiffly, like the fly-caps of our great-grandmothers, or rather, like the two wings of a butterfly. We thought, at first, they were made of wire, but found the materials were black horse-hair—a perfect coat of mail in millinery, passing from one generation to another, never the worse for wear; the hair under it descends in two enormous tresses from the back of the head down to the heels. As to the men, they have no longer a national dress.

The churchyards of German Switzerland are adorned in an odd taste, with fantastical crosses on each grave, tricked out with small puppet-show figures of saints or of angels dangling loose in the wind, the wood curiously carved into devices, and the whole gaudily painted and gilt, forming a very singular assemblage and ever-standing crop of mortuary weeds. Two leagues from Berne, we stopped to see a tomb of another sort—the celebrated monument of Maria Langhans: the lid of the tomb is represented breaking asunder at the sound of the trumpet of the day of judgment, and a young and beautiful woman, pushing away the fragments with one hand, rises out with an infant on her arm. There is a great deal of sweetness

in her face, mixed with a certain expression of awe, of surprise, at least, and yet of faith; but the action is scarcely simple enough for the chisel. Painting, as well as poetry, need not tell all; part of the story may be left to be supplied by the feelings of him who reads or looks on, and it is not the least poetical part that is thus suggested and not expressed; but a stone picture can leave nothing untold, it must go into every, the most trifling, insignificant, and mean, detail. This tomb, for instance, is a square box, or rather, stone trough, necessarily of small and precise dimensions, lying flat in a hole made in the pavement of the church, with a wooden covering over it, which must be lifted up to see it: the contrivance is clumsy, and the accompaniment mean. The figure of the mother and her child would have been far better without the trick of the broken tomb; although the idea might make a fine picture, or be introduced happily in a poem. This monument was executed about the middle of the last century, by a German artist, J. A. Nahl, out of a single block of stone, unfortunately of too soft a grain.

It is a matter of surprise, that so considerable a part of a country over-peopled should still be a forest. The trees, oaks, beeches, and pines, older than the Helvetic League, are magnificent, and

many of them, having already passed the productive age as timber, are entering that of the greatest beauty. In the name of taste, I would forbid a single one being cut down; but, in the name of political economy, and even humanity, I think I would recommend clearing out the best land, and planting, at the same time, some of the mountains, which, by a strange inconsistency, have been stripped quite bare. These fine woods extend almost to the very gates of Berne, where you arrive under an avenue of limes, which in this season perfume the air. There are seats on the side of the road, for the convenience of foot passengers, especially women going to market, with a shelf above, at the height of a person standing, for the purpose of receiving their baskets while they rest themselves on the bench: you meet also with fountains at regular distances. A Bernese road resembles the best roads in England, only wider; they are carried in every direction, even to the highest mountains, on the borders of eternal snows; and all this, I understand, without *corvées*, without a tax, or even a toll. The whole country has the appearance of English pleasure-grounds. The town itself stands on the elevated banks of a rapid river, the Aar, to which the Rhine is indebted for one half of its waters! A sudden bend

of the Aar encloses, on all sides but one, the promontory on which the town is built; the slope all round is in some places covered with turf, supported in others by lofty terraces planted with trees, and commanding wonderful views over the surrounding rich country and the high Alps beyond it. The parapet wall of one of these terraces, which is one hundred and eight feet high, bears an inscription, recording a singular accident which happened there one hundred and sixty-three years ago. A young student having mounted a horse, which happened to be grazing on the terrace, his companions frightened the animal, and made him leap over. The horse was killed; but though the imprudent rider had several limbs broken, he survived. Looking over, we observed that the wall projects gradually below, forming an inclined plane, which, though little deviating from the vertical, must have retarded the fall. As if there was something catching in it, a woman condemned to the wheelbarrow for some crime, and employed in sweeping the terrace, with other prisoners, took her opportunity, and jumped over at the same place, two years ago; but she was killed on the spot.

The mode of punishment by labour in public, seems to unite every possible objection, sweeping the streets in chains is idleness, scarcely disguised;

while habitual exposure in the most degraded of all situations, destroys at last, all sense of shame and of dread, in those who suffer and in those who look on; the punishment neither amends the criminal, nor deters any one from the commission of crimes; it answers none of its ostensible purposes. Real hard labour, abstemious fare, and seclusion, long continued, but not divested of hope, afford the only possible chance of moral cure, at the same time that it is sufficiently severe to operate as a preventive check.

The side galleries in the streets of Berne are the prototypes of the Palais Royal at Paris, and of several new constructions in that capital and in London, as they were originally imitated from the Lombard towns, which, from their superior state of civilization, were the models of the imperial towns of Germany and Switzerland, as to architecture and municipal institutions; therefore, they should not be so severely criticized: the pillars, indeed, are too massy, and the arches too low for the shops to have sufficient light and air. Covered ways, screening passengers from the winter storms, seem absolutely requisite in a situation like Berne, elevated to more than seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea; they would scarcely be less useful in a tropical climate, and their conve-

nience is so obvious in all climates, that they will be adopted in time all over Europe.

It is not an easy matter to account for the first impression you receive upon entering Berne: you certainly think you enter an ancient and a great city; yet, before the eleventh century, it had not a name*, and its present population does not exceed twelve thousand souls. It is a republic; yet it looks kingly. Something of Roman majesty appears in its lofty terraces; in those massy arches on each side of the streets; in the abundance of water flowing night and day into gigantic basins; in the magnificent avenues of trees. The very silence, and absence of bustle, a certain stateliness and reserved demeanour in the inhabitants, by showing it to be not a money-making town, implies that its wealth springs from more solid and permanent sources than trade can afford, and that another spirit animates its inhabitants. In short, of all the first-sight impressions and guesses about Berne, that of its being a Roman town would be nearer right than any other. Circumstances, in some respects similar, have produced like results in the Alps, and on the plains of Latium, at the interval of twenty centuries. Luxury at Berne seems wholly directed to objects of public

* See Chap. vi., Vol. II.

utility: by the side of those gigantic terraces, of those fine fountains and noble shades, you see none but simple and solid dwellings, yet scarcely any beggarly ones; not an equipage to be seen, but many a country wagon, coming to market, with a capital team of horses, or oxen, well appointed every way.

Aristocratic pride is said to be excessive at Berne; and the antique simplicity of its magistrates, the plain and easy manners they uniformly preserve in their intercourse with the people, are not by any means at variance with the assertion; for that external simplicity and affability to inferiors is one of the characteristics of the aristocratic government; all assumption of superiority being carefully avoided when real authority is not in question. Zurich suggests the idea of a municipal aristocracy; Berne of a warlike one: there we think we see citizens of a town transformed into nobility; here nobles who have made themselves citizens.

The most remarkable edifice at Berne is the cathedral, built in the Gothic style, on the high terrace, at the beginning of the fifteenth century; the terrace itself is sixty years older. We were delighted with the church music; we hear every night in the streets admirable vocal concerts

by the common people. This German race is born musical, and the difference is observable in Switzerland, the moment you leave the Pays Romand. The Germans being equally famous for wind instruments as for vocal music, I expected to find their military music admirable; but here, as elsewhere, the clumsy roar of the Turkish drum, and gingle of the Turkish bells, exclude altogether both melody and harmony; they might as well have a parcel of coopers beating their casks, and coppersmiths their kettles, by way of a musical band. I am told this bad taste does not extend to the Austrian troops.

July 13.—The friends we expected having joined us here, we determined upon performing at once our intended tour in the Oberland, (the high lands of Berne,) postponing, till our return, a further acquaintance with this town. From Berne to Thun, six leagues in four hours, the finest road and richest country imaginable; the inhabitants, in their holiday dresses, were enjoying themselves at their doors, under the shade of walnut-trees, comfort and independence appeared conspicuous in their looks, although subjects of an aristocracy they certainly do not seem conscious of a want of liberty; I never saw such a proud looking set of men as the Bernese peasantry, nor any better fed and clad. The peculiar dress of

their women has been already described, they are naturally good looking, but most of them working in the fields they become frightful old women. Female beauty is wholly incompatible with exposure and fatigue; it is a decree of nature, and that state of society in which they are subjected to hard labour, may be deemed somewhat barbarous. This being uniformly the case among small proprietors, it forms a serious consideration in favour of husbandry on a large scale, against the system of subdivision, notwithstanding its peculiar advantages. Sunday is by no means so strictly observed here as in England; many of the men play at bowls, and amuse themselves in different ways during the intervals of public worship.

Thun, by the superior advantages of its situation, and its greater antiquity, should seem entitled to be the capital of the Canton of Berne; but Berne was born free, and having obtained the cession of Thun from its feudal lord, kept it in a subordinate state; such is political justice. The castle, where the sons of the Comte de Kibourg ended their quarrel by a fratricide*, stands most picturesquely on a rock, with every proper appendage of turrets and battlements. This noble

* Vol. II.

object came out with great force on the back ground of mountains, which, although eight leagues distant in a straight line, overtopped the castle; their blue-black velvety surface, and silvery edge of glaciers, had an uncommonly soft and beautiful effect.

It was near Thun Mr. Tralles measured a base for the first triangle of his trigonometrical measurement of the Alps, in the year 1788.

July 14.—The most active of our party rose at three o'clock this morning, to see the sun rise behind the Jungfraw. This activity was not contented with such a sun-rise as several windows, or the covered gallery at the back of the inn, might have afforded, but sought an open station on the banks of the lake; the advantage of the situation of the inn had, indeed, been rendered quite unavailable this morning, in consequence of a practice, which is, I believe, peculiar to Swiss husbandry; the liquid manure, which fills such an important part in its economy, under the name of *jauche*, or *mist wasser*, in the German Cantons, and of *lisier*, (from lisière, border,) in the Canton de Vaud, is not merely collected round the borders of the enormous dung-hill heaped up at the doors of their stables, but is drawn from a still more impure source; the receptacle of our inn

had been opened in the night, and a farmer was there with his beautiful team and casks, as bright and clean as if they had been destined for quite different purposes, at work under the picturesque gallery, loading the atmosphere at the same time as his wagon.

Intent upon reaching the lake before sun-rise, we walked along the left side of the rapid Aar; but the river being now uncommonly high, we found the fields and our path under water, and had to take off shoes and stockings, and wade a full mile in water, which, not many hours before, might have been in a solid form on the glacier of the Kander, for any thing that its temperature indicated to the contrary. We arrived before sun-rise, and saw its first rays gild the heads of the Schreck-horn, the two Eighers, and the Jungfraw, while the lower range was still in darkness, and before the last of the stars had descended below the western horizon. These bright summits looked more like heavenly bodies just rising than any thing terrestrial; so large and yet so distant, so plainly seen and yet nothing visible on the whole lucid surface. We turned our backs in contempt upon the sun, when it appeared, and wading back again, reached Thun and the inn, when other travellers of less spirit were calling for their

breakfasts, which they had not earned so well. On my way back I was induced to look over the paling of a large garden, pleasantly situated on the banks of the Aar, and just above the universal waters, like an island. Not a tree that was not a sugar-loaf, a wall, or an arch; not a shrub or a plant that was not a toad-stool or a jar; sweet peas, holyhocks, larkspurs, China asters, and other plants, not amenable to the shears, were gathered up, each round its pole, majestic and tall, painted red, white, and blue, with a gilt head. The files of painted poles and clipped shrubs, enclosed beds of thriving cabbages and onions, tall leeks and lettuces, *bien pommées;* a stout girl was very busy with her heavy watering-pot, administering the *lisier* in proper doses to the eager roots and leaves of the culinary vegetables. A broad straight walk with box borders, not gravelled, but strewed over with loose sand, led from the iron gate to the middle door of the square country-house; a few small statues graced that entrance. The gardens of France must now hide their diminished heads, and leave to those of Switzerland and Italy that pre-eminence of good old Roman taste, degenerated every where else.

We embarked at Thun, seven of us, in a small

boat, furnished with an awning, and benches at each side of a table. It had a pair of sculls and a small sail; the latter, with a favourable wind, was sufficient to carry us to the other end of the lake, four or five leagues, in two hours and a half. In the middle ages this lake retained the name of Lacus Vandalicus, no doubt from the Barbarians, who had established themselves on its banks.

We could see from our boat the foaming waters of the Kander, pouring into the lake through the artificial channel dug out for them, rather more than one hundred years ago. The torrent fell before into the Aar, between Thun and Berne, as the Linth did lately into the Limmat, carrying likewise such quantities of gravel and stone as filled its bed, and, dispersing the water, made of the beautiful valley, through which we travelled yesterday, a perfect marsh: a short cut threw the Kander into the lake of Thun, as may be seen in the map. Lakes seem intended by nature to check the fury of torrents, and, retaining the sediment they bring from the mountains, restore them to their beds tranquil and clear. The Kander has already formed a promontory of several hundred acres into the lake, although six hundred feet deep at that place, and many rare plants of the high Alps now grow spontaneously there, no doubt from seeds brought by the

torrent. It has been observed that one of the most esteemed of the species of fish, which abound in this lake, the *Salmo Marœna* has nearly disappeared, since the introduction of the waters of the Kander.

Tradition has preserved the remembrance of a temple of the twelve Vandalic towns somewhere on the banks of the lake of Thun, and numerous ruins indicate the existence of towns concerning which nothing is known. Muller gives some account of these antiquities.

At a period comparatively modern in the ninth century, the Counts of Stratlingen, heirs of the Helvetic part of Charlemagne's empire, occupied the castles of Spiez and Stratlingen, and their magnificent court was emphatically called the Golden Court *(Goldener Hoff)*. Vast subterranean passages are still connected with the tower of Stratlingen, near the mouth of the Kander, and vestiges of the walls of a town are seen about the castle of Spietz. There are sulphureous springs on this side of the lake, and on the other side, at the foot of the Beatenberg, several bituminous springs rise out of beds of gypsum, which yield petroleum floating on the surface of the water, and fossil coals are found at no great depth; an invaluable treasure, from which Switzerland derives as yet very little advantage.

The presence of these substances may account, in some measure, for a very extraordinary phenomenon which took place in the sixth century, as reported by Fredigaine, the continuator of Gregory of Tours, 598-9: "The water of the lake of Thun," he says, "became spontaneously heated, particularly about the mouth of the Aar (Arola), so as to boil the fish alive *." A writer of the ninth century (Aimoins), tells the story nearly in the same manner, placing it in the fourth year of the reign of Thieri, the second King of Burgondy, who died in 613 †.

During many centuries, pilgrims resorted in great numbers to a cave in the Beatenberg, where a holy hermit, Suetonius, otherwise St. Beat, the earliest Christian in Helvetia, ended his days, and was buried. He was a Briton, and had been at Rome, whence he came, in the reign of the Em-

* 598-99 eo anno aqua calidissima in lacu Dunensi quem Arola fluvius influit, sic valide ebullivit, ut multitudinem piscium coxisset.

† Two French writers, the president Fauchet and Papire Masson, lay claim to this boiling lake, says the antiquarian Loys de Bochat; and as lakes are rather scarce in France, they apply the story to a pool of water situated near Chateau *Dun*, which receives a brook called *Aigre*, these names appearing to them perfectly identic with *Lacus Dunensis*, and with *Arola*—there are great numbers of rivers in Europe, the names of which begin with an A or Aa, Ax, Are. Boch derives all these names from the Celtic word *Aru*, or Araii, &c.

peror Claude *, to preach the gospel in these wild regions. At the time of the Reformation, the entrance to Beat's cave was walled up, by order of the government of Berne; the wall has since disappeared, and pilgrims of another sort are again seen here as formerly, but without causing any alarm to the Bernese, being worshippers of picturesque beauty, and not of Popery. A stream of the purest water issues out of the cavern, into which curious travellers have penetrated about six hundred feet, without discovering its inmost recesses. The view from the entrance over the lake, the pyramidal Nieser on the other side, and a whole horizon of glaciers, is truly magnificent.

The people of the village of Merlinghen, at the foot of the Beatenbergh, are obnoxious to the same sort of jokes as the Champenois in France, the Irish in England, and the citizens of Schilda and of Scheppenstedt, in Germany. Every absurd story, gross blunder, or foolish trick, is attributed to them; in short, they are the *niais en titre* of the country. Some other places in Switzerland are also noted for

* This account of the introduction of Christianity into Helvetia, so early as the first century of our era, seems rather fabulous; it is better ascertained that some learned Scotchmen were the first who propagated the light of the Gospel in that country six hundred years later. See Chap. iv. vol. II.

the peculiarities of their inhabitants, and the standing jokes to which they are subject are often the occasion of bloody quarrels. The people of the Entlibuch, in the Canton of Lucerne, alone bear such jokes with exemplary good humour: on the last Monday of the carnival (hirs montag) each village bard repairs to the neighbouring hamlet, and then assembling the inhabitants, repeats in extempore verse, more or less harmonious, but sometimes shewing considerable talents, such traits of their secret history during the preceding year, as have transpired, while the man of song belonging to this place acts the same part elsewhere. This sort of practical censorship is allowed in that district, and taken in good part.

At the place of landing (Neuhous) we procured a char-a-banc, which carried us swiftly to Interlaken, situated, as its name indicates, between the lakes of Thun and Brientz, in a rich valley, ramparted with rocks and mountains, which poured down their cataracts on either side of us. The inn at Interlaken is built on the site of an ancient and rich monastery, or formerly the joint habitation of Augustine monks and nuns, founded in the twelfth century: the scandal of their lives became such that the Bernese, under whose protection the mo-

nastery had been placed soon after its foundation by the German Emperor Henry VIth, complained to the Pope, and after a solemn investigation the convent of nuns was suppressed in 1431, and its revenue given to the Chapter of St. Vincent's at Berne. At the Reformation, one hundred years after this, the people of Interlaken rose against it, at the instigation of the monks, and their resistance was not overcome without bloodshed. In the early times of the institution of these joint monasteries, and before a rigorous discipline had relaxed by degrees into the extreme of profligacy, which extinguishes love itself as a refined passion, propinquity sometimes occasioned interesting incidents, which might be sung by the poets, and recorded by the chroniclers without scandal. Elizabeth of Schamachthal, of an illustrious and wealthy family, when brought to the altar to pronounce her religious vows, declared her love for Thomann Guatchi, then a novice of the order as well as herself, and was allowed to marry him. The magnificent lime and walnut-trees, exceeding twenty feet in circumference, which spread their shade over the spot, date from the foundation of the monastery, and the green lawn under them was trod by the monks during four centuries.

At Interlaken you are deemed rich with a capital of one thousand pounds sterling, or even one-half of the sum; and at Lautebrien, in the neighbourhood, with three hundred pounds. All that is not made in the country, or of its growth, is deemed luxury: a silver chain here, as at Berne, is transmitted from mother to daughter, and so are cow-bells from heifer to heifer. Dwellings and barns covered with tiles, and windows glazed with large panes of glass, give to the owner a reputation of wealth; and if the outside walls are adorned with paintings, and passages of the Scripture are inscribed on the front of the house, the owner of the house ranks at once among the aristocracy of the country.

After dinner, we began to ascend the valley of Lauterbrun, by the side of its torrent (the Lutschine), among fragments of rocks, torn from the heights on both sides, and beautiful trees, shooting up with great luxuriance and in infinite variety; smooth pastures of the richest verdure carpetted over every interval of plain ground; and the harmony of the sonorous cow-bell of the Alps, heard among precipices above our heads and below us, told us we were not in a desert.

The ruins of the mineral world, apparently so durable, and yet in a state of incessant decompo-

sition, form a striking contrast with the perennial youth of the vegetable world; each individual plant, so frail and perishable, while the species is eternal in the existing economy of nature. Imperceptible forests of lichen scarcely tinge the surface of those inert masses of gneiss and granite, into which they anchor their roots; grappling with substances which, when struck with steel, tear up its tempered grain, and dash out the spark.

Each valley has its appropriate stream, proportioned to its length, and the number of lateral valleys opening into it. The boisterous Lutzchine is the stream of this valley, and it carries to the lake of Brientz scarcely less water than the Aar itself. About half-way between Interlaken and Lauterbrun, we came to the junction of the two Lutschins, the black and the white, from the different substances with which they have been in contact. A promontory, or circular terrace, of a remarkable appearance, divides the two streams: it is called Hünnenflue, and is marked by tradition, as having been the place of shelter and the strong hold of the inhabitants, at the time of the invasion of the Huns. Muller observes, that in Switzerland all traditional havoc and devastation is ascribed to Attila; all antique towers pass as having been built by Cæsar; and all civil and religious insti-

tutions are traced to Charlemagne: a tradition which, whether accurate or not, justly characterizes these three extraordinary men.

After passing several falls of water, each of which we mistook for the Staubbach, we came at last to the house where we were to sleep; and the cataract was in sight. It had taken us three hours to come thus far; in twenty minutes more, we reached the heap of rubbish, accumulated by degrees at the foot of the Staubbach: its waters descending from the height of the Pletschberg, form, in their course, several mighty cataracts, and the last but one is said to be the finest; but is not readily accessible, nor seen at all from the valley. The fall of the Staubbach, about eight hundred feet in height, wholly detached from the rock, is reduced into vapour, long before it reaches the ground; the water and the vapour undulating through the air with more grace and elegance than sublimity. While amusing ourselves with watching the singular appearance of rockets of water shooting down into the dense cloud of vapour below, we were joined by some country girls, who gave us a concert of three voices, pitched excessively high, and more like the vibrations of metal or glass than the human voice, but in perfect harmony, and although painful in some degree yet very fine.

In winter an immense accumulation of ice takes place at the foot of the fall, sometimes as much as three hundred feet broad, with two enormous icy stalactites hanging down over it. When heat returns, the falling waters hollow out cavernous channels through that mass, the effect of which is said to be very fine: this is, no doubt, the proper season to see the Staubbach to most advantage.

In the patriarchal times of Switzerland, the minister or the curate of the parish readily gave an hospitable reception to strangers, and his house was the only one in which they could find convenient accommodations. These calls, however, when frequent, could not suit the slender means of a clergyman, and it became the custom for travellers to leave on the table, or with the maid-servant, as much as they would have paid at an inn. But a real inn, where you are not called upon to make a speech, is much preferable; and although the minister at Lauterbrun receives strangers, and is, we are informed, a very obliging and very conversable gentleman, we went to the inn, which is is a good one.

If the celebrated waterfall did not quite answer our expectations, the vale itself exceeded them; and it deserves to be explored six or eight miles further, where, taking the name Ammerthenthal, it

ends in glaciers scarcely practicable for chamois hunters. So late as the fourteenth century, there was a village of Ammerten, frequented by travellers going to the Valais. A noble *Valaisan*, called Antonio De Thurn, gave to the chapter of Interlaken certain lands he possessed in the Grindelwald, Lauterbrun, and Ammerten: the title deed, still existing, bears date 1395. Some miners who belonged to the Valais, being at work in the valley of Lauterbrun, undertook, thirty-five years ago, to cross over to their own country, simply to hear mass on a Sunday. They traversed the level top of the glacier in three hours; then descended, amidst the greatest dangers, its broken slope into the Valais, and returned the day after by the same way: but no one has since ventured on the dangerous enterprise.

July 15.—It rained all night, and as this sort of weather prevails much in the mountains, we were a little afraid that we might be kept all day, involuntary admirers of the Staubbach; but the morning turned out fine, and we set off at break of day, with five saddle-horses for our whole party, composed of nine persons, a pack-horse, and four guides. The caravan, forming a long file, left the valley of Lauterbrun on the right, and began immediately to ascend the Wingernalp, through

hollow roads, open pastures, and woods, with fewer and fewer indications of culture.

The valley of Lauterbrunn, which we had left involved in the rising vapours of the night, had become invisible, while the Staubbach, and the other falls above it, shining conspicuous in the morning sun, seemed to pour their torrents into an abyss of clouds. While contemplating the prospect, it occurred to us, that a taste for the picturesque and the romantic must certainly be deemed first among the brightest endowments of the human mind—for it is the very last generated. Who would believe that the tour of the Wingernalp we are now upon, the most picturesque of any in Switzerland, was undertaken, for the first time, by a contemporary traveller, a distinguished Bernese, whom we are proud of calling our friend, (Mr. De Bonstetten).

After nearly five hours' toil, we reached a *chalet* on the top of the mountain. This summer habitation of the shepherds was still unoccupied; for the snow having been unusually deep last winter, and the grass, till lately covered, being still very short, the cows have not ventured so high. Here we resolved upon a halt, and having implements for striking fire, a few dry sticks gave us a cheerful blaze in the open air; a pail of cream, or at least

of very rich milk, was brought up by the shepherds, with a kettle to make coffee and afterwards boil the milk; very large wooden spoons or ladles answered the purpose of cups. The stock of provisions we had brought was spread upon the very low roof of the chalet, being the best station for our *repas champetre*, as it afforded dry seats sloping conveniently towards the prospect. We had then before us the *Jungfraw*, the two *Eigers*, and some of the highest summits in the Alps, shooting up from an uninterrupted level of glaciers of more than two hundred square miles, and although placed ourselves four thousand five hundred feet above the lake of Thun, and that lake one thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the sea, the mighty rampart rose still six thousand feet above our head. Between us and the Jungfraw, the desert valley of Trumlatenthal formed a deep trench, into which avalanches fell, with scarcely a quarter of an hour's interval between them, followed by a thundering noise continued along the whole range; not, however, a reverberation of sound, for echo is mute under the universal winding-sheet of snow*, but a prolongation of sound,

* The line of eternal snows on the mountains forms a curve about 14,400 feet above the sea, under the tropics, gradually approaching the surface of the earth towards the poles, and intersecting its surface about the eightieth degree of latitude. In

in consequence of the successive rents or fissures forming themselves, when some large section of the glacier slides down one step.

We sometimes saw a blue line suddenly drawn across a field of pure white; then another, above it, and another, all parallel, and attended each time with a loud crash like cannon, producing together the effect of long-protracted peals of thunder. At other times, some portion of the vast field of snow, or rather, snowy ice, gliding gently away, exposed to view a new surface of purer white than the first, and the cast-off drapery gathering in long folds*, either fell at once down the

Switzerland, the line of eternal snow is almost 8,000 feet; in Norway, by the sixty-second degree of latitude, 5,400 feet.

* Our guides assured us, that pushing with your foot against the edge of a beginning cleft in a bed of snow is often sufficient to determine the fall of an avalanche; that is, the sliding of the newer over the older bed of snow. The discharge of a gun, the jingling of the bells of mules, the voices of men, may be attended with the same consequences. Avalanches in the shape of loose dust (staubleuinen) are the most dangerous, on account of the great space they involve, and the whirlwinds which accompany them, often so very violent, as to tear up the trees by the roots, demolish houses, and move large stones; while an avalanche of compact snow or ice only strikes a narrow field: the latter sort of avalanche takes place in spring and summer only; the former, in winter. It is deemed unsafe to cut down the grass on very steep declivities, as it binds the snow to the ground, and prevents its sliding down: an instance of apparent disproportion between

precipice, or disappeared behind some intervening ridge, which the sameness of colour rendered invisible, and was again seen soon after in another direction, shooting out of some narrow channel a cataract of white dust, which, observed through a telescope, was, however, found to be composed of broken fragments of ice or compact snow, many of them sufficient to overwhelm a village, if there had been any in the valley where they fell. Seated on their chalet's roof, the ladies forgot they were cold, wet, bruised, and hungry, and the cup of smoking *café au lait* stood still in their hand, while waiting in breathless suspense for the next avalanche, wondering equally at the death-like silence intervening between each, and the thundering crash which followed. I must own, that while we shut our ears, the mere sight might dwindle down to the effect of a fall of snow from the roof of a house; but when the potent sound was heard along the whole range of many miles, when the time of awful suspense between the fall and the crash was measured, the imagination, taking flight, outstripped all bounds at once, and went beyond the mighty reality itself. It would be difficult to

causes and effects, which recalls to mind the Dutch expedient for securing their dykes against the encroachments of the sea, *viz.*, by covering them with straw mats pinned down to the ground.

say where the creative powers of imagination stop, even the coldest; for our common feelings—our grossest sensations—are infinitely, indebted to them, and man, without his fancy, would not have the energy of the dullest animal. Yet we feel more pleasure and more pride in the consciousness of another treasure of the breast, which tames the flight of this same imagination, and brings it back to sober reality and plain truth.

A celebrated philosopher of the last age, Kant, found the principle of sublimity in the double action of imagination and reason, exerted concurrently on objects of vast extent. When we first approach the Alps, their bulk, their stability and duration, compared to our own inconsiderable size, fragility, and shortness of days, strikes our imagination with terror; while reason, unappalled, measuring these masses, calculating their elevation, analyzing their substance, finds in them only a little inert matter, scarcely forming a wrinkle on the face of our earth, that earth an inferior planet in the solar system, and that system one only among myriads, placed at distances whose very incommensurability is in a manner measured. What, again, are those giants of the Alps, and their duration—those revolving worlds—that space—the universe—compared to the intellectual faculty capable of bringing the

whole fabric into the compass of a single thought, where it is all curiously and accurately delineated! How superior, again, the exercise of that faculty, when rising from effects to causes, and judging, by analogy, of things as yet unknown by those we know, we are taught to look into futurity for a better state of existence, and in the hope itself find new reason to hope!

We were shown an inaccessible shelf of rock, on the west side of the *Jungfraw*, upon which a lammergeyer (the vulture of lambs) once alighted with an infant it had carried away from the village of *Murren*, situated above the Staubbach; some red scraps, remnants of the child's clothes, were for years observed, says the tradition, on the fatal spot.

Leaving, reluctantly, our station on the chalet of the Wingernalp, we advanced nearer the two Eigers, distinguished by the sharp edge of their summits, and scarcely inferior in height to the Jungfraw. The Finsteraarhorn, higher than them all, but six or seven miles in the rear, appeared only now and then by short glimpses, when the accumulated clouds about its summit dispersed a little: its form is that of an obelisk or needle. All the space between these summits, and those of the Schrekhorn and the Wetterhorn, in the north-east,

forms an uninterrupted glacier two hundred square miles in extent, being nearly one-sixth of all the glaciers of the Alps, which, Mr. Ebel thinks, cover about twelve hundred square miles (one hundred and thirty square leagues), on a depth of one to six hundred feet. This depth, which is a matter of conjecture, must in some places exceed very much six hundred feet. The minister of Grindelwald assured Dr. Wyss, that having thrown stones into some of the fissures of the ice, he counted twelve or fourteen seconds before they struck the water at the bottom, indicating a depth of three thousand feet to match the horizontal dimension of two hundred square miles.

Three hours' continual descent brought us to Grindelwald, where we arrived in the midst of a sharp shower of rain. From the windows at the inn we could see the two great outlets of the glacier, forming unlimited planes of broken ice, some thousands of feet in length, descending to the level of Grindelwald. Although three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the sea, and in the region of storms, this village is so much overtopped every way, that it is never struck by lightning, while a particular spot on the Eiger was struck three times in one year, and a large rock detached, which rolled down to the Wingern Alps.

The climate of Grindelwald is not severe, but it is so backward, that wheat is not yet in the ground, and cherries, their only fruit, are not quite ripe; potatoes seem the only crop on which any reliance can be placed. The inhabitants are such keen sportsmen that they have greatly thinned the game, and instead of bands of fifty or one hundred *chamois* you rarely meet twenty together on the Wetterhorn and behind the Mettenberg, and scarcely any where else in summer; on the Ischingelberg and the Engelberg in winter. The lynx and the bouquetin have now disappeared, and the last bear killed was in 1797, although some of them have been seen and pursued lately, as well as a wolf. Mountain hares are common, foxes likewise, and their skins are valuable. That tyrant of the air, the lämmergeyer, sometimes shows itself. Among birds of less note Dr. Wyss mentions the *coq de bruyère*, the mountain pheasant, the red partridge, *&c.* Trout are to be found in all mountain streams; but it may be worth observing, that those of the Black Lutchine, the waters of which receive their particular tinge from the argillaceous schistus of their bed, have whitish scales instead of brown, their usual colour.

The same worthy parson, of Grindelwald, the friend of Mr. Wyss, already quoted, who seems to

have had a similar vocation for the church as that felt by Steel in Zeluco, *viz.*, a great love for field sports, gave him some curious details respecting the perilous diversion of chamois hunting, both as to the personal qualifications required in those who follow it, and as to the mode of proceeding; the hunter must have an excellent constitution, particularly to enable him to bear the extreme of cold after being heated by exercise, sleeping on the damp ground, hunger and thirst, and every other hardship and privation; he must have great muscular strength, to climb all day with a heavy gun across his shoulder, ammunition and provisions, and, at last, the game he kills; he must have a keen sight, a steady foot and head, on the brink of precipices; and, finally, patience equal to his courage.

Chamois are very fearful, certainly not without sufficient cause, and their sense of smell and sight being most acute, it is extremely difficult to approach them within the range of a shot. They are sometimes hunted with dogs, but oftener without, as dogs drive them away to places where it is difficult to follow them; when a dog is used he is to be led silently to the track, which he never will afterwards lose, the scent being very strong; the hunter, in the mean time, chooses a proper station

to lay in wait for the game, some narrow pass through which its flight will most likely be directed.

More frequently the hunter follows his dog, with which he easily keeps pace by taking a straighter direction, but calls him back in about an hour, when he judges the chamois to be a good deal exhausted and inclined to lie down to rest; it is then approached with less difficulty. An old male will frequently turn against the dog, when pursued, and while keeping him at bay allows the hunter to approach very near.

Hunters, two or three in company, generally proceed without dogs; they carry a sharp hoe to cut steps in the ice, each his rifle, hooks to be fastened to his shoes, a mountain stick with a point of iron, and in his pouch a short spy-glass, barley-cakes, cheese, and brandy made of gentian or cherries. Sleeping the first night at some of those upper chalets, which are left open at all times, and always provided with a little dry wood for a fire, they reach their hunting grounds at day-light. There, on some commanding situation, they generally find a *luegi*, as it is called, ready prepared, two stones standing up on end, with sufficient space between to see through without being seen; there one of the hunters creeps, unperceived, with-

out his gun, and carefully observing every way with his spy-glass, directs his companions by signs.

The utmost circumspection and patience are requisite on the part of the hunter, when approaching his game; a windward situation would infallibly betray him by the scent; he creeps on from one hiding rock to another, with his shirt over his clothes, and lies motionless in the snow, often for half an hour together, when the herd appears alarmed and near taking flight. Whenever he is near enough to distinguish the *bending of the horns*, that is about the distance of two hundred or two hundred and fifty steps, he takes aim; but if at the moment of raising his piece the *chamois* should look towards him, he must remain perfectly still, the least motion would put them to flight, before he could fire, and he is too far to risk a shot otherwise than at rest. In taking aim he endeavours to pick out the darkest coat, which is always the fattest animal; this darkness is only comparative, for the colour of the animal varies continually, between light bay in summer, and dark brown, or even black, in winter. Accustomed as the *chamois* are to frequent and loud detonations among the glaciers, they do not mind the report of the arms so much as the smell of gunpowder, or the sight of a

man; there are instances of the hunter having time to load again, and fire a second time after missing the first, if not seen. No one but a sportsman can understand the joy of him, who after so much toil sees his prey fall; with shouts of savage triumph he springs to seize it, up to his knees in snow, despatches the victim if he finds it not quite dead, and often swallows a draft of warm blood, deemed a specific against giddiness. He then guts the beast to lessen its weight, ties the feet together, in such a manner as to pass his arms through on each side, and then proceeds down the mountain, much lighter for the additional load he carries! When the day is not too far spent, the hunters, hiding carefully their game, continue the chase. At home the *chamois* is cut up, and the pieces salted or smoked, the skin is sold to make gloves and leathern breeches, and the horns are hung up as a trophy in the family. A middle-sized *chamois* weighs from fifty to seventy pounds, and when in good case yields as much as seven pounds of fat. Not unfrequently the best marksman is selected to lie in wait for the game, while his associates, leaving their rifles loaded by him, and acting the part of hounds, drive it towards the spot. Sometimes when the passage is too narrow, a chamois reduced to the last extremity will rush headlong

on the foe, whose only resource to avoid the encounter, which on the brink of precipices must be fatal, is to lie down immediately and let the frightened animal pass over him. There was once an instance of a herd of fourteen chamois, which being hard pressed, rushed down a precipice to certain death rather than be taken. It is wonderful to see them climb abrupt and naked rocks, and leap from one narrow cliff to another, the smallest projection serving them for a point of rest, upon which they alight, but only just to take another spring; their agility made people believe formerly that they could support themselves by means of their hooked horns. They have been known to take leaps of twenty-five feet down hill, over fields of snow.

The leader of the herd is always an old female, never a male. She stands watching when the others lie down, and rests when they are up and feed, listening to every sound, and anxiously looking round; she often ascends a fragment of rock, or heap of drifted snow, for a wide field of observation, making a sort of gentle hissing noise when she suspects any danger. But when the sound rises to a sharper note, the whole troop flies at once like the wind to some more remote and higher part of the mountain: the death of this old leader is ge-

nerally fatal to the herd; their fondness for salt makes them frequent salt-springs and salt-marshes, where hunters lie in wait for them: the latter practise also a very odd *ruse de guerre;* having observed the *chamois* are apt to approach cattle on the pastures, and graze near them, a hunter will crawl on all fours towards cattle, with salt spread on his back to attract the cattle, and is immediately surrounded and hid by them so completely, that he finds no difficulty in advancing very near the chamois, and taking a sure aim. At other times a hunter, when discovered, will drive his stick into the snow, and place his hat on the top of it: then, creeping away, go round another way, while the game remains intent on the strange object, which it still sees in the same place.

The males generally live apart, and only come near the herd in November and December; in May the females bring forth their young, which walk from the moment of their birth, and are very pretty and tame. When caught they are easily reared, but cannot live in a warm stable in winter. The age of each individual is known by the number of rings marked on its horns, each year adding a new one: in winter they subsist on the *lichen ciliaris* and the *lichen barbatus* of the botanists, not unlike Iceland moss, and on the young shoots and the

bark of pines. By scratching away the snow, they also come at the grass and moss on the ground, and it frequently happens that a whole bed of snow, sliding off a steep declivity, lays bare a great extent of pasture; those that frequent forests are generally larger and better fed than those which live mostly on the high and naked parts of the mountain, but none of them are lean in winter; in spring, on the contrary, when they feed on new grass, they become sickly and poor.

Who would suppose that the French Revolution and invasion of Switzerland could have affected chamois among the glaciers of the Alps? Yet so it was; all restrictions on hunting having been set aside, they were in a few years almost annihilated: where herds of fifty chamois used often to be seen together, scarcely more than ten were afterwards met, and the species would by this time have been extinct, if the former restrictions on hunting had not been re-established.

It is not uncommon in the spring to see on the glaciers the bodies of chamois, killed during the winter by avalanches, by stones rolling down upon them, and occasionally by unsuccessful leaps. Sometimes they are attacked by the lammergeyer, and a stroke of its powerful wings is sufficient to dash them down precipices, where the ravenous bird fol-

lows them, and feeds at leisure on their flesh. Those who hunt the chamois also meet with dreadful accidents; in 1799, on the Wetterhorn, a falling stone carried off the head of one of them, and threw his body down a precipice, while the companion of the unfortunate hunter, three steps off, escaped unhurt. This continual exposure to danger and hardships, and the solitary life they lead, may easily account for the taciturnity and somewhat romantic turn of mind for which they are said to be distinguished.

There are some tame chamois to be seen, which we found are procured in a singular manner; they are naturally so wild, that, when wounded and caught alive, they cannot be brought under any sort of civilization, and so early possessed with instinctive agility, that killing the dam does not secure its young, unless when just dropt; therefore the hunters lie in wait at the places where the females resort at the proper season to bring forth their young, and endeavour to shoot the unfortunate animal at the very instant of parturition.

The history of Grindelwalde records only two memorable events, which form a sort of contrast with each other. 1st, An invasion of Berthold V., Duke of Zeringen, the founder of Berne, who in 1205 entered the lands of the revolted vassals

of the Abbey of Interlaken under his protection, and reduced them to obedience.—2d., Another invasion of the troops of Berne, three centuries later, for the purpose of compelling the people to abandon the cause of this same Abbey of Interlaken, who opposed the Reformation.—The only piece of antiquity in the country, besides the *Jungfraw* and the two *Eigers*, is a bell weighing twenty-eight pounds, with a Gothic inscription upon it, and the date of A.D. 1044, implying the existence of a church at this early period, and therefore a certain degree of civilization, which has not since made any very rapid progress. This is one of the very highest inhabited districts of Switzerland, and therefore of Europe; the site of the church of Grindelwald being three thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the sea*. Standing by that church on the 17th and 18th of January, and on the 25th and 26th of November, you see the meridian sun through a hole in the Eiger, situated at the distance of above two miles in a straight line. For some weeks in winter the sun is not visible at all. As the Grindelwald is not in the way to any other place, it has very few visiters, and till late years none at all. The inhabitants are without trade or

* In South America, the town of Quito is nine thousand and thirty-six feet above the sea.

manufactures, and their husbandry is confined to the cultivation of a little barley and potatoes, and to the raising of cattle three times as numerous as themselves. They are strangers to every object of luxury but what is produced by themselves, and are certainly not contaminated by the world; in short, they might be supposed to have retained those virtues generally ascribed to primitive times, together with patriarchal health and longevity. But, in point of fact, we find that the same causes which have narrowed the field of their intellectual faculties, have not, by any means, secured the purity of their morals; and also, that the average duration of the longest lives rarely exceeds sixty or seventy years, having extended, in a single instance, to ninety-five years—dangerous fevers frequently occur in the spring. Upon the whole, it should seem that both health and virtue are better promoted by cultivation of mind, and a variety of steady pursuits, even when not all directed to the very best of purposes, than by the simplicity of ignorance, a residence in the Alps, and *chamois* hunting.

MEYRINGEN, *July* 16.

The day was again fine after a rainy night, and this morning we resumed our journey, in the same manner and direction as yesterday, and having a

greater distance to go. Although more down hill than up, we set out earlier. Half-an-hour brought us to the second branch or outlet of the great glacier, that is, to a precipitous channel, or *couloir*, between the Mettenberg and the Wetterhorn, descending to our level on the Wingernalp. The ice brings down stones of all sizes, which are deposited on the lower extremity of the inclined plane or channel, where the ice melts, forming then one or more transverse ridges, called *Moraine*, parallel to each other, and twenty or thirty feet high—the most forward, and distant from the ice, overgrown with large trees, dates from the seventeenth century, since which the glacier has receded considerably; forty or fifty years ago it advanced again for a while, but is now falling back, as it did before. When the glacier recedes, the people here say, that it turns up its nose; and when advancing, that it carries its nose to the ground, from the peculiar appearance it exhibits in these respective cases.

The interval between the glacier and the Moraine, strewed over with fragments of half-melted ice, all over mud and loose stones, has, as well as the whole lower extremity of the glacier, rather a shabby appearance. The dusky covering of sand, dead leaves, &c., adhering to its surface, is, however, of great service in hastening the thawing of the ice.

Mr. Ebel states, that the ice slides down the inclined plane at the rate of twelve to fifteen feet annually, according to circumstances; the channel is generally several leagues in length, sometimes ten or twelve, as appears by the samples of rocks of known origin brought forward by the ice; and at the rate of nine hundred years for a league (eighteen feet a year). Some of the fragments of which the Moraines are formed would furnish curious geological data. The remains of animals, occasionally brought down in the same manner, may also be of an antiquity fit to match the mammoths discovered entire among the ice of the North Pole. While the glacier is thus dragged down by its own weight to warmer regions, its upper and lower surfaces melt gradually by the heat of the sun and that of the earth, therefore the thickness of the ice is at last reduced from several hundred feet that it was above to forty feet or even less. The ice of glaciers being formed of snow infiltrated with water, although very hard, is full of interstices, arranged in a certain order, wholly different, however, from the crystallization of congealed water.

In the year 1787, the 7th of July, Christen Bohnen, innkeeper at Grindelwald, where we slept yesterday, traversing the glacier with a flock of sheep from the distant pastures of the Banireck,

fell suddenly into one of the fissures or clefts of the ice, which was afterwards found to be sixty-four feet in depth. He dislocated his wrist and broke his arm, yet preserved his presence of mind. Groping about in the dark, and guided by the noise of water, he found a channel the stream had formed under the ice, and crawling along, reached the lowest extremity of the glacier, and escaped, by a sort of miracle, the danger of being buried alive, or rather, frozen to death. He died only a few years ago.

So late as the sixteenth century, a direct communication existed between the Valais and Grindelwald*, by a path now under the glacier; and it is on record, that in the year 1561 some Valais people came to a wedding at Grindelwald; in 1578, also, on the occasion of a christening; and again in 1615, to a wedding; finally, in the year 1712, during the last civil dissensions, three Oberlandmen, having been detained by the Valais people, in order to compel them to turn Catholics, made their escape over the glacier to their own country. On the Valais side they experienced great difficulty in ascending, but the descent towards Grindelwald proved full of peril, and but for the extraordinary exertions they were obliged to

* Dr. Wyss's Oberland.

use, and the labour of cutting steps into the ice to secure a footing, they would have been frozen to death. These poor fellows, to avoid going to mass, exposed themselves to precisely the same dangers as, seventy years after, the four Valaisans at Lauterbrunn did for the opposite purpose of going to mass!

Yesterday and to-day we passed frequently over large beds of snow, accumulated into deep hollows from the last spring avalanches, sent down in great abundance from several of the mountains, particularly the Wetterhorn. One of the horses fell over and rolled with its rider, without any harm to man or beast but a complete suit of white from head to foot. Our steeds behaved remarkably well, and towards the end of the day's journey we had all become so bold, that the ladies even ventured up and down many frightful-looking places, compared to which, certain terrific passages some of us remembered exploring on horseback, between Borrowdale and Wastwater in Cumberland, would appear a bowling-green. Our guides shrieked the wild lament of the *Ranz des Vaches*, answering each other from one end of the caravan to the other, and one of them, not satisfied with the fatigue of the march, danced along from exuberance of spirits. In that manner we reached the sharp edge of the

Scheideck, close, or at least, appearing close, to the foot of the Wetterhorn, which is eleven thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. We were ourselves elevated six thousand feet, yet the mountain before us appeared higher than before, and far more stupendous than any thing we saw yesterday. Once, the hollow rumbling, like thunder, lasted so long, as to make us pause altogether, in expectation, not unmixed with fear, of some impending catastrophe. The noise continued increasing, with scarcely any intermission, for nearly twenty minutes; sudden explosions, every now and then, indicating new rents in the glacier; we kept our eyes fixed on its blue edge along the sky, and even thought we saw it move—yet nothing fell. Proceeding reluctantly on our way, we were many times induced to look back, half dreading, half wishing, to see something answering such fearful notes of preparation. The guides were of opinion that some great internal shifting had taken place, each lateral valley giving way in succession, and pouring down its stores to fill vacancies formed below. Some travellers, who have ventured as far as the pasture-grounds of the Zezenberg, a sort of green island in the middle of the glacier, where shepherds lead their flocks for a few weeks in summer, gave the following account of this phe-

nomenon, known in the country by the name of the growing of the ice*: "We had sat down on the ice," they said, "to light our pipes, when a tremendous sound, louder than thunder, suddenly rose. Every thing about us was in motion—our guns, our sticks, our bags; large stones, which we should have supposed immovable, started out of the ice and knocked against each other; fissures, closing of themselves, sent up into the air the water they contained, which fell down again in the shape of rain, half converted into snow; new fissures, from ten to twenty feet wide, opened in our sight, with a loud crash, like the report of cannon: a terrible catastrophe seemed at hand. The whole glacier advanced probably a step or two; but it became quiet again, as suddenly as it had been disturbed: the repose and silence of death were all at once restored, interrupted only now and then by the whistling of the *marmots*."

The higher ridge of the Scheideck, when we passed it, was crowded with cattle, assembled there for miles to avoid the flies, which, in more sheltered situations, torment them during the heat of the day. The natural process by which soil is made was every where observable on the Esel-sücken (Ass's Back), where the uncovered edge of

* Mr. Wyss's Oberland.

the slate is so far decomposed by exposure to weather, that large fragments, apparently sound, crumbled into black dust under our feet. This dust, fertilized by the cattle, is in some places covered with grass; in others, it is washed away to lower grounds, leaving the surface of the slate again exposed to the weather, to be farther decomposed.

Some way beyond this ridge, we came to a *chalet*, which, being occupied by the shepherds, afforded more conveniencies than our halt of yesterday. Here a fire was already blazing, in a sort of pit or trench dug around by way of a seat, and a huge kettle hung over for the purpose of cheese-making. We had plenty of cream furnished us, in which the spoon literally stood on end; a kettle to make coffee, and wooden ladles by way of cups. All the utensils were made of maple, of linden, and of a sort of odorous pine (pinus cembra*), by the shepherds themselves, who bestow much time on this manufacture. We noticed the portable seat with a single leg, oddly strapped to the back of those who milk the cows; the milk-pails,

* This pine, commonly called *alvier*, is of very slow growth. One of them, cut down when nineteen inches in diameter, showed three hundred and fifty-three concentric circles; and as these trees reach a much greater size, we may judge of the age of the older ones by the three centuries and a half of this adolescent!

the milk-hod fastened to their shoulders, the measures, the ladles made in the shape of shells, the milk-strainer (a tripod funnel full of pine leaves), the vase in which *runnet* (used to coagulate milk) is preserved, the press, the form, and many other implements of their trade, all elegantly shaped and very clean.

The *chalet* itself was an American log-house of the rudest construction; the roof, composed of clumsy shingles, gave vent to the smoke in the absence of a chimney; this roof, projecting eight or ten feet, formed a sort of piazza, called the *melkgang*, a German word, which, like many others in that language, needs no English translation.

The bed-room of the shepherds in these summer *chalets* is a wooden gallery, hung up over the *melkgang*, close to the projecting roof; they go up to it by a ladder, and all herd together on a little straw, never changed. The cows come home to be milked, attracted from the most distant pastures by a handful of salt, which the shepherd draws out of the leathern pouch hanging across his shoulder. The ground round the *chalet* is so broken, poached, and made filthy by treading of cattle, that without stepping-stones it would be difficult to reach the door; to finish the picture, a herd of swine ranges about waiting for the al-

lotted portion of butter-milk and curds. All this is, no doubt, very different from Rousseau's charming description of a *chalet;* but the *chalets* about *Heloise's* residence were family dwellings, inhabited the whole year round, and such as are found on lower mountains only; they are kept perfectly clean and comfortable, and are in all respects different from those on the High Alps, constructed for mere temporary shelters during a few months; no women live in the latter *.

When the weather is tempestuous the shepherds, or rather the herdsmen, are up all night in the mountains with their cattle, calling to them, as without this precaution they might take fright, run into dangers and be lost. A few places of shelter, built of logs on the principal pastures, would, it seems, answer the purpose better with less trouble. The cattle look very beautiful and active, full of spirit and wild sport; they show much more curiosity and intelligence than the rest

* The extent of a pasture is estimated by the number of cows it maintains; six or eight goats are deemed equal to a cow, four calves the same, four sheep or four hogs, but a horse is reckoned as four or five or even six cows, because he roots up the grass. The Grindelwald Alps feed three thousand cows, as many sheep and goats. The proceeds of a cow in summer is estimated at twenty-five shillings sterling, and during the other nine months at thirty-six or forty shillings, altogether seventy to seventy-five shillings annually.

of their kind, and often follow travellers from rocks to rocks a long while, merely to observe them. Bulls, notwithstanding the fierceness of their looks, never attack any body. Mr. Ramond, in his notes on *Coxe's Travels*, tells an interesting story concerning these animals, which if it should happen not to be quite true, at least deserves to be so. Speaking of their antipathy for bears—"It is impossible," he says, "to restrain a bull when he scents a bear in the neighbourhood; he comes up to him, and a running fight begins, which often lasts for several days, and till one of the two is killed. In a plain the bear has the advantage; among rocks and trees the bull. (I should have thought just the reverse.) Once, in the Canton of Uri, a bull went in pursuit of a bear, and did not return. After searching for him three successive days he was found motionless, squeezing against a rock his enemy, which had been long dead, was quite stiff and cold, and almost crushed to pieces by the pressure; such had been the efforts of the bull, that his feet were deep sunk into the ground."

After resting two hours in the *chalet* we pursued our journey lightly down hill, through woods of deciduous and other trees of noble growth, full of rhododendron in blossom. A bridge over the

Reichenback afforded a very fine retrospect of the mountains we had left, and the Glacier of *Rosenlani* we had not seen yet descending majestically down the north side of the Wetterhorn. Soon after passing the bridge a very different prospect burst all at once upon us, the more striking from its being so very different from what we had been accustomed to contemplate for some days past; a bird's eye view instead of one over-head; a rich and smiling landscape instead of a wild and terrific one; the vale of Hasli, in short, highly cultivated, full of villages, and scattered dwellings half hid in trees. In our situation Meyringen appeared like Paris or London, although the mountains beyond it could not well be mistaken for either Montmartre or Highgate. This valley divides in two at its upper extremity, each branch supplying a stream, forming together the Aar. One of these valleys leads to the only practicable avenue from the Oberland to Italy, by the Grimsel, whence the Rhine and the Rhone flow in opposite directions *. Numerous cataracts, several of them

* The Aar, which falls into the Rhine after traversing all Switzerland, has its source less than one mile from that of the Rhone, but not out of the same glacier; yet a side stream which falls into the Aar comes from the glacier of the Rhone. A prodigious quantity of the largest crystals ever known was discovered in 1720, in a cavern of the Grimsel; some of these

superior to the Staubbach, poured down on either side of the valley; one of them from the very mountain on which we stood, and almost at our feet. It was formed by the Reichenbach, a considerable stream, falling for half a mile down a very precipitous declivity, through strange channels and perforations the action of the water has formed. Convenient paths lead down to the boat stations, and among others to a bridge of one arch, thrown across the fall, from one jutting point of rock to another.

We are now arrived at Meyringen, the chief place of this valley, after an interesting day's journey of nine hours, mostly on foot, and with so little fatigue, that we immediately went to see another beautiful cataract on the opposite side of the valley from the one by which we came. Like most mountain torrents, it brings down such quantities of stones as to raise its bed considerably above the fields on each side, precariously protected by walls and embankments; the black

crystals weighed from four to eight hundred pounds, and the value of the whole was estimated at thirty thousand florins; a few more such discoveries and the value would sink to nothing at all. The ancients spoke of a crystal of thirty pounds as wonderful. The largest of the crystals, discovered in 1720, may be seen in the *Cabinet d'Histoire Naturelle au Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, measuring three feet and a half by two feet and a quarter.

schistous sediment deposited likewise is carried away for manure.

The women of this valley have the reputation of singular beauty, and the men are supposed to be gifted with uncommon strength and courage. We saw some comely faces, less round and unmeaning than those about Berne, and fine figures both of men and women, not enough, however, to convince us, that the report is not exaggerated. These people have gymnastic games twice in the summer, at which those of the neighbouring valleys are invited. Some big boys gave us a sample of their wrestling, at which they seemed very expert. Their object is to throw their adversary on his back, and for that purpose to lift him off his legs, which they endeavour to do by taking hold of the short drawers they wear for that purpose, when they regularly set to; or on common occasions, by means of a handerchief tied round the thigh, which they reciprocally grasp. Although a clumsy exercise, there is some display of skill and much of strength, especially when one of the wrestlers lifts the other up in the air, above his head, whirling him about to make him lose his hold and then throw him. I think it worth while to give here the principal attitudes from the work of Mr. Wyss, which may not be known in England,

1.

2.

the consequence of attitude third is sometimes a fracture of the arm.

Not far from Meyringen, towards the north, the castle of Hasli stands on an insulated hill; it was the seat of the very ancient and respected family of one of the leaders of their ancestors, when they emigrated from Sweden into this valley. There is an old song of the shepherds of Oberhasli, which it were to be wished was printed with a glossary, or translated; it might throw some light on the obscure tradition of this Swedish migration. The historian of the Goths, Jordanes, who lived in the sixth century, and Paul Winifred, historian of the Lombards, about the eighth, mention these popular songs of the northern nations *.

July 17.—The large party, (die grosse partey) as we have been designated here from our number, rode this morning early down the beautiful valley of Hasli, along the infant Aar, to the Lake of Brientz, intending to take a boat there for Interlaken; but the wind was high and contrary, the dashing of the water prognosticated a long and disagreeable passage, and we determined to proceed by land along the shore. The *women*, who have the exclusive privilege of *manning* the boats

* Mr. Stopfer's *Illustration of Swiss Views.*

on this lake, assembled at the inn; we declined their nautical services, but wishing not to be disappointed of their singing, of which we had heard much, we proposed music instead of rowing. Four of them, standing in a circle, struck up at once a beautiful German air, of which we did not understand the words; this we did not regret, as very probably they would have been a poor substitute for the feelings now excited by the melody, spirited, now soft, often pathetic and affecting, which told its story better than any words, or rather told another and a better story. Watching each other's looks, their accents seemed to meet before they were uttered in the true consciousness of song, with peculiar freedom, vigour, pathos, and grace, evincing a sort of musical *tact* and feeling, which is quite national, and grows with them from their cradle. They readily accepted a glass of wine, and soon renewed their song with fresh relish, " for they had caught the measure wild," and poured their *premeditated* lays for more than an hour, with *unpremeditated* spirit and variety.

Resuming our mode of ride and tie travelling, we proceeded along the northern side of the lake of Brientz, perfectly under shade the whole way, by a narrow road, level and smooth, enjoying the

fine views of woody mountains on the other side of the lake, which, although seven or eight thousand feet high, were still overtopped by the glaciers of Grindelwald, many miles behind them. The Giesbach, a celebrated cataract, and several others of less note, were just perceived, and even heard, across the lake. The banks on our side, although rather precipitous, appeared thickly inhabited by substantial farmers, all proprietors of the soil they cultivate. The verdure and luxuriance of the meadows watered by innumerable springs were admirable, and the fields appeared very neatly kept: immense walnut-trees, as usual, ash, and oaks, shaded the houses. Travelling thus leisurely, we reached, in four hours, our old quarters at Interlaken, extremely well pleased with the laborious excursion. In the evening, we had, from the inn, a most glorious view of the Jungfraw, reflecting a light exactly like that of the moon, and in the same manner borrowed from the sun, although it had been set for us for some time.

July 18.—On our way to the lake of Thun, where we embarked this morning, we stopped at Unterseen, to see the *belle batteliere* Elizabeth, now married to a shopkeeper, who very innocently sells chamois horns to those foreign travellers, who, following the same track, call one after the

other on Elizabeth, and write their names in the book kept for that purpose, with occasional remarks and poetical effusions. Turning over the last page, we observed the name of Mr. Southey, who, it seems, passed a day or two ago, and recorded in the book his admiration of the *belle batteliere*, who is, he says, like the *Fornarina;* but as there are several supposed portraits of this mistress of Raphael, very different from each other, he should have told us which of them Elizabeth resembles; at any rate, this person has certainly a Madona face, regular, mild, modest, and rather insipid; her polished brow shone like ivory, she smiled prettily, looked down as conscious of our gaze, showed her child, and sold her goods.

Landing at Thun, we returned to Berne the same evening, without any particular occurrence, except being put in jeopardy by a cow running away with a load of hay, the cart coming in rude contact with our vehicle. Cows work very well and move more briskly than oxen, and, when in moderation, it does not injure their milk.

BERNE, *July* 20.

Hofwyl and Mr. de Fellenberg are now too well known in Europe, to make it necessary to account for our impatience to become acquainted

with the establishment and its founder. To Hofwyl, then about six or seven miles distant, we drove yesterday, and it was our good fortune to find Mr. de Fellenberg walking about with some of his pupils, and disengaged, which is rarely the case. He had the goodness to show us the establishment himself, and give us much of his company in the evening, for we slept in the neighbourhood, and did not return to Berne till the next day. Agriculture was not our object, and our inquiries were mostly directed to the schools; therefore I shall only say, that the farm appeared in excellent order and very neatly kept: his fine meadows, only fifteen years ago, were mere bogs, which he reclaimed from their unprofitable state by means of covered drains, thirty feet under ground in some places, while in others the water is made to flow freely over the surface, and serve the purpose of irrigation. His fields are ploughed up every fourth or fifth year, unusually deep, by means of a gigantic plough drawn by fourteen horses, which turns up stones at the depth of two feet. This process might not answer elsewhere, but it does here: there are few general rules in agriculture to which local circumstances do not form exceptions.

The house of Mr. de Fellenberg is large and

regular; when we entered it, we found assembled a great number of young men, of the high school, most of whom belong to the first families of Germany, Russia, and Switzerland. Madame de Fellenberg, who submits without repining to the loss of a life of mere enjoyment, to which she was born as well as her husband, and cheerfully enters into his philanthropic, but laborious undertaking, invited us so obligingly to partake of the family meal, that we sat down with them. The table, in the horse-shoe shape, held seventy or eighty young men, and several professors, besides the family; it was abundantly furnished, and the pupils talked freely among themselves.

We left Hofwyl the next day, full of the most lively interest for the success of the establishment. I shall collect all that has been published on the subject, in order, when I next visit this place, to be better prepared to direct my inquiries, and I shall then give a full account of the result.

We staid only a few days at Berne, and as I propose returning another time, and making a much longer visit, I shall postpone giving an account of this interesting place till I have collected better materials. On our departure for Yverdun we found the environs of Berne on that side still more beautiful than on the others we had

occasion to admire before. I never saw any where such a profusion of walks and rides provided at the public expense, for convenience and pleasure; such woods, such water, and such magnificent views. The country appears admirably cultivated; I am told by English agriculturists that it is not exactly so, and I dare say they are right; but I think the most desirable state for civil society, in an agricultural point of view especially, is not that of stationary perfection, but rather that of gradual improvement. An increasing supply of food implies for the bulk of the people the possession of every other comfort; but when that supply, having reached its maximum, stops there, as it must, population soon overtaking it, turns again abundance into scarcity. It matters little for the people that land should yield the utmost quantity of produce, provided each individual has a competent share of what it produces. The people we see here, judging from their looks, no doubt have that competent share, and as long as that is the case, there is no need for them to raise better crops, best indeed they should not. I never saw peasantry any where appear so wealthy and independent; yet, at a village where we dined, near Anet, thirty-one individuals, among whom were three whole families, possessed of se-

veral hundred *louis* each, had lately gone to the United States—this must be fashion, not necessity. The government, and the people likewise, seem rather alarmed at these emigrations; yet, whatever their result may be for those who go away, their going can be no subject of complaint for those who remain. At Anet we saw a Lancaster school, where two hundred and fifty boys are taught by one master. The rest of the way to our old friendly quarters at Giez was along the western side of the Lake of Neuchâtel; the green slopes of the Jura, and its woody recesses on our right, the lake and distant Alps on our left, appeared as beautiful as the first time we saw them, and gave us even more pleasure this second time, but this would not be the case with a second description.

August 4.—We left Giez this morning for the lake of Geneva, crossing a hilly country to Vevay, with magnificent retrospective views towards the Jura. About five miles north of Vevay is a wild little lake, called *Lac de Bré*, or *Bro*, on the banks of which a town, designated in the itinerary of Antoninus by the name of Bromagus, is supposed to have stood; the lake itself bearing the same name in several documents of the middle ages. Not a vestige of the town has ever been discovered, but the tradition is

that its site is now under water. Cattle are apt to stick in its slimy bottom, and are sometimes drowned, as well as bathers. The first grand burst of view, over the lake of Geneva from the hill above Vevay, did not strike us as much as we expected. The Meillerie shore on the opposite side, sufficiently high to intercept the Savoy Alps, does not make up for the loss altogether, although beautiful in itself; we had been spoiled lately by the lake of Wallenstadt and the lake of the Waldstetten, the banks of which are higher, more precipitous and broken, with a greater variety of green slopes and woods, the accidents of the strata more extraordinary, more beautiful, in short, than the Meillerie side of the lake of Geneva, in the only sense in which Meillerie can be deemed beautiful,—romantic wildness, and savage grandeur. The lake of Geneva, seven or eight miles wide in this narrow part, is more than twice as wide as the lake of Waldstetten, which is all in favour of the latter, for the extent of water is nothing in itself without a scale to mark it; having no means of judging of the height of the Meillerie shore, or its distance, we suppose it less, and nearer than it is. The *dent d'Oche*, its highest summit, is five thousand six hundred and fifty-five feet above the lake of Geneva, being full as much as any of the heights above the lakes of Wallenstadt or the

Waldstetten. The head of the lake of Geneva, as that of all lakes, is the most beautiful part of it, and our two favourite ones can scarcely boast of any thing superior to the opening into the Valais, the snowy head of the St. Gothard above it in the distance, with the *Meillerie* and the *dent de Jaman* in profile on the fore-ground. Another striking difference between this and the German lakes is the innumerable cataracts of the latter, in which the former is wholly deficient. As we came down towards its immediate banks, the disappointment was still greater; it was a uniform slope of vineyards divided into small enclosures by means of stone walls, with narrow dusty roads between, without a tree or a blade of grass. Such was the first impression the celebrated lake of Geneva made upon us, seen from its best point of view—I give it just such as it was recorded in my Journal at the time—yet I must in justice say, that, having seen it since under different circumstances of the atmosphere, it made a much more favourable impression; for on the various effects of light depends all the charm of mountain scenery. When we came here the weather was sultry, a white glare of light and vapour, without a glow, uniformly spread over the landscape, confounding light and shade together, and destroying aërial perspective.

Vevay itself is rather a pretty little town, famous for having been the residence of Ludlow the regicide during thirty years; he died there in 1690, much respected, and his tomb is shewn in the cathedral, as well as the house where he lived, over the door of which is the following inscription: *Omne solum forti patria est, quia Patria.* We intended to see both, but did not. Taking a boat for château Chillon, we touched in our way at Clarens, a dirty village, less prettily situated than any in the neighbourhood, and chosen by Rousseau for no better reason than a well-sounding name, otherwise he would have chosen the beautiful village of Montreux hard by. Not a gentleman's house could we see fit to lodge the Baron de l'Etange, unless it were the château de Chatelard, a good deal above it.

Chillon, a mile and a half beyond Clarens, is a dull heavy castle, built on a flat rock into the water, and almost touching the shore, with which a short wooden bridge, or platform, connects it. It is garrisoned by a few lazy soldiers, one of whom, acting as a Cicerone, led us to the celebrated dungeon said to be under the level of the lake: comparing the height of the *loop-hole grates, where captives weep*, above the water-edge from the outside, and above the rocky floor inside, I remained satisfied the latter was something above the former, particu-

larly when I observed a hollow place full of water, which must come from the lake, and would rise above the floor of the dungeon if it really was lower than the level of the lake. It grieves me to contradict poets, or picturesque and sentimental travellers, but really the dungeon of Chillon is not under water, and, besides, is absolutely a comfortable sort of a dungeon enough, full forty feet long, fifteen or twenty feet wide, and fifteen feet high, with several narrow slits into the thick wall above reach, but admitting air and light, and even some rays of sun. A row of stone pillars divides this area, one of them has an iron ring fastened into it, and looks much rubbed; it is marked by tradition as the place where poor Bonnivard was chained for six long years*; yet another tradition points out the track, worn into the rocky floor, by his walking to and fro all that time; which of them is to be believed I do not know. Many travellers, mostly English, have engraved their names on this pillar, and among them Lord Biron's stands conspicuous. Another dungeon, not more than ten feet square, opens into the large one by a breach in the wall made by a prisoner, who attempted making his escape, but could not get farther than the outer dungeon, was re-taken, and ultimately

* See Chap. xxx. Vol. II.

put to death here, after a long confinement! He must have been a man of education, judging from his drawings on the wall, much in the style of Raphael's age—these are horrors for poets, which may, I trust, make up for those of which I have attempted to deprive them. Our whiskered Cicerone could not give us any more particulars about the tragical end of the prisoner, nor say who he was, nor tell his name; but when we inquired about the time, he boldly said, *Monsieur, il y a mille ans!* Another soldier, who held the candle, observing our look of incredulity, corrected his companion, and said, *Ha! que non: Il y a cinq cent ans!*—therefore the story is not quite clear yet for historians, although for poets it may do. On the wall outside of the château, towards the lake, the words *Liberté et Patrie* were inscribed in gigantic letters, with the date 1815, instead of the Bernese arms, which were there before the Revolution.—Somehow I always suspect, when *liberty and country* are *thus* ostentatiously thrust forward, that there is very little of the one, and that the other is in considerable danger; yet I believe it does not apply to the Canton de Vaud, and that the inscription is only a flourish, in imitation of the old revolutionary style in France; at any rate I was sorry to see the style of 1793 in so recent an inscription. The boat-

men, listening to our conversation about *Julie* and *St. Preux,* and the latter seeing from Meillerie, by means of a spy-glass, what was doing at Clarens, an old man at the oar exclaimed that this *St. Preux* must have been *the biggest liar that ever was*, for sure he could see no such thing from Meillerie!

We went from Vevay to Lausanne in three hours by an excellent road, but so narrow, that it is not without difficulty two carriages can pass each other, and the land is so valuable, that it is not very probable the defect will soon be amended. An arpent of vineyard, forty thousand square feet, sells for six hundred pounds sterling—this is the district of the *vin de la Vaud,* of course there is not a tree, nor any thing green, but the vines, protected by stone walls against intruders. Lausanne is high above the lake, and therefore enjoys a fine prospect; otherwise, as far as a transient view of it allowed us to form an opinion, it is hideous enough. I should have supposed the country about it insignificant, yet I have found it since far otherwise; as soon as you leave the region of the vineyards along the lake, and penetrate into the interior of the country—for the cultivation of the vines, wherever it prevails, is fatal to all picturesque beauty. The Gothic cathedral of Lausanne is very fine, and its terrace affords the finest imaginable prospect, not of the opposite

shore only, but of the high Alps beyond—that is under a more favourable state of the atmosphere than it was our fortune to enjoy, although much improved since yesterday; for to the colourless glare of which we complained, a dark lowering sky had succeeded, threatening a storm, and the opposite shore, instead of a poorish grey tinge, was now jet black, with a streak of snow on the top.

It rained in torrents last night, and we expected it would clear the air, but the same sort of unpicturesque haze still hung over the landscape, and prevented our enjoying the very celebrated point of view from the *signal*, a high spot behind the town, and above one thousand two hundred feet above the lake: distant objects being veiled at present, we only saw the lake south of us, and towards the west a level tract of rich country chequered with enclosures, and many a red tile roof: close to the *signal* is an extensive wood of fine trees, where you may walk under a boundless contiguity of shade, with occasional glimpses of the prospect; we shall see the environs of Lausanne more at leisure another time.

Gibbon's house is one of the main sights Lausanne affords; the family who occupies it is rather annoyed with the increasing multitude of curious travellers, yet availing ourselves of an introduction,

we visited the premises. The principal rooms are now used as a counting-house; the few trees on the terrace have been cut down, and the grounds below are very littery and planted with shabby fruit trees, but were, no doubt, better in Gibbon's time, yet it could never have been any great things: you go down to this terrace by a long flight of narrow stone stairs inside the house, as if to a cellar; the terrace itself is a mere slip, seventy or eighty yards long, by ten in width, with a low parapet wall towards the prospect—an old-fashioned arbour of cut *charmille* (dwarf beech) at the end of the terrace encloses the *petit cabinet*, where Gibbon says he wrote the last lines of his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—it is itself declining and falling into ruin; in short, every thing has been done to *disenchant* the place. The people of the house are much diverted at many of the visiters picking up a little of the earth to carry away. Gibbon has not left here a pleasing remembrance of himself; whimsically particular about his hours, very selfish, disgusting in his appearance, an English traveller published an account of him and of his mode of life, absurd and rather offensive: yet a gross mistake he had committed was so gratifying to Gibbon, that he forgave all the rest—he said that the historian rode on horseback every morning.

We left Lausanne by an avenue of enormous lime-trees, on the banks of the lake, where the old Lausanne, *Lousonne*, stood, under the Romans, about one mile west of the modern town. It was swallowed up, nearly thirteen hundred years ago, by a sudden swell of the lake, in consequence of a fall of rocks into the water on the Meillirie side, which sent such a wave across the lake, although fourteen miles distant in a straight line, as overwhelmed and destroyed, not *Lousonne* alone, where only four or five houses remained standing, as the antiquarian Loys de Bochat tells us, but all the other towns and villages along the shore. The foundations of buildings, medals, and small bronze statues, have often been discovered on the site of the old town.

From Lausanne to Morges and the river of Aubonne, the banks of the lake, lower, more fertile, and less fitted to the cultivation of the vine, are so far pleasanter. We can say nothing of the prospect, said to be very fine, but invisible to us.

The château of Prangin, between Morges and Nion, was formerly inhabited by, and is still the property of Joseph Buonaparte. Its high terraces and broad front with wings give it, at a distance, rather a princely appearance; but, on near inspection, every thing about it appears in very indiffer-

ent taste: rectilinear plantations of cut trees—a formal parterre of gaudy flowers in compartments before the windows—every inch of the ground besides covered with vines, except the *park*, on a low part of the shore, filled with young plantations, which have no effect yet. The inside of the château is cut up by endless passages leading to blind rooms. From what I heard in the neighbourhood, I should judge the morals of the court of Grangin not to have been in better taste.

At Copet, we visited a spot henceforth consecrated, many years the residence of Mr. Necker and his celebrated daughter: it is become their common tomb. Not to intrude upon the family so soon after their irreparable loss, we merely desired to be permitted to see the grounds, and admired a walk, conducted with much taste along a lively little stream, shaded with fine old trees of natural growth and forestish appearance: the rest is nothing.

The death of Madame de Staël seems, for the present, to have disarmed her numerous political enemies: and the tongue of slander is silent. Her warm, generous, forgiving temper, her romantic enthusiasm, her unrivalled powers of conversation, her genius, are alone remembered. The place of this extraordinary woman is marked

among the most eloquent writers of any age; among the best delineators of human feelings and passions; among the truest historians of the heart. She might not possess much positive knowledge; sometimes she spoke of things she did not thoroughly understand; her imagination often took the lead of her judgment, but her errors were invariably on the generous side, and still bespoke greatness of mind and elevated sentiments.

I had seen Madame de Staël a child; and I saw her again on her death-bed. The intermediate years were spent in another hemisphere, as far as possible from the scenes in which she lived. Mixing again, not many months since, with a world in which I am a stranger, and feel I shall remain so, I just saw this celebrated woman, and heard, as it were, her last words, as I had read her works before, uninfluenced by any local bias. Perhaps the impressions of a man, thus dropped from another world into this one, may be deemed something like those of posterity.

The main defect of Madame de Staël's mode of composition, perhaps the only one, is an excessive ambition of eloquence. The mind finds no rest any where; every sentence is replete with meaning, fully freighted with philosophy and with

wit, sometimes, indeed, overladen; no careless expression ever escapes her; no redundancy, amidst so much exuberance; and if you had to make an abstract of what she wrote, although you might wish to render it clearer and simpler, you would scarcely know what to strike off, or how to clothe the thoughts in more compendious language; so harmonious and so strong hers is. Yet she could compose in company, and write while conversing.

You are told, in France, that the style of Madame de Staël is not thoroughly French, and no doubt it must appear so to those whose language, like an old coin too long in circulation, has lost its stamp, and is worn smooth into a perfect blank; to those who have banished originality of thought and of expression from their literature, as completely as nature from their gardens; whose style, trim as their *parterres*, never strays beyond the box border and sandy walk; and who, in despair of ever producing any thing original themselves, with those shackles in which they have been taught to pace, feed on translations. It is strange that a people, whose boast has been for years to set forms and precedents at defiance, in matters of law and government, should thus be the willing slaves of forms and precedents in matters of taste, and perversely fetter genius with a preposterous sort of

legitimacy, while political legitimacy, is their scorn.

Madame de Staël lived for conversation; she was not happy out of a large circle, and a French circle, where she could be heard in her own language to the best advantage. Her extravagant admiration of the Paris society was neither more nor less than genuine admiration of herself; it was the best mirror she could get, and that was all. Ambitious of all sorts of notoriety, she would have given the world to have been born noble and a beauty; yet there was in this excessive vanity so much honesty and frankness, it was so entirely void of affectation and trick, she made so fair and so irresistible an appeal to your own sense of her worth, that what would have been laughable in any one else, was almost respectable in her. That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said, than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labour, but all pleasure; conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the good things and the deep things flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored mind and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure—the pleasure was

inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was, every evening of her life, in a circle of company, the very Corinne she had depicted; although in her attempts to personify that Corinne in her book, and make her speak in print, she utterly failed; the labour of the pen extinguishing the fancy.

It must not be supposed that, engrossed by her own self-gratification, Madame de Staël was inattentive to the feelings of others; she listened very willingly, enjoyed, and applauded; she did more, often provoking a reply, and endeavouring to place her hearers in a situation to have their turn. "*Qu'en pensez vous?*" she would say, with eager good-nature, in the very middle of her triumph, that you also might have yours. Wholly unfit, by nature and inclination, myself for such a display, and unpractised in a weapon laid by for thirty years, once or twice the kind invitation was directed to me, but directed in vain. Upon the whole, Madame de Staël's *bon hommie* was still more striking than her talents.

Many are the old stories, raked up from her early youth, about her native awkwardness—the mistakes her defect of sight, and still more her unsuspecting and warm temper, led her into—the tricks practised upon her, in consequence of the

discovery of her foibles. Envy, party spirit, the strong temptation to be witty at the expense of such a person, have multiplied ill-natured anecdotes, eagerly circulated even by those who courted her society, and whom she believed to be her friends; thus giving, without intending it, the measure of their own inferiority, by the exclusive notice they took of such peculiarities of character as happened to be nearest their own level. It is a common aphorism, and a wise one, as all aphorisms are, that "there is no hero for his *valet-de-chambre*;" but then, it is full as much because the valet is never a *hero*, as because the *hero* is not always himself!

While at Coppet, an anecdote told us by an intimate friend of the family (Mr. de Bonstetten) recurred to me. He was then five and twenty; she a sprightly child, five or six years old; and walking about the grounds, as we were then doing, he was struck with a switch from behind a tree; turning round, he observed the little rogue laughing: *Maman veut*, she called out, *que je me serve de la main gauche, et j'essayois!*

She stood in great awe of her mother, and was very familiar with her father, as well as dotingly fond of him. One day, after dinner, as the former rose first and left the room, the little girl, till then

on her good behaviour, all at once seizing her napkin, threw it across the table, in a fit of mad spirits, at her father's head; then ran round to him, and hanging about his neck, allowed him no opportunity for a reproof.

Thirty years after this, and when a competitor for fame, with Buonaparte himself, in his own capital, he under the terror of her conversation, and she of an exile from Paris, Mr. Necker used to receive, once or twice a week, long letters from his daughter (how they were transmitted I omitted to inquire—not by the mail I should suppose), and as regularly committed them to the flames after perusal. Mr. de Bonstetten, who read all these letters, says they were written with more spirit, ease, eloquence, and acuteness of observation, than any thing of hers ever published, and regrets, at this day, the excessive caution of her father.

Mr. Necker was, no one would have guessed it from his writings, full of humour, and apt to see things in a ludicrous point of view. He did not hold forth as Madame de Staël was wont to do; he was even rather silent, but made sly remarks and sharp repartees. He wrote several witty plays, as Mr. de Bonstetten, who saw them, assured me; but when appointed a Minister of State, thinking it against the *bienséance* of

the situation to publish any thing but a *compte rendu*, or grave works of morality, and afraid of being drawn into temptation, he burnt his plays.

GENEVA, *August* 10.

A night spent at the *Hotel des Balances* did not furnish materials quite sufficient to give an idea of Geneva. Its first appearance, from the side we entered it, is not prepossessing. We left it this morning for Chamouni, and are come to sleep at *Bonneville*, four leagues of beautiful country, being a rich level valley with a rough boundary of mountains, and watered by the Arve, a torrent often very mischievous. Bonneville is rather a good-looking little town.

August 11.—The country, as far as St. Martin, is more beautiful than even that we saw yesterday, and we passed several very fine falls of water, such as the *Nant d'Orti*, the *Nant d'Arpenas*; the latter down the perpendicular face of rocks, the strata of which are bent and twisted in a very extraordinary manner. The vehicles which had brought us were left at St. Martin, and we mounted *chars-à-banc* for the rest of the journey, under the plea of safety, but, in fact, to answer the purposes of the people of the place, who hire them out; and if you insisted on proceeding any

other way, they would contrive to make it inconvenient to you in the end. The land seems in good cultivation, and the houses not much inferior to those of Switzerland; yet the people look wretched, dwarfish, sallow, and have large goîtres. It was market-day at one of the places we passed, and such an assemblage of ugliness and squalid poverty I never beheld any where before. Children, however, appeared in good health and lively; it seems as if the principle of ugliness and of poverty fully developed in regard to the parents, at least was not innate in the species, which leaves some hopes. We should have had to-day fine views of Mont Blanc, but it was hid in clouds. Alp hunting, like other sports, is subject to disappointments. Near Servoz we traversed an immense track of ruins, the wrecks of a mountain, which fell about seventy years ago; the catastrophe seems to have been more like the sinking of the *under cliff*, on the south side of the Isle of Wight, than the fall of the Rossberg into the Vale of Goldau, but of much greater extent than either. A perpendicular slice of a schistous mountain settled down into the earth, not of course without some little disturbance on the surface, which presents for several miles a chaos of black slaty fragments, among which the Nant Noir, a foaming torrent, works its laborious way.

After one hour's rest in the valley of Servoz we began a long ascent, mostly on foot, over the ridge which separates it from the Valley of Chamouni. The Arve passes through the ridge, and raging at the bottom of an abyss, is rather heard than seen. That the Valley of Chamouni was formerly a great lake before this outlet was cut through, is highly probable, and it is no less so, that the outer valley, we have just left, was the basin of another lake, closed up at the narrow strait of Cluse. Rocks are continually falling down the precipitous banks of the Arve, and exposed to the action of the waters, are by degrees reduced in size, impelled forward, and at last deposited on plain ground, during its yearly overflowings. It is a matter of surprise, when in the valleys, how the mountains can supply the mass of rubbish accumulated over them; and when in the mountains, you are tempted to ask, where all that has been carried away could find room.

The ridge between the two valleys is a sweet spot, overspread with cottages, under the shade of trees, and producing very fine crops. Some children brought us baskets of cherries and strawberries, which seem very plenty. A dust avalanche* destroyed one of these cottages last win-

* I have already explained the different sorts of avalanches.

ter, killing a man, his wife, and two of their children, while two more escaped. The timber and other fragments were still lying in a heap, and the track of the avalanche through the woods above, was marked by a wide gap left among the trees.

The Valley of Chamouni may be compared to a street, with splendid edifices reared by the hand of Nature on either side; they are so high, and the interval (about half a mile) comparatively so narrow, that little more is seen than the ground story. The magnificent front of Mont Blanc, rising to the height of eleven thousand seven hundred and eighty perpendicular feet above Chamouni, itself three thousand feet above the sea, occupies six or eight miles in length of that sort of street on the south side of it; and over the way stands the Bréven, which is Mont Blanc's nearest neighbour. Other mountains follow on that side as far as the Col-de-Balme, which terminates the long vista at the distance of about eighteen miles. The first evening of our arrival we merely went curiously along, looking in wonder on the buttresses, which at regular distances seem to prop up the base of Mont Blanc. They are, I believe, all composed of the calcareous strata, turned up against the granitic mass, and less precipitous than the rest of the front; they afford a footing for trees, differing in species according to

height; the first zone deciduous, the next composed of pines, then larches; forest above forest, waving their tufty and dark shades, accessible as far as three or four thousand feet above Chamouni. The interval between each of these verdant buttresses is filled by a glacier; there are six or seven of them, those of Taconay and Bossons, before coming to Chamouni; and those of *Montanvert, Des Bois, D'Argentiere,* and *De la Tour* beyond it; the *Glacier des Bois* is the most considerable. The cap of snow over the head of Mont Blanc, turned to hard ice solely by the pressure of its own accumulating mass, covers the neck and shoulders of the giant, and hangs down to the ground, forming an irregular drapery, of which the glaciers just enumerated are the skirts. It is the quantity of snow falling upon the top of Mont Blanc, that is upon the upper third of its height, where it never melts; and not the intenseness of the cold, which determines the progressive encroachments at the lower end of the glaciers, over the green fields of the valleys. Last winter, for instance, was remarkably mild all over Europe, but it was rainy, and as rain is always snow on the top of high mountains, the accumulation has, by its weight, pushed down the glaciers some hundred feet further than usual, over the valley of Cha-

mouni. It does not follow, however, that the encroachment will be permanent, for the glacier encountering more heat as it descends lower, the principle of dissolution will ever be found commensurate; indeed, whatever may be said of encroachments, the existence of *moraines*, or accumulation of stone, so far beyond the present limits of the glaciers, and covered with trees of several centuries' growth, can leave no doubt of their having, at various times, advanced and receded much beyond their present limits, although their progress has been very mischievous of late. With slow but irresistible power, the ice pushes forwards vast heaps of stones, bends down large trees to the earth, and gradually passes over them. It does not form a field of ice by any means, and scarcely does it present an inch of even surface; the whole bristling over with sharp ridges, and points bent forwards like the pikes of embattled soldiers. At the edge of the glaciers those irregular masses of ice, hollowed and undermined by heat, assume various fantastic appearances; a cavern, the wreck of a ship, the devouring jaws of nameless monsters, wide, open, and dripping blood; ferruginous earth, often adhering to the ice, is now washed down into red streaks. Although the fragments are often so dirty as to be

scarcely distinguishable from the mud and stones among which they have tumbled; yet, when broken, their fracture presents beautiful ramifications of extremely hard ice, perfectly transparent, and not *porous* as I expected, although divided by numerous interstices like those of coral. Streams of water, of a milky appearance, continually issuing from under the glacier, had formed new channels through the adjacent meadows, cut into ravines, and extending the destruction far beyond what the ice covered. The miserable inhabitants collected into melancholy groups, looked on dejectedly; but some of them, turning their misfortune to good account, told their sad story, and begged, with a certificate of the magistrates in their hand. Several dwellings are actually under the glaciers, and others await the same destruction. I made the guides observe how much faster the ice melted under pine leaves, or any dark bodies accidentally fallen upon its surface; and suggested, that by lighting small fires with green boughs and dead leaves to the windward of the ice, it would soon be covered with sooty particles, by which its fusion would be increased. This seems so obvious, and the experiment so easily made, that it is a matter of surprise it has not occurred to these poor people looking on in stupid despair. I make no doubt it

would check the accidental encroachments of the glaciers, which, after all, rarely extend to one hundred feet in a season, and more commonly not to one fourth of that.

The whole extent of the valley spared by the glacier is perfectly enchanting, clothed as it is in the tender green of early spring, which comes here so much later: the crops are luxuriant; we observed peas full eight feet high, fine potatoes, grain very promising, as well as grass. The common drain of all the glaciers, the Arve, is here, as at its junction with the Rhone, of a soapy colour.

August 12.—The first dawn of the morning, which was very fine, found us up, and ready to storm the Breven; the ladies mounted on their mules, and the gentlemen armed with their sticks, shod with a point of iron; an article deemed necessary for a mountain expedition, and which has a knowing look about it, a certain *air de glacier* which is very captivating, yet it is in general rather an incumbrance, as on plain ground you have to carry it, and in difficult places you can make a better use of your hands in holding by rocks and bushes*. The mules were found more decidedly

* I afterwards found the use of a stick in going down fields of snow. Along the brink of precipices, you are taught by

an incumbrance, being shod for the road with turned-up shoes, which made them slip when climbing grassy slopes, and rendered them quite unsafe. They were the animals which had brought us from St. Martin; those of Chamouni, intended for the mountain, are shod differently, a circumstance of which we were not before aware.

A traveller, a picturesque traveller at least, above all an English traveller, or supposed to be one, cannot approach Chamouni without being way-laid and beset by guides. Some leagues before we reached these classic grounds we had several on our hands, who after entering into conversation as common peasants, and interesting our curiosity by the knowledge they displayed, informed us they were guides, when they had become pretty sure that we would not say they should not guide us, and really there is no resisting a Balma, a Paccard, a Cochet, a Coutet, when you are at all read in Saussure, and remember his honourable mention of those and other names among his bold supporters up the highest summit of Mont Blanc, in 1786, till then deemed inaccessible.

the guides to hold your stick on the opposite side, and lean therefore from the precipice, that in case of a false step, you may fall on the safe side.

In our ascension of the Breven we had actually three of these veterans with us, who, at the moderate rate of five francs a day, would climb and talk, and fight their battles over again for our instruction and amusement. One of them, *Jacques Balma, dit des dames,* on account of his particular attention to ladies, climbing under his guidance, gave us, on our return in the evening, after so many hours of hard labour, a proof of his undiminished strength, spirit, and, perhaps, rashness, at the age of sixty. A party of young men, on a botanizing excursion, spied a very fine, and, I presume, rare plant, (saxifraga pyramidalis, I think it was called,) blooming in apparent safety out of reach, on the top of an inaccessible rock. Jacques Balma considered a few minutes, then took off his shoes, and securing a foot here, a hand there, holding once by his teeth to a twig, springing from a shelving place to another like a chamois, or writhing like a snake among stones and bushes out of sight, without once hesitating or looking back, worked himself up to the pyramidal bunch of flowers, and threw it down to the wondering spectators. That was not enough; another bunch of flowers, another laurel-wreath bloomed over his head, in a still more difficult and hazardous situation: he sprung for it; we joined our entreaties

to those of the other guides, who warned him of his danger, and then turned away, not to appear to encourage the mad attempt; a general exclamation induced us soon after to look again; we beheld him in equilibrium on his breast, plucking the flower with the toes of an outstretched leg! How he came down I do not know, it was, perhaps, still more hazardous than going up, but in a few minutes we saw him again by our side, his load on his back, and not even out of breath. When the intrepid old fellow waited on us at supper in the evening, I felt ashamed to see him behind my chair. Jacques Balma was born a goat-herd, and is, perhaps, less well-informed than many of the other guides, but he has in him that genuine spirit, which makes heroes either for good, for indifferent, or for bad purposes.

At nearly three thousand feet above Chamouni there is a *châlet* on the *Breven*, where travellers may procure milk, and get some sort of shelter under the miserable roof; for the châlets of Savoy are vastly inferior to those of Switzerland. The view of Mont Blanc is here nearly as good as from the top of the Breven, and as all the difficulty of the ascent is to come, there is really no reason to go farther, unless it is *pour la gloire* like Jacques Balma. *Pour la gloire*, then, all those of our party, who were

game, or at least had some little reputation that way to support, set off from the châlet with two of the guides. There was no difficulty till we came to the first field of snow, which was very steep and very slippery; a back-sliding might have been serious on account of the difficulty of stopping. By striking in the end of your foot at every step you take, you get a secure footing, and may anchor yourself, with your hands in the snow, when the declivity is very great, without a stick, nearly as well as with it. At the Chimney, a difficult passage at all times, the guides held a consultation, as it had not been tried yet this season; we might have turned it, by another field of snow, but it was more precipitous than the first, therefore it was determined to make for the chimney—first climbing a steep rock with very little difficulty, and no danger, provided you do not look behind; above that is the chimney, a chasm or recess full of ice, which, melting first where it touches the rock, had left a vacant space of about two feet. With your back against the smooth ice, and plying diligently with feet, knees, and hands against the rock, in the manner chimney-sweepers do, you may work yourself up, with tolerable ease and comfort, to the top, some twenty or thirty feet, in a very few minutes. There you find another field of snow-ice not at all steep, then a very steep

ascent, and the last, wholly composed of broken schist, which brings you to the signals, two rude constructions like altars on the top of the Breven. The prospect of Mont Blanc was here very little different from what we had found it at the châlet, yet the summit of Mont Blanc, the *bosse du dromedaire*, appeared now less foreshortened, and the whirlwinds of snow-dust upon it were clearly distinguished athwart the dark-blue of the sky, moving round with great violence on particular spots. Where we were, indeed, it was scarcely possible to stand the wind, and a large sheet of greasy heavy paper, which had served to wrap up our provisions, being blown off, first flew over the precipice of nearly two thousand feet, which separated us from the châlet; then over that châlet, and in a very few minutes fell on a spot it took us afterwards two hours to reach, although down-hill.

The view here was undoubtedly a most extraordinary one, placed full in front, and about mid-height of Mont Blanc, and therefore at equal distance between the summit and the base, sufficiently far to embrace the whole at one glance, sufficiently near to distinguish every detail, we saw this stupendous object like a full length picture hung up there for our pleasure and information: when we began to ascend the *Breven*, and half way up to its *châlet*, we

could not turn round and look at Mont Blanc, without experiencing the terrific sensation of its *falling down over us;* several of our party made use of this expression at the same time, averting their eyes in terror, which shows how general and how strong the impression was; but as we ascended higher it ceased.

From the summit of the Breven, Mont Druet and its glacier seemed about the same distance north of us, as Mont Blanc south; the valleys of Chamouni and of Servoz, and all the space we had travelled the preceding day, appeared all within a stone's throw. The guide pointed to a monument near Servoz, which I could not see, erected to the memory of *Eschen*, a Dane*, who perished the 7th of August, 1800, by having, in *contempt of his guide*, ventured heedlessly over the glacier of Druet. Ebel tells the melancholy story thus: " Mr. Eschen qui etoit toujours à quelques centaines de pas en avant disparut tout-à-coup lorsqu'ils furent arrivés sur le glacier. Mr. Simschen (his companion) et le conducteur se hâterent de rebrousser chemin pour chercher du secours et la nuit même quatre hommes partirent de Servos—ils trouvèrent l'infortuné Danois, dans une fente du glacier à cent pieds de profon-

* Known in Germany by a good translation of Horace in verse.

deur—il etoit debout, les bras au dessus de sa tête et entierèment gélé."

Our coming down from the top of the Breven, over the fields of snow, although not entirely without hazard, was at least a less laborious operation—the guides gave the example of sliding down, in a standing posture, holding their great stick behind them to steer by, as well as steady themselves; they thus traversed the air like winged mercuries, scarcely furrowing the snow, in the direction they chose, with equal ease, swiftness, and elegance of motion. But, as this was too much for us to attempt, they gave us next an elementary lesson of *bottom-trailing;* that is, sliding down in a sitting posture, always steering by the stick held behind in the snow: although this seemed very easy, several of us, frightened at their own swiftness, or wishing to do better than well, and making too violent a use of the stick, either to stop their motion suddenly, or steer abruptly to the right or left, broke it short, and thus become ungovernable, flew headlong to what appeared to them impending destruction, with every variety of awkwardness, and expression of dismay in their gestures, yet arrived in perfect safety in the arms of the guides, accustomed to these sorts of accidents, and prepared for them.

The Savoyard family at the châlet, where we

stopped to dry ourselves a little, and take some coffee, appeared good sort of people, very religious, and morally inclined, but unfortunately very dirty, which seems the original sin of Savoy. The Savoyards in general like France, and hate Piedmont and Geneva; these good people here disliked all round —the Piedmontese, because hard masters; the Genevans, because they are Huguenots, and rich into the bargain; the French, because they ill-treated the Pope.

The châlet people here pay one louis for the season to the owner of each cow they hire, and six French francs to the proprietor of the mountain for the pasture, which is one-half less for the cow, and three-fourths less for the pasture, than in the Canton de Vaud, because the season is shorter here, and money more valuable: their process of cheese-making is much more slovenly than in the Canton de Vaud; they are even so careless as to deposit their milk in the *brass* boiler long before it is necessary to boil it. A young goat (there are more of them than cows) had followed us, step by step, to the top of the mountain and down again; it evidently seemed amused with our sliding down the fields of snow, and skipped along with great spirit and glee, as one of us, but certainly much better than any of us; while an old one, with its knee slightly bound

round, followed nimbly enough on three legs. The lame leg, broke by accident, had been set by the herdsman, which they do readily, and with full success. We were shewn a *couloir* (a steep slope made smooth by avalanches) where a frightened horse, venturing lately, slid down and was killed.

The inn at Chamouni was full of strangers*, English and Germans mostly, not one French, all mountain hunters, talking over their day's sport, asking news about the state of neighbouring mountains, *&c.*, and preparing for the laborious pleasures of the next day; one was leg-tired, the other had his foot blistered, a third was so stiff in the back he could neither sit down nor get up; but all were otherwise extremely well in health and happy—this is a new sport, rock-hunting, plant-hunting, or picturesque view hunting, more justifiable in every point of view than hare or stag-hunting; more rational, and even attended with less danger to health or life.

The next day found us early up, and prepared for the *Montanvert* and the *Mer de Glace;* and notwithstanding the very threatening aspect of the weather, we set out, but the rain began before we had proceeded more than two miles, and a very little way

* Josephine and Maria Louise visited Chamouni the same summer, a few years ago.

up the mountain. The wisest of the party, the oldest at least, and less active, took shelter in a *châlet*, in hopes it would turn out a passing shower, but it came on worse and worse. One of the guides, Jacques Balma himself, spoke discouragingly—we should have a slippery ascent, and then see nothing through the fogs; we yielded, I cannot say reluctantly, and went home to rest ourselves, with no small hopes of having the laugh on our side, when our adventurous companions should return; but it was on theirs against us, for they had some moments of clear weather when on the borders of the great *Mer de Glace*, which afforded them "short glimpses of a breast of snow," and they rested and warmed themselves in a comfortable hospice, erected there by a Monsieur Desportes, resident de France à Génève, and repaired since by a Monsieur Doulcet Pontecoulant, prefêt du departement de la Dyle. The inscription over the door, "*A la Nature*," is, I am sorry to say, a little too finical and affected, and would go a great way to make me doubt, that the real love of nature had much to do with the erection of this French temple.

Our inn at Chamouni is kept by *Les Freres Charlet*; we were induced to ask one of them, a soldierlike-looking man, although waiting most obsequiously, whether he had *servi?* He said he

had served fourteen years, and had made twelve campaigns! "Any rank?" "Yes, captain!"—He did not boast at all, but went on about his business round the table, a napkin under his arm, informing us, in answer to our questions, that he had been made a lieutenant on the field of battle, and soon after promoted to the rank of Captain in the Imperial Guard; he was put upon half-pay in 1814. Where was he in March, 1815? "At Chamouni," he answered, on a visit to his native place; very fortunately for him, he added, as he would otherwise have been at Waterloo, as so many others, who cared as little about Buonaparte as himself! He returned to France on half-pay, and happened to be at Grenoble when the late disturbances broke out there: all half-pay officers were sent away to Languedoc, and quartered in Royalist towns, under surveillance!—"Tired of being a sort of prisoner, I threw up my commission," he said, "and returned to my native valley, where I married, and have no reason to regret the military life." This man is probably a fair sample of the Imperial Army; a brave soldier, considering war as a profession, indifferent as to political questions, ready to serve either side for the sake of rank and pay, easily won over by

good treatment, or turned into a citizen by marriage and an establishment.

Incredible as it may seem, this valley of Chamouni, till then unknown, was *discovered* in 1741*, by two Englishmen, the celebrated traveller Pococke and a Mr. Windham: an account of their journey appeared in the *Mercure de Suisse*, 1743, as a great event. In 1760, Mr. de Saussure visited Chamouni, for the first time; and his great work on the Alps, published about fifteen years after, together with Mr. Bourit's *Description des Glaciers de la Savoie*, made the country so famous, that as many as a thousand travellers used to visit it every season; now, the number is probably not less than four or five thousand. The two first adventurers, in 1741, went with an escort well armed, slept under tents, with fires lighted, and a watch all night. The poor name of Mont Blanc is of very late date: the highest mountain in Europe had not even a name during the first half of the eighteenth century. Mont Blanc from this place appears much narrower in proportion to its height, than when seen from Chamouni, and the granitic mass looks as if it had been thrown up through a longitudinal rent of the earth, north-east and south-

* See Mr. Ebel, Manuel du Voyageur en Suisse.

west. I am sorry, for the Huttonian system of the earth, feeling a great *penchant* for it, that this granite is stratified—a fatal blow to the theory, which would have received the most glorious confirmation from every other geological appearance observed here. These almost vertical strata, inclining slightly south, render the front towards Italy much steeper than that towards Chamouni; no snow can lie on its surface, and only two glaciers descend from the summit; yet there is a practicable, although dangerous, path down that side, by the *Col du Géant*, by which you may reach *Courmayer* in five hours.

This same evening, being very fine weather, we left Chamouni, on our return to Geneva. About two miles before we reached St. Martin, where we were to sleep, we had a most splendid retrospect of Mont Blanc burning under the last rays of the setting sun; its refulgent snows illuminated the whole valley. This brightness soon faded into pale pink, then pure white, sharply defined on the darkening azure of the sky. We doubted whether this view was not superior to any we had had of Mont Blanc before, owing to the accidents of light exceeding in richness and splendour any of the preceding days. The rocky ramparts of the valley, where St. Martin is situated, with their

bold outline and deep indentments, appeared absolutely jet black, when contrasted with the western sky; and night closed over the scene before we were able to withdraw our eyes from its enchantment. Yet the sight of two cretins "*leering by*" in a corner of the inn-yard, and of the enormous goitres of the landlord and landlady of the *Hotel du Mont Blanc*, had already discoloured it a little.

The unceiled floors and thin partitions rendered us the rather unwilling partakers of the joyful mirth of another houseful of prospect-hunters; every bed was occupied, or might have been; but they seemed more intent on pursuing the sport, even in thought and conversation, than on sleep, and were up late in the night, laughing loud, and talking in various languages; yet *caffé au lait* was, I believe, the only exhilarating liquor on the table. Early in the morning, which proved very fine, pedestrians with their knapsacks and *bâtons ferrés*, and picturesque ladies in *chars-à-bans*, were seen on the road, making for their respective mountains.

August 18.—We have scarcely seen more of Geneva than we had before, and must again postpone farther acquaintance till our return from Lyons, where we are going. The country, from Geneva to the passage of Fort l'Ecluse, is perfectly beautiful; cultivated, yet woody and picturesque. The

Jura, on the right, is more varied in its outlines than usual, and its base is covered with farms and country-houses buried in trees: innumerable springs of the clearest water issue from it, on the left, a fine plain sloping to the lake of Geneva, and beyond it the high Alps.

The passage of the Jura, at Fort l'Ecluse, is very fine, and might well appear terrific to any traveller who had not seen other mountains. The fort itself has been dismantled, and is about to be rebuilt in a different situation. The "*Loss of the*" Rhone, in this very passage, has more celebrity than it is perhaps entitled to; and when the Rhone is high, as at present, the subterranean channel being no longer sufficient, it fills an upper channel just over the lower one, and the *loss of the Rhone* is *lost*. This river, which at Geneva, and for many miles below, is more than two hundred feet wide, is all at once reduced, in the narrow pass of L'Ecluse, to thirty feet, and even to fifteen in some places, being, of course, proportionably deep and rapid. Large fragments of rocks, fallen from the heights, or caving in from the immediate banks, have covered over this narrow channel for the space of sixty paces, much as at Pfeffers' baths. As far as Cerdon on Pont d'Air, the road to Lyons is highly picturesque, and the little lake of Nantua

strongly recalls the Scotch scenery; we could almost have fancied we saw the naked knees and plaided breast of Highland shepherds on the grassy slopes of its solitary banks. From Pont d'Air to Lyons, the landscape sinks rapidly into insignificance, being a dull monotonous plain, without a tree, and scarcely a bush, to relieve the eye; no culture, but that of wheat, which, useful as it is, cannot boast of any beauty, particularly just after harvest. The approach of the town is enlivened by the Rhone, which there spreads majestic: how it could squeeze through the narrow gap of L'Ecluse, seems difficult to conceive. The immediate banks here are a barren sand, without trees and verdure; yet they are airy and cheerful. The entrance of the town by the Key St. Clair is very fine, and as we did not penetrate the first evening beyond the *Hotel du Nord*, near the *Comedie*, nothing occurred to destroy the first impression. The following days shewed us an interior in no way corresponding to the beauty of the *Keys;* nothing can surpass its dirt and shabbiness. The *Place of Bellecourt*, which I remembered very magnificent, pulled down during the fury of the Revolution, has been re-built on a uniform, but not a beautiful, plan; the two new sides look like barracks for soldiers, or cotton manufactories. The middle, formerly adorned with a

fine equestrian statue of Louis XIV., with fountains and grass plats, is now a bare and dirty area like a cattle-market. Mr. F., to whom we had a letter, an intelligent and obliging man, took us to the celebrated hospital of Lyons; the only one in France, thirty or forty years ago, which was not in a barbarous state, but which now has many equals in Paris. We went through all the wards, in very warm weather, without meeting with the slightest offensive smell, and scarcely any offensive sight. There are annually

Individuals admitted.	Deaths.	Being one Death for	Average time each Individual stays.
Civil sick 14,420	1300	11 sick	21 days.
Military. 2,200	105	22 ditto	

The patients, in single beds, are attended by women, *sœurs de la charité*, who, many of them in the prime of life, and not bound by absolute vows, devote themselves for life, and die in the act of doing good; there are, I think, one hundred and fifty; they wear a uniform dress of dark worsted, and remarkably clean linen, and receive the trifling sum of forty francs a year for pocket-money. They each sit up one night in each week, the following day is a day of relaxation, and the only one they have. During the siege of Lyons, when cannon-balls passed through the

the windows, and struck the walls every moment, not one abandoned her post near the sick. The kitchen and refectory are patterns of cleanliness; the pharmacy supports itself, and brings a revenue besides, by the sale of medicines out of doors.

The different wards, in the form of a cross, unite under a lofty dome, with an insulated altar in the centre, in a vast open area, paved with marble; the effect is magnificent beyond any thing I ever saw, magnificent by the very contrast with the melancholy sight of the rows of beds, occupied by individuals, destitute and sick, without a home, without a friend to close their eyes. The lofty dome, the altar, the immense space, those angelic females, who attend night and day, all concur in impressing the mind with an idea of high protection and divine superintendence; it seems an image of Providence on earth, held up to those most in need of it, and the ray of comfort and of hope it brings, is surely worth cherishing.

Notwithstanding the atrocity of firing on the hospital during the revolutionary siege, (the walls bear many a disgraceful scar,) the property of the hospital, consisting mostly of houses and farms, was not seized, and its unimpaired revenue amounts to half a million of francs a year, to which government adds half as much more. Twenty directors

manage the concerns of the institution, they serve five years each, four of them go out every year; the new members are nominated by the old, and confirmed by government. They deposit a large sum, returned to them at the end of their time of service, and give a great deal of their time to the administration, without emolument of any sort. At the revolution the administration were reimbursed in assignats. The president, who had deposited five hundred thousand francs, and made advances to the amount of three hundred thousand more, (altogether thirty-two thousand pounds sterling), lost all! Formerly these administrators received *des lettres de noblesse* as a recompense, they were *nobly* acquired.

The Protestants had formerly procured a small piece of ground to bury their dead, within the precincts of the hospital, it is now become a sort of botanical garden attached to the *pharmacie;* the trees and plants were in excellent order, green and luxuriant, and the sun shone bright over them. Notwithstanding the distance of time and change of circumstances, I remembered something of the shape of the ground, and appearance of the surrounding walls and entrance-door, when thirty years before I had accompanied there in the night, the remains of a dear friend, and stood

on the very grave—I felt grateful for the tree that shaded it.

The Foundling Asylum, very near and under the same administration as this hospital, is equally well administered. The children are sent out to nurse in the country, paying fifty francs the first year, and gradually less till they are nine years old, when nothing more is paid, and the nurses are at liberty to bring back the children to the hospital; but partly from affection, and partly for the sake of their services, they generally are adopted by the family where they were nursed; remaining still under the protection and guardianship of the hospital till the age of twenty-one. Such is, however, the present scarcity, that one thousand of these children have been brought back, and they were playing and making a great noise in one of the courts; the administration are at a loss what to do with these unexpected guests.

Out of one thousand five hundred children, received annually from the town and surrounding country, four hundred and seventy-seven die before the age of seven, (one in three and a half.) Infants are deposited, in a sort of box, at the door, and no questions asked; an account is kept in a book of every circumstance relating to each of these children, at their entrance; and a leaden medal fas-

tened to their necks, to identify them at any future period. Highly praiseworthy as the object of such institutions undoubtedly is, they hold out temptations too strong for unnatural parents to withstand, and defeat one of the moral checks to an excessive population. They may, indeed, prevent infanticide in a few cases, but cause more children to be born to an untimely grave, or never to know parental love and protection. All foundling hospitals have an immoral tendency, they do a little good, and a great deal of harm.

Without attempting a description of the curious manufactures we saw, I shall only observe that they are in a great degree domestic, most weavers working at home *, a circumstance of material importance. Mechanical improvements, introduced within the last twenty years, have considerably reduced the number of assistants, superseding altogether the *tireuses de corde*, young women formerly employed in pulling ropes under the direction of the weaver, who now moves these ropes by machinery; it was, from the permanently standing posture, a very unwholesome employment. I am assured that the silk manufacturers of Lyons have

* This home, however, as I am assured, is not unfrequently a room twenty feet square, where two, and sometimes three, families live and work.

not shown, at any period of the Revolution, that lawless spirit, men of their cast, and women too, have elsewhere, but especially in England, of late displayed.

The public library of Lyons is celebrated for its size; I mention it on account of an ingenious experiment I remember having seen tried in it, many years ago, to direct a balloon; it was of an oblong shape like a fish, with a light rod affixed under it, from end to end, and a light weight running along the rod by means of a ring. The balloon, made of oiled silk, and filled with hydrogen gas, so as to give a slight force of ascension, placed on the floor at one end of the long gallery, was suffered to ascend; the weight was near the tail, which made the head of the balloon incline upwards, and in that position, instead of making its way vertically through the air, it shot forwards in a diagonal line, till the head striking against the ceiling, it turned downwards, and the weight shifting towards the head, kept it in that position; when the balloon obeying the new impulse received by the shock against the ceiling, travelled down diagonally again till it came in contact with the floor, then turned up again, and so on, tacking up and down to the end of the gallery. Now the weight and rod was a substitute for a man going up with the balloon, who, by means

of a rope fore and aft, might easily give it the inclined position required; then by the usual means of parting alternately with some ballast and some gas, would ascend and descend in his progress forwards, tacking through the air like a ship, but in a vertical instead of an horizontal plane.

Fourviere, a hill within the walls of the town, affords a prospect universally admired. From a private garden, on the north side of the hill, we had immediately under our eye an extensive field of red-tile roofs, intersected by narrow and dark streets scarcely visible; two considerable rivers, the Rhone and the Saône, encompass this dingy area, and meet just below it: beyond the town and rivers are the plains of Dauphiné, spreading like a geographical map, or rather a vast extent of patch-work of all colours, except green—corn fields, the predominating object, being at this season in their worst state. The Alps in the eastern horizon exhibit their ever-changeful aspect; often very beautiful, and although the most prominent among them, Mont Blanc, is one hundred miles distant, in a straight line, they still appear very high. Toward the west, we had a bird's eye view of *Pierre Scise, (Petra excisa,)* a ruined castle, picturesquely mounted on a rock, between which and the Saône the Romans chiselled out the narrow road we saw

This castle was the residence and the strong hold of the Archbishop of Lyons, at the time prelates were princes; then many years a *bastille* for the profligate sons of powerful fathers, who liked the punishment, while they scorned the law. The barbarous successors of these well-bred tyrants filled this castle with a hundred fold the number of captives, and then butchered them in cold blood. Of the four or five gentlemen, who had accompanied us to *Fourviere*, two had been among the devoted victims of *Pierre Scise*, and escaped by a miracle; you scarcely meet with any middle-aged person in France who has not been shut up at least, if not in immediate danger of his life *.

The buildings about *Pierre Scise* are still closer packed than in the centre part of the town—stuck up against the rocks, some of them have a garden above the roof, and an entrance-door in the garret.

* After the death of Robespierre, (July, 1794,) there was at Lyons a violent re-action: some of the judges of the bloody tribunal might have been expected to fall under the hands of the exasperated friends and relatives of their victims. But the re-action went further; an association, calling itself *De Jesus*, sent about the country to look for *terrorists*, who were deliberately put to death without the form of a trial, and who might or might not be guilty of the crimes charged to them. Imitating the example of these same *terrorists*, they actually made another massacre of the prisons. All the prisoners of *Roanne*, sixty-eight in number, were slaughtered in cold blood by the pretended royalists.

The whole mountain of Fourvieres, like Mount Palatine at Rome, is honey-combed with aqueducts and subterranean remains of ancient baths and other buildings, as well as strewed over with mosaics, with medals, sepulchral lamps, *&c.*;—a convent, called the *Antiquailles*, now a mad-house, was built some centuries ago upon the foundation, and out of the materials of the palace where the Emperor Claude was born, and the church of Fourvieres stands in the *Forum Trajani*; not a house on the hill but was built with Roman materials, for this was the site of the Roman city of Lyons, and the present town between the two rivers is comparatively modern, yet it contains also many remains of antiquity. The church of Enay occupies the place of a temple of Augustus, and its walls exhibit abundant fragments of antiquities.

In the year 1793 the manufacturing population of Lyons sustained, behind its old walls, scarcely deserving the name of fortifications, a siege of two months against an army of one hundred thousand men. Reduced by famine, rather than the sword, the citizens opened their gates, and submitted to the clemency of the victor*, but the victor sent

* The Count de Precy, who commanded in the town, cut his way through on the morning of the surrender, (19th of October, 1793,) with less than one thousand followers, who most of them

them to feed the reeking sheers of the guillotine, which proving too slow an instrument of death, grape-shot was employed to mow them down *en masse*, on the other side of the Rhone, in a field marked by a ditch and a wooden cross. Many people were walking and playing bowls and nine-pins about the spot when we went to look at it, and it occurred to us, that most of the oldest had been actors in these tragedies; some as executioners, and others as intended victims, who had escaped with their lives.

There was a *regatta* on the Saône while we were at Lyons; a sort of tilting in boats, and the watermen carried flags inscribed with various most loyal devices such as the following:

Toujours pleins de zèle et de foi,
Toujours au champ d'honneur prêts à servir d'exemple,
Les nautonniers du port du Temple,
Savent être Soldats et mourir pour leur Roi!

Now it is not long since, that a man, well known in Europe, went through this town, and passed this very *Port du Temple*, on his way to Paris, with a handful of followers, for the express purpose of dethroning the king; no one dreamed of stopping

perished in the attempt. The author had a brother in this devoted troop, and his father perished on the ramparts the day before the surrender of Lyons.

him: the nautonniers du port du Temple did not stir: superficial observers might therefore suppose what they read on the flag to be an impudent lie—or ironical—neither the one nor the other—it is simply a poetical fiction! The day required, besides, a smart dress, white jacket and trowsers, with red and blue sashes, something of a dramatic attitude and language—these people are acting a certain part, as every one else doth here, that is all; they practise no deception, nobody believes what they say, and if any good royalist, taking them at their word, should come and propose to them to *die for their king* in good earnest, they would laugh at him for his folly, and justly too; for, speaking the language of the country, it would not be their fault if they were not understood. There are people, even in France, who indulge in jokes about French *girouettes*, *&c.*—that is, I think, scarcely fair, you might as well pretend to stigmatize Talma, or Mademoiselle Mars, with the name of *girouettes*, for not acting every night the same part, as our French politicians and philosophers for changing sides and principles from day to day. Some of them will tell you their principle is, that there are no principles, and I deem the declaration to be very honest.

The moral phenomenon observed at Paris during

the massacre in the prisons, of September, 1793, occurred again at Lyons; occasional caprices of humanity spared some of the devoted prisoners. Executioners were seen to leave their bloody work, in order to conduct home a rescued victim, and enjoy, even to tears, the meeting with their friends; then return whence they came, as furious as ever. These people were not precisely demons, but eminent tragedians, fully worked up to their part, and to an excess of good acting. Madame de Staël has remarked somewhere of the Italians, that *they abstain from nothing because they are seen, or do nothing because they are seen*—the aphorism just reversed would suit their neighbours admirably:—highly patriotic at the theatre, they scarcely have in reality any public spirit, nor would submit in secret to the smallest personal sacrifice for the good of the country. In thus openly denouncing this theatrical propensity of my countrymen, I intend doing them a service; but I am aware I am doing none to my book in France.

CHAMBERY, *August* 29.

We slept last night at Bourgoin; its great marsh, drained six years ago, is become an immense meadow of great value and beauty, surrounded with gentle hills well stocked with our favourite wal-

nut-trees, and with creditable farm-houses: farther south *Dauphiné* becomes highly picturesque; a continuation of the same agreeable landscape, enlivened by numerous springs, the surest test of a fine country, brought us to *Pont de Beauvoisin*, where, after some detention at the custom-house, we proceeded towards the celebrated passage of *Les Echelles:* a narrow but excellent road is carried, by a very gradual ascent, along the abrupt face of a mountain, and in many places cut into the rock, which overhangs the road on one side, while on the other it forms a precipice, guarded by a low wall, the total ascent does not exceed five or six hundred feet; an equal descent brought us to a valley, surrounded by creditable looking mountains, which might have appeared greater had we not so recently been among the Alps. The *Grande Chartreuse*, is situated in one of the wildest recesses of these mountains, south-east, towards Grenoble. The outlet of the valley, towards Savoy, was formerly by a natural cavern through the mountain, to attain the mouth of which the assistance of ladders was required, thence the name of *Les Echelles*. One hundred and forty-four years ago, the Duke of Savoy, Emanuel II., as the traveller is informed by a marble inscription on the spot, cut down the rocks into a hollow road, with perpendicular sides,

to a great depth; it is barely practicable for carriages, by the help of additional horses or oxen. A third passage was undertaken by Buonaparte through the mountain: the gallery, nine hundred feet long, twenty-five feet high, and as much broad, is complete, all but the outside road to it: the ascent is very easy; eighty miners worked at it night and day for three years—the view it affords, as through a huge tube, is very singular. This great work was put to a very characteristic use during the hundred days, being occupied as a military position by Marshal Suchet, to oppose the entrance of the Austrians. The road and the gallery were again encumbered with the original rocks tumbled down into their old places, and every thing was done to restore the former and the new passages to their wild state. The downfall of Buonaparte stopped short this work of destruction, and the road is again in a way of forwardness. I am sorry to say, however, that every individual Savoyard I spoke to on the subject regretted the change, and this for very cogent reasons. The *roulage* of Italy passed here; the labour of this and other roads employed a great number of inhabitants; the numerous French garrisons, and frequent passing of troops, introduced money into their poor country, and created a market for their produce, to which

must be added the present scarcity, attributed, however absurdly or wickedly, to the restoration.

About fifteen miles after passing *Les Echelles*, and just beyond the last post-house, situated in a delightful little valley, begins a mountain *éboulement*, which covers a couple of miles, over which the road passes. This accident happened about forty years ago. A stupendous waterfall of very great beauty detaches itself from that part of the mountain whence the *éboulement* took place, and may very probably have had some agency in it. Rousseau gave a very animated description of the scenery, about seventy years ago, and before the éboulement, of which he of course says nothing: his description still suits the present appearance.

Chambery is a small town, not old, not ugly, and rather clean, which is saying a great deal in a country where neither the works of man, nor man himself, are distinguished by outward advantages. That excellent work, called *Description Routière et Géographique de l'Empire François*, (l'Empire François, now reduced to a more convenient size, does not extend quite to Chambéry,) gives it nine or ten thousand inhabitants; judging from the quietness of the place, I should not have supposed more than half that number.

August 30.—Early this morning, we took a guide

to the Charmettes, the too famous retreat of Madame De Warens. It is really most beautiful, and answering strictly Rousseau's description. " Entre deux côteaux assez élevés," he says, " est un petit vallon nord et sud, au fond duquel coule une rigole, (a *rigole* is the channel for water to run in, but the rigole itself cannot be said to *couler*,) entre des cailloux et des arbres. Le long de ce vallon à mi-côté sont quelques maisons éparses, fort agréables pour quiconque aime un asile un peu sauvage et retiré. Après avoir essayé deux ou trois de ces maisons, nous choisimes enfin la plus jolie, appartenant à un gentilhomme, qui étoit au service de Mr. Nairet. La maison étoit très logeable, au devant un jardin en terrasse, une vigne au dessus, un verger au dessous, vis-à-vis un petit bois de chataigniers, une fontaine à portée: plus haut dans la Montagne des prés pour l'entretien du betail, enfin tout ce qu'il falloit pour le petit menage champêtre, que nous y voulions etablir: autant que je puis me rappeler le temps et les dates, nous en primes possession vers la fin de l'été 1736. J'étois transporté le premier jour que nous y couchames." Rousseau does not say enough of the rivulet, which runs along a hollow way, covered over with trees, with here and there a very fine glimpse of the prospect between the branches; he does not say enough of

the *petit bois de chataigners*, which hangs down the slope, where the house is built: it is very small; two rooms and a kitchen below (the kitchen a late addition), and three bed-rooms up stairs; the stone stairs very wide and massy. Madame de Warens' room and Rousseau's were adjoining. The garden is of course odious; the *vigne* above, and the *verger* below, scarcely less so. The following inscription, engraved on a stone in the wall, deserves to be mentioned:

Reduit, par Jean Jacques habité,
Tu me rappelles son génie,
Sa solitude, sa fierté,
Et ses malheurs, et sa folie.
A la gloire, à la vérité
Il osa consacrer sa vie,
Et fut toujours persecuté
Ou par lui meme, ou par l'envie.

That Rousseau really sought *truth* is now scarcely believed by any body, and even allowing for his madness, *Il est jugé, c'est un imposteur*. I was shocked to find that these lines, good as they certainly are, had been written there in 1792, by one of those wretches the Convention used to send to foreign countries, under the name of *Commissaires*, to organize evil in its worst shape.—Herault de Sechelles.

The hill, at the foot of which the house is built,

rises to the height of perhaps six or seven hundred feet above Chambery, affording a good view of its valley branching out towards Montmelleau on the south-east; the Echelles in the south-west, and the lake of Bourget north. The road to Geneva, in front, was lost behind a very picturesque mountain, the *Dent de Nivolet*. Every way, but mostly towards the lake of Bourget, this valley was adorned with a great number of respectable-looking residences, which may possibly be called *châteaux*, but which undoubtedly deserve the name of gentlemen's houses, peeping out of shady groves; and the country, in general, very woody, luxuriant and beautiful. The town of Chambery itself, although it did little to improve the view, did not spoil it; the slate roofs having a neat appearance. Conversing with our guide, a young fellow of eighteen, we found him, like all the rest, regretting the French. I put him in mind of the conscription: he said the militia was worse; that the young men, after serving all the summer in the militia, were sent back in winter to consume the resources of the paternal roof, lessened by their forced absence; a *dull, stupid service*, without profit or glory, *&c.* They all complain of the harshness of the officers sent by the Piedmontese government to rule over them.

Aix, *August* 31.

We came here yesterday, from Chambery, a distance of only twelve miles, through one of the most beautiful countries I ever saw. The road, which is level and excellent, runs along an elevated ridge, a sort of open grove of chestnut and walnut trees of fine growth, sloping down on both sides of us, towards valleys flanked with mountains; those on the left unfortunately hid the lake of Bourget. Behind, in a southern direction, towards Grenoble, snowy mountains of a very fine form, but the names of which have escaped me, appeared through the magnificent vista formed by the trees of the road. Aix itself has nothing to recommend it, but the warm baths, which we staid here to try. Taking a guide, we first set about the curiosities of the place, which, fortunately, did not prove numerous. These waters were frequented by the Romans, whose subterraneous constructions, for the purpose of bathing, steaming, *&c.*, have been partly discovered, but many more remain buried. What we saw was built of large bricks, faced with marble and other stones, bedded in very hard mortar, and in the usual style of ponderous solidity. The ruins have in some instances been transformed into wine-cellars, or put to viler

purposes. The modern baths, splendid in their appearance, are constructed for medical purposes only; that is, for the *douches*, and for steaming. A number of attendants, men and women, are always ready to offer their services to the patients of their sex, who are brought there in great numbers during the summer season, mostly for paralytic and rheumatic complaints, I believe. A stream of the hot spring is directed, by means of a tin leader, to the diseased limb, which is, besides, rubbed, kneaded or champooed, *secundem artem*, by three vigorous *Savoyards*, if the patient is a man, or five *Savoyardes*, if a woman, at the expense of thirty sous, French money. The same *champooing* takes place when the patient is steamed. The temperature of the spring is commonly 105° of Fahrenheit, (33° of Reaumur); sometimes more, and then it is not uncommon for the patient to faint away. We observed a horse under a spout, taking the *douche* on his rump, for lameness in his hind leg; he seemed to enjoy extremely the hot stream pouring upon him—tossed his head, but did not otherwise stir an inch, although not held by any body. There are not any conveniences at the springs for mere bathing. The water is brought to the houses of the town, awkwardly and laboriously, by men, who carry on their shoulders, by means of a stick, *a*

large tub, three of which fill a bath; the whole expense is thirty sous. The water must cool about two hours before you can get into the bath; the smell is that of Harrowgate water (gunpowder). There are some pleasantly situated boarding-houses, particularly the one where the Roman antiquities are.

The clamorous, restless and bustling manners of the common people of Aix, their antiquated and ragged dress, their diminutive stature and ill-favoured countenances, strongly recalled to my mind the population of France, such as I remember it formerly: for a considerable change has certainly taken place, in all such respects, between the years 1789 and 1815. The people of France are decidedly less noisy, and graver, better dressed, and cleaner; all this may be accounted for, but handsomer is not so readily understood *à priori*. It seems as if the hardships of war, having successively carried off all the weakly, those who survived have regenerated the species. The people have undoubtedly gained much by the Revolution on the score of property, and a little as to political institutions. They certainly seem conscious of some advantage attained, and to be proud of it—not properly civil liberty, which is little understood and not properly estimated, but a certain

coarse equality, asserted in small things, although not thought of in all the essentials of society. This new-born equality is very touchy, as if it felt yet insecure; thence a degree of rudeness in the common intercourse with the lower class, and, more or less, all classes, very different from the old proverbial French politeness. This disagreeable circumstance is, however, a good sign: pride is a step in moral improvement, from a very low state. These opinions, I am well aware, will not pass in France without animadversion, as it is not to be expected the same judgment will be formed of things under different circumstances. If my critics there will only go three or four thousand miles off, and stay away a quarter of a century, I dare say we shall agree better when we compare notes on their return.

GENEVA, *Sept.* 1.

From Aix the country continues extremely beautiful, and no less fertile. I do not remember a finer country any where than Savoy, yet the people appear wretchedly poor, without any apparent excess of population. The dislike to Geneva is universal; although they acknowledge, that in many of the neighbouring villages the inhabitants would have perished last winter, if they had not been

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assisted by humane persons from Geneva, who took the trouble to go and live among them, for several months, to superintend the making and distributing of economical soups, provided at their own expense. *They were*, they say, *afraid* for the safety of their town. The Genevois are *sang sues qui les mangent. Comment cela, vous prennent ils rien de force?—Oh! il faudroit bien voir cela! non, non, c'est tout par ruse; ils nous vendent tout au poids de l'or! Eh pourquoi achetez vous d'eux?—Ah, dames moi, je ne sais pas: c'est que nous sommes si bêtes, nous autres Savoyards!* Such is literally the sort of dialectic of these good people, and it is not peculiar to them. I have heard them say likewise, scornfully—*Cela n'est pas plus grand que ma poche, et pourtant si riche!* This last word solves at once the enigma of their dislike—the jealousy of superiority of all kinds.

The dialectic of ignorance, stimulated by envy, is by no means confined to Savoy. *Cela n'est pas plus grand que ma poche*, the people also said of the hated republic, *et pourtant si riche!*

Two of the three entrances of Geneva afford but an unfavourable view of it; shabby streets, ill built and ill paved; some of them overshadowed by certain awkward projections of the roofs, supported by slender wooden props, twelve or fifteen

feet from the houses, and running up to the height of four or five stories; a sort of burlesque on the arcades of Berne. Nothing can be more different from the tranquil majesty, cleanliness, and order of the latter town, than the bustling, vulgar, and dirty appearance of the *rues basses* of Geneva. The Rhone of a brighter blue than the heavens, and perfectly transparent, darts through the town with a swiftness which the eye can scarcely dwell upon.

The best entrance, and it is really fine, is that by which we came in this time from Savoy; a lawn of above thirty acres, surrounded with venerable forest-trees, spreads outside the walls, and when you have passed the gate, which is of good architecture, a row of excellent houses appears on the top of a stupendous terrace, which you reach by a gradual slope and a public walk, (la tréille) well shaded, and affording a noble prospect. A botanical garden, immediately under the eye, does not improve this prospect; but to the inhabitants it makes a happy diversion to the melancholy recollections, which the beautiful walk formerly there had otherwise brought to their mind, being the spot where executions took place during the short reign of terror imported from France, in 1794. Certain pretenders to liberty chose to erect on this spot an obelisk, eighty feet high, with a bust of

Rousseau on the top of it; but the real friends of that philosopher, unwilling to see the errors of genius assimilated to the excesses of brutal ignorance, have since pulled down the disgraceful monument.

In the summer season all Geneva is out of town, a taste for the country prevailing very generally, and the country residences of the inhabitants are much superior to those in the city. Most of them are shaded by horse chestnuts, which succeed better than most trees in the hungry gravel about this place. With the Alps above, and the lakes below, the view is necessarily fine from almost any spot. The first impression in regard to these numerous country-houses is, that they are too big for the ground they stand upon; built in a city-like taste, rather than rural or picturesque, most of them have a paved court, a walled garden, and terraces in the French or Italian taste, with rows of expiring exotics in their pots, as well as a Dutch Belvidere on the road-side, furnished with seats, of which I must say, to the credit of good taste, that the dust is not often wiped off. All this belongs to a wealthier but coarser age, gone by; no one would now build or plant so, but many submit to leave things as they are, and wear the laced coat of their grand-father, with the old-fashioned

and tawdry ornament still on it. This, however, applies to the smaller country residences; most of the larger ones are intended to be in the English taste. It seems an easy matter to do well in regard to gardens, for the first requisite is to do little. Good houses are few in Geneva, and although some of them are admirably situated, the rest of the town is either melancholy and dull, or mean and noisy. If the *liberal* party once obtained of the *legitimate* party access in and out of town all night, most of the nearest country-houses would be inhabited winter and summer. Three of our five letters of introduction have procured a friendly reception: our first acquaintances have led to others, and we have no reason to complain of Genevan hospitality. Elsewhere dinners are the current coin in which a debt of civility, contracted by a foreign introduction, is expected to be discharged, here *soirées;* but the circulation of the latter medium of exchange takes place in winter only; in this season Genevans are only visible in the country and individually, a better mode by far of seeing them. Walking does not seem to form any considerable part of female amusements. Genevan ladies are great readers and drawers; they are musical likewise, and attend methodically to their housekeeping and the education of their

children. We were struck with the plaintive gentleness of their tone of voice, and the modesty of their demeanour confirms their general reputation, for scandal is scarcely known here. Such is the first impression we have received respecting the best part of the Genevan world; pious, well-informed, good mothers of families; the valuable qualities of Genevan ladies are undisputed; but it is asserted that the result of all is a considerable degree of pedantry, want of ease, and warmth, except for their immediate friends. Disposed as I might have been to believe in these charges, I do not, on trial, find them supported; and my verdict, if called for, would be *not guilty*. There are not many Parisiennes now-a-days, who, without being *femmes savantes*, have not about as much learning as the *femmes savantes* of Molière. In Mrs. Montague's time, the London ladies of her society, denominated blue stocking, might probably have hesitated about attending the lectures of the British Institution, and taking notes, although ladies now are not deemed blue for doing both; and fifty years hence, those now obnoxious to the name would be lost in the crowd of still deeper-read ladies. It is all a matter of comparison.

Somebody has said, that he did not object to blue stockings, *provided the petticoats were but long*

enough; and that is, in fact, the main point. When learning is generally diffused, and good morals quite common, both prudery and pedantry are necessarily out of the question, for we cannot be said to affect the qualities we really possess, and we are not proud of advantages every body enjoys. I think there is here very little affectation of wit or smartness in conversation, which is much in favour of the state of society, for of all sorts of pretensions, this is the most unfortunate for him who has it, as well as for those who must endure it. But pretensions to learning having something positive for their object, are easily brought to the test. No one can long be mistaken himself as to his own qualifications, or long expect to impose on others; these people, therefore, in confining their pursuits or conversation very much to positive knowledge, run much less risk of being ridiculous and offensive than their neighbours. Among the very many men of letters Geneva has produced, it is remarkable enough there scarcely is, I do not say a poet, but a versifier; for assuredly, if the lively and strong delineation of feelings and of facts, and the art of awakening in others the dormant faculties of the mind be poetry, few countries can boast of greater poets than J. J. Rousseau and Madame de Staël.

Undoubtedly the mother of a family, devoted to her husband and her children, may have less sensibility to spare for the people of her society; but they may, in their turn, seek a compensation where she finds hers, and suffer her to remain a living contradiction of the witty, but false, aphorism, that in this world pleasures are all either unwholesome or sinful.

The morals of Geneva, during the last half of the eighteenth century, were not by any means so unobjectionable, although purer than in most other parts of Europe; luxury and idleness exerting their usual influence, the universal relaxation had gained ground; but the French Revolution coming towards the latter end of this wicked age, swept away together vices and virtues, property and life *. Half a century will be necessary to rebuild Genevan fortunes; adversity in the mean time, and serious cares, have restored the national character, not assuredly to calvinistical austerity, but to simplicity, solidity, and a preference of domestic enjoyments over all others. I have occa-

* The city of Geneva had, before the Revolution, seventeen millions a year in the French Funds, of which about twelve on their own account. They have lost the two-thirds (eight millions), which is about three hundred and fifty francs a-year to each individual throughout the whole population; those who had the income spending it, of course, among those who had not.

sionally heard music executed with that facility which marks great practice; drawing is very generally cultivated, and you meet with these accomplishments in families, where, from all circumstances, you might wonder there should be found time to acquire them; this is explained, when you remark how few women above the lower ranks are seen about the streets, or any where but at home, except a few hours at night; there are no morning visits at all.

On the subject of accomplishments the following anecdote deserves mentioning:—Mr. de Candole, Professor of Botany, at Geneva, but whose reputation is European, made use, in a course of lectures, of a very valuable collection of drawings of American plants, intrusted to him by a celebrated Spanish botanist, Mr. Mosino, who having occasion for this collection sooner than was expected, sent for it back again. Mr. de C. having communicated the circumstances to his audience, with the expression of his regrets; some ladies, who attended the lectures, offered to copy, with the aid of their friends, the whole collection in a week, and the task was actually performed. The drawings, eight hundred and sixty in number, and filling thirteen folio volumes, were executed by one hundred and fourteen female artists; one, in-

deed, of the ladies alone did forty of them. In most cases the principal parts only of each plant are coloured, the rest only traced with accuracy; the execution, in general, very good, and in some instances quite masterly. There is not, perhaps, another town of twenty-three thousand souls, where such a number of female artists, the greater part of course amateurs, could be found. Notwithstanding the wide dispersion of the drawings, there were not any lost, and one of them having been accidentally dropt in the street, and picked up by a girl, ten years old, was returned to Mr. de Candole, copied by the child, and is no disparagement to the collection. On another occasion, several drawings were carried to a wrong house, but there too they found artists able and willing to do their part. This taste for the arts and for knowledge in general, is universal. I noticed a very good drawing at a watchmaker's; *that is my sister's!* the man said. Old Spon lay on the table, *his wife was reading it.* St. Ours and de la Rive, both dead some years, were painters of the first order. There is at the *Musée des Arts* a large picture of the former, representing a family flying from an earthquake, admirable in every respect. Mr. de la Rive was an excellent landscape painter, in the style of Ruysdale;

Mr. Töpfer, a living artist, is the Hogarth of Geneva, and would rival Wilkie, if he *caricatured* less and knew how to be pathetic sometimes. It would be difficult to find portrait painters comparable to those of which Geneva can boast, and if I do not name any of them, it is because I cannot name them all.

Geneva suffered under the most cruel despotism, during several centuries a prey to all the vices usually generated by slavery, and to which the Reformation proved a complete cure; but the blessings of pure morals, and a free government, as well as the glory of being the metropolis of the Reformed Church, were purchased at the expense of the most rigorous nc itiate under Calvin. Political disturbances resulting from an ill balanced constitution, made the little republic, during the greatest part of last century a scandal to all Europe, most gratifying to the friends of arbitrary power. The political explosion in France, in 1789, could not fail being felt. At Geneva the reign of terror was established in 1794, and four years after, the Republic was swallowed up by France, and remained unwillingly united till the downfall of Buonaparte. The Genevans silently bore an unavoidable yoke, but their will was not subdued, and the officers of the conquering govern-

ment, treated with cold civility, never were admitted to any degree of intimacy; there always was a complete separation between them and their masters. The penance lasted fifteen years, and was not without its use, having afforded time for factions to cool, and old quarrels to be forgotten. Turning over a new leaf, they now begin the Republic anew, and it will be some time before parties acquire the same degree of violence as heretofore. There is on one side, as in France, a perverse disposition to reinstate the old abuses in hatred of the Revolution; and a determination no less perverse on the other side, to reject every thing that is not new. The just abhorrence of the excesses of the Revolution is unjustly transferred to those wholesome principles which served as a pretence to the perpetrators of horrid crimes, and which suffer for having kept such bad company. This spirit is shewn in trifles, as well as in things of importance; the hour at which the gates of the town are to be closed at night is the subject of angry debates, and because it might have been very proper to shut them carefully in former times, the practice is still continued now, when there can be no earthly reason for it. The two parties do not agree better about the walls of the town than its gates; but the question of

the fortification, being of rather more importance, will be treated elsewhere. In the mean time, from the decaying state of these works, it may be, ere long, decided for them, by their opportunely tumbling down. These disputes, I must say, however, are so little violent, that I should not have known of their existence, if I had not been told by Genevans themselves.

The insignificance of Geneva as a power, notorious to its inhabitants, keeps down in some degree those extravagant notions of national importance, which prevail in other countries, and are disgusting to those who do not partake of them. Thus, the subjection of the Republic was felt as the plague or an earthquake might be—a public calamity, not an insult to be resented. The events of the Revolution, already become historical, are mentioned without violence; and those even who were actors in scenes of blood, the more known from their having been few, live unmolested, and are nearly forgotten. One of them, unable to forget himself, and bear any longer the torments of remorse, has been heard, of late years, calling out in the dead of the night on the divine vengeance, or for signal punishment, which is less dreadful to him in idea, than what his own conscience is apparently inflicting.

Scarcely settled quietly, and again masters at home, after their temporary subjection, the Genevans see their internal peace threatened by religious controversy. Two enthusiasts, *amateurs de theologie*, en tournée de proselitisme*, as they have been designated here, having established themselves at their very gates, addressed them nearly to this effect: "Although the territorial extent of Geneva be small, its literary and religious influence is great; and it may, with the help of Providence, contribute to the moral restoration of nations, tainted with scepticism, incredulity, and superstition. Let the Divine Word be preached here in its purity and integrity, as a mark of gratitude to the Divine Author of the late

* The author has no personal acquaintance with these gentlemen, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Haldane, and he knows that most of their opponents respect the motives of their conduct, and admire their zeal, mistaken as they think it. They pretend, however, that one of them, checked in a late attempt to propagate his opinions in Italy, threatened the Pope's government with the parliamentary influence of his friends, which, in the Catholic question, might be used for or against emancipation, according as his mission was well or ill received at Rome. It is well for the Genevans they have already got Versoix from France, Carouge from Savoye, and their canon from Austria; otherwise they might also hear of the parliamentary influence of this gentleman's friends.

deliverance. Let light succeed to darkness, and the empire of God to the power of evil."

These missionaries have not spoken in vain, and their liberality to the poor, in these times of unusual distress, adds considerable weight to the doctrines they preach. So far as I am acquainted with these doctrines, through their adversaries, they seem to place faith before works: sinful man is to await, in his unworthiness, the voice of Providence, or a certain inward call, which he neither can hasten nor prevent, and which is to work his salvation, independently of any efforts of his own, alike unavailing and presumptuous. Prayer and faith are his only means of salvation. He who believes is safe, however vicious he may be*;

* The Separatists from the Church of Geneva do not exactly admit the opinions attributed to foreign Methodists. Their profession of faith, as I understand it, is as follows: "They believe that man, created pure, has fallen by his own fault; that his nature being entirely corrupted, his mind blinded, his heart depraved, the slave of sin, he knows not, by his own means, how to approach God; yet has no other power of doing good, but through Him alone. They believe, that since the fall of Adam, his posterity is tainted with this corruption, or original sin, and hereditary wickedness, which is sufficient for the condemnation of the whole human race. They believe, that God exempts from this general condemnation those alone, whom, in his inscrutable will, he has elected in our Lord Jesus Christ, without respect to

without belief, his virtues avail him not; and this belief can only be the result of supernatural inspiration, or, as it were, the last effort of despair. But for the faculty of praying, which the Methodists seem to acknowledge to be free, since they recommend the exercise of it so strongly, their doctrine

their actions; they believe, also, that the elect are made participators of the justice of Jesus Christ, by faith alone; that they are enlightened in faith by the inward and spiritual grace of the Holy Ghost, with which God favours such as please him, and that they receive by faith the grace of holy living; faith necessarily producing good works, whence they say, "Faith is before works; but that faith *without* works would be a contradiction." They add, that this belief, being that of the ancient church of Geneva, of the Lutherans as well as of Calvinists, of the Episcopalians as well as of English Nonconformists, they might retort upon their adversaries the epithet of Separatists. That, moreover, it does not belong to philosophy to reprove the hopeless rigour of their principles, since it has itself acknowledged the impossibility of human reason comprehending the doctrines of free will, and since the predestination of Calvin is fully as philosophical as it is christian. These speculative questions, they also add, do not prevent the Christian, any more than the philosopher, from recommending the practice of virtue, laying aside the determining causes, which both the one and the other suppose, in practice, within us; although, in theory, they assume them to be without us: the philosopher, however, looking for these outward causes in this world, and the Christian beyond this world.

All this controversy is, in truth, only a renewal of the old disputes between Pelagius and St. Augustine; one of whom ascribed to human reason the main agency in the work of salvation, and the other to divine grace.

would be that of pure and simple fatalism; their man would be a machine, if they did not leave him his voice to call for help.

These opinions appearing, to the ministers of the Church of Geneva, erroneous in principle and immoral in their tendency, they expostulated with those by whom they were promulgated, and, I believe, applied to the magistrates to have them removed. The accusation of Arianism and Socinianism, to which these ministers have often been exposed, since the insidious compliment which D'Alembert paid them in the Encyclopedia, in 1758, has been renewed upon the present occasion. Their enemies accuse them of having purposely perverted the sense of the sacred writings, in the edition of the Bible which they published in 1805, in order to make it agree with their Socinian doctrines*; instead of retaining the version adopted

* Among other variations, they cite the following: "We read in the epistle of St. Peter, in the old editions, "A ceux qui ont eu en partage une foi d'un aussi grand prix que la notre par la justice de *notre Dieu* et *Sauveur* Jésus Christ." But the new edition of 1805 avoids the assertion of the Divinity of Christ, by thus translating it: "Par la justice de *notre Dieu* et de *notre* Sauveur." On the fairness of the charge, which turns on the correctness of the translation, it is, probably, enough to say, that the English version, one which is most esteemed among the Protestants, as well as those of Ostervald Beausobre, in French, agree with the late Genevan version: and further, that many passages respecting the

by the Church of Geneva in the time of Calvin. Not satisfied, it is still farther said, with this dereliction of former principles, they require from their young ministers, that they will follow the same course: thus violating* the fundamental regulations of their church, to which they had subscribed.

Divinity of Christ have been retained, even those whose authenticity has been suspected; 1 Tim. iii. 16, and 1 John, v. 7.

* According to the church regulations of the 1st of June, 1725, the moderator enjoined to those whom he received into the holy ministry, not to discuss from the pulpit those points which might tend to disturb the peace of the church; but at the same time he dictated to them the following engagement. "You promise to hold the doctrine of the holy prophets and apostles, such as is contained in the sacred books of the Old and New Testaments, and of which doctrine we have a summary in our catechism."

But then, the catechism, which is that of Calvin, enters without reserve upon those very points which the young minister is to avoid. Hence the enemies of the Church of Geneva have taken occasion to say, that the ministers obeyed an intimation, and broke a positive engagement. Their reply is, that for many years they have suppressed the following words, "*of which doctrine we have a summary in our catechism;*" therefore, may now, with perfect propriety, recommend not to treat from the pulpit, *expresso* and polemically, any mysterious points upon which they are not agreed, as the discussion might disturb the peace of the church and lessen its dignity. The Genevans do not impose the profession of Calvin, or that of any other person; nor can Protestants arrogate to themselves an authority, which they refuse to the Romish church. This would be, to have a Pope, and, what

„ Rousseau, after having taken upon himself the defence of the pastors of Geneva, in his celebrated letter to D'Alembert, aimed a terrible blow at them in his Letters from the Mountain. "On demande," he says, " aux ministres de l'Eglise de Génève, si Jésus Christ est Dieu? Ils n'osent répondre. Un philosophe jette sur eux un rapide coup-d'œuil. Il les pénêtre, il les voit Ariens, Sociniens, Déistes, il le dit et pense leur faire honneur! Aussitôt alarmés, effrayés, ils s'assemblent, ils discutent, ils s'agitent, ils ne savant à quel saint se vouer, et après force consultations, déliberations, conférences, le tout aboutit à un amphigouri! Où l'on ne dit ni oui ni non. Oh Génevois! ce sont en vérité de singulières gens que Messeurs vos Ministres! On ne sait ce qu'ils croyent, ou ce qu'ils ne croyent pas. On ne sait même pas ce qu'ils font

is worse, a dead Pope, who never could alter his opinion. Paley, in speaking of the celebrated thirty-nine Articles, has somewhere said, that they were *Articles of Peace*, rather than *Articles of Faith*. With at least as much reason this might be said of the *regulations* of Geneva. In the mean time, it would be better to abstain from any profession of faith, even a negative one. A unity of doctrine in the same church may be necessary; but Protestants have no right to prevent separate churches from being established: for they also were Separatists, not only at the time of the Reformation, but also when, in the last century, they abandoned the rigorous principles of Calvin, and *reformed the Reformation itself*.

semblant de croire, leur seule manière d'établir leur foi, est d'attaquer celle des autres.

Whatever may have been the reply of the pastors of those days, that which they make at present is clear and decided. "The evangelical church of Geneva," they say, "acknowledges no other guide for its rule of faith than the sacred writings themselves, and positively rejects every human interpretation, simply advising its ministers to avoid the discussion of certain dogmas, or doctrines, which have been the cause of endless disputes ever since the fourth century. The dogmas in question are the nature and divinity of Jesus Christ, and the unity of the Father and the Son; grace; predestination; original sin. When they mention these subjects in their sermons, they confine themselves to simply citing the text of Scripture without the least commentary. All the ministers, except one, have conformed themselves to this regulation." Those readers who are versed in the ecclesiastical history of the times of Arius and Athanasius, of the Councils of Nice, of Syrmium, Constantinople, Carthage, *&c. &c.*, as well as in the history of the Reformation, know what storms the discussion of these points have given rise to. These are the very disputes which it is attempted to renew, and which the Genevan ministers wish to decline, after fourteen centuries of fruitless debate.

"It does not appear," they say, "that Jesus Christ, or his disciples, ever examined those whom they baptized upon the tenets in question; the precise interpretation of them is not essential to our moral conduct, nor indispensable to us as Christians; in short, if we must yield to any human interpretations, we shall find English theologians to oppose to these same English missionaries, who pretend to dictate a creed to us. Paley, Locke, Clarke, Lardner, and many others, do not hold the same opinions as they do."

The ministers of the church of Geneva state as explicitly what they undertake to teach, as what they do not. The dogmas which they are not averse to discussing from the pulpit are those of divine providence, of the resurrection from the dead, of the last judgment, and of a future state. They teach that Jesus Christ is the promised Messiah, and the Redeemer of mankind; they explain the terms and conditions of this redemption; they insist upon the insufficiency of human reason, and upon the necessity of a divine revelation; at the same time they lay before their readers the natural evidences of the existence of a Supreme Being, as well as the revealed proofs, both derived from the same source. They think that none of the avenues to the human heart and understanding should be neglected, and

that the great object and end of theology is to make revealed religion accord with natural religion.

I think I perceive, in the generation now coming forward, a disposition the reverse of the *esprit fort* so prevalent in the last century, when a sneer was deemed an argument, and when indiscriminate contempt for all that men had been accustomed to believe and revere, having become the test of a superior understanding, the weak and the vain all set up for free-thinkers and for rakes, which is an affectation fully as base as hypocrisy in morality and religion, and decidedly more ridiculous; a consideration well worthy the serious notice of those who so much dread being laughed at.

The people of Geneva are generally well disposed in favour of the English, the religion they profess, the government under which they live, the moral habits peculiar to their respective countries, present many points of contact and pledges of union; to all which, we may add, that they are not immediate neighbours—a necessary condition, it seems, to friendly feelings between nations.

Formerly a great number of English received a part of their education at Geneva, and formed connexions of friendship which lasted their whole lives. Many more Genevans went over to England in pursuit of wealth or science; most people of education

amongst them understood English. "*Les Genevois*," said Buonaparte, who did not like them, *parlent trop bien Anglois pour moi!*

Who would not have supposed that when, after a separation of twenty or twenty-five years, the English again appeared among the Genevans, they would have been the best friends in the world? yet it is not so. English travellers swarm here, as everywhere else; but they do not mix with the society of the country more than they do elsewhere, and seem to like it even less. The people of Geneva, on the other hand, say, "their former friends, the English, are so changed they scarcely know them again. They used to be a plain downright race, in whom a certain degree of *sauvagerie* (oddity and shyness) only served to set off the advantages of a highly-cultivated understanding, of a liberal mind, and generous temper, which characterized them in general: their young men were often rather wild, but soon reformed, and became like their fathers. Instead of this we see (they say) a mixed assemblage, of whom lamentably few possess any of those qualities we were wont to admire in their predecessors; their former shyness and reserve is changed to disdain and rudeness. If you seek these modern English they keep aloof, do not mix in conversation, and seem to laugh at you; their conduct, still more

strange and unaccountable, in regard to each other, is indicative of contempt or suspicion: studiously avoiding to exchange a word, one would suppose they expect to find an adventurer in every individual of their own country not particularly introduced, or at best a person beneath them. You cannot vex or displease them more than by inviting others to meet them whom they may be compelled to acknowledge afterwards. If they do not find a crowd they are tired; if you speak of the old English you formerly knew, that was before the Flood; if you talk of books, it is pedantry, and they yawn; of politics, they run wild about Buonaparte*! Dancing is the only thing which is sure to please them; at the sound of the fiddle, the thinking nation starts up at once; their young people are adepts in the art, and take pains to become so, spending half their time with the dancing-master—you may know the houses where they live by the scraping of the fiddle, and shaking of the floor, which disturb their neighbours. Few bring letters, they complain they are neglected by the good company, and cheated by inn-keepers. The latter, accustomed to the *Milords Anglais* of former times, or at least having heard of them, think they may charge accordingly, but only find *des Anglais pour rire*, who bargain at

* This was four years ago—Buonaparte is no longer the idol.

the door, before they venture to come in, for the leg of mutton and bottle of wine, on which they mean to dine. Placed as I am between the two parties, I hear young Englishmen repeat what they have heard in France, that the Genevans are cold, selfish, and interested, and their women *des precieuses ridicules*, the very milliners and mantua-makers giving themselves airs of modesty and deep reading! that there is no opera, nor *theatre des Variétés;* in short, that Geneva is the dullest place in the world. Some say it is but a bad copy of England, a sham republic, and a scientific, no less than a political, counterfeit. In short, the friends of Geneva, among our modern English travellers, are not numerous, but they are select. These last distinguished themselves during the late hard winter by their bounty to the poor—not the poor of Geneva, who were sufficiently assisted by their richer countrymen, but those of Savoy, who were literally starving. If English travellers no longer appear in the same light as formerly, it is because they are not the same class of people who go abroad, but all classes, and not the best of all classes either. They know it, and say it themselves, they feel the ridicule of their multitude, and of their conduct; they are ashamed and provoked; describe it with the most pointed irony, and tell many a humorous story against them-

selves. Formerly the travelling class was composed of young men of good family and fortune, just of age, who after leaving the university went the tour of the continent under the guidance of a learned tutor, often a very distinguished man, or of men of the same class, at a more advanced age, with their families, who, after many years spent in professional duties at home, come to visit again the countries they had seen in their youth, and the friends they had known there. When no Englishman left his country either to seek his fortune, to save money, or to hide himself; when travellers of that nation were all very rich, or very learned; of high birth, yet liberal principles; unbounded in their generosity, and with means equal to the inclination; their high standing in the world might well be accounted for, and it is a great pity they should have lost it. Were I an Englishman, I would not set out on my travels until the fashion were over.

GENEVA, *July*, 1818.

Just returned from a tour into Italy, we are for the present settled on the least frequented side of the lake, where, to the heat and dust of the high roads of Italy; to the tumultuous clamour and the rags of the people; to the dirt of the houses, and the swarm of noisome insects in them; to galled post-

horses, and frightful beggars, living on the disgust they create; to tyranny, in fine, and to the Carbonari, have all at once succeeded profound repose, cleanliness, and good order. The lake, clear and cool, gently breaks on a pebbly shore. The people are decent, well-informed, and moral; their industry is rewarded by a competent share of comforts, and squalid poverty nowhere offends the eye, except among a few straggling beggars from Savoy. The difference of political institutions is undoubtedly the cause of this striking dissimilarity in the contiguous populations of Italy and Switzerland. A constitutional form of government may be liable to inconveniencies, but, to the scandal of its twelve revolutions in a century, Geneva may safely oppose the fact of its present prosperity, its mental cultivation, its morality; and ask, whether those who indulge in the reflection have any thing comparable to shew at home.

We had to-day a *fête navale* on our lake. Early in the morning the Genevan fleet came out of the harbour with colours flying, and drew up from shore to shore. It appeared composed of two line of battle ships, and a number of smaller vessels!—Cannon roared on the peaceful waters, and while echo repeated the sound, another flash, and another, with thick columns of smoke, announced the re-

peated broadsides before the sound came on the ear. As there was not a breath of wind, it took an hour before the triumphant navy of the Republic could come up to us; which it did by punting along, this extremity of the lake being shallow. The awkward *manœuvre* was performed by means of a sort of gangway fore and aft outside the vessels, along which the men walked to and fro. The Genevan squadron did not gain by a near view, being composed of square vessels, clumsily constructed of rough boards. The numerous company on board, no doubt all of senatorial rank, had sat down to a *dejéúné a la fourchette*, for we could hear the clatter of knives and forks; and the commoners in boats, plying about, might enjoy the fragrance of venison pies, *truites du bleu*, and *brochets marines*. Half a league higher up, their *seigneuries* landed, and spent the day in the warlike amusement of firing at a mark with rifles. Towards evening the squadron got under way again, to return by the other side of the lake; and taking a boat we went over ourselves to see the shore. The assemblage of boats was immense; various bands were playing at the same moment different pieces of music; and as night came on, the explosion of sky-rockets and discharge of cannon completed the glorious discordance of joyful sounds. Soon the shore pre-

sented an uninterrupted sheet of fire, and the unruffled surface of the water reflected every *gerbe* and *moulinet*, every *soleil* and *fusée*, in irruption among the trees. Broad daylight is not favourable to beauty of any sort, and the appearance of the Genevan navy was much improved. The masts and rigging, the flying colours, the crew dressed in white, the motley crowd on deck, borrowed wonderful dignity and consequence from momentary gleams of red light thrown upon them at every discharge of cannon and explosion of fire-works on shore.

Amid the exclamations of innocent joy, the cry of *Vive Buonaparte! Vive l'Empereur!* was heard three different times very distinctly. But this bold push of some worthy person to create a disturbance among the floating crowd of spectators, in hopes of a favourable opportunity of picking a few of their pockets, did not succeed.

The Swiss have just revived a custom, dropt during the last anxious period of revolution—that of an annual meeting of their learned men, principally naturalists, in each of the cantons successively. The object, moral and political, as well as scientific, is to bring together, during three days, distinguished men of the different parts of the union, who otherwise would have remained per-

sonally unknown to each other their whole lives, and give them an opportunity of becoming acquainted at the convivial board, as well as on the academic floor. It was this year the turn of the Canton-de-Vaud, and Mons. de B— had the goodness to take me with him to Lausanne, where I was introduced, unworthy as I am, to this assembly of the *Plinies* of Helvetia. I doubt whether the things learnt at such meetings are worth the trouble of attending them. It appears certain much more real business might be done at home, or at a quiet meeting of two or three people held for a special purpose: yet what may be deemed ostentatious and vain in itself, is nevertheless attended with solid advantages; and although little is taught, a wish to learn is imparted.

The assembly was held the 27th, 28th, and 29th, in the hall of the college, in the upper part of the town of Lausanne, from whence there is a magnificent view. The President opened the meeting by a review of the transactions of the society; various communications were then announced, and memoirs read by their authors, or extemporary explanations given, either in German or French, and sometimes in both languages. Two different accounts of the inundation of Bagne excited much interest; a picturesque one first, the

other didactic, and relating simply to facts, for the explanation of which a model in clay had been prepared, and as the extraordinary accident alluded to may not be remembered out of Switzerland, I shall give a short account of it. The valley of Bagne, long, narrow, unequal in breadth, and confined by high mountains, is situated in the Canton of Valais, on the left side of the Rhone; and it is remarked of the simple and industrious race who inhabit it, that for a century past there has not been a punishable crime committed among them, nor even a law-suit. The torrent of the Dranse, issuing from the glacier of Chermentane, at the upper extremity of this valley, forms one of the outlets of that series of glaciers, forty leagues in length, which extend from Mount Blanc to the sources of the Rhone; almost dry in winter, it becomes swoln during the spring, by the melting of the snow. The people of the valley surprised to see it always so low during the month of April last, and suspecting something extraordinary, ascended to its source, and found that an unusual quantity of ice, fallen from the Glacier of Getroz on Mount Pleureur, blocked up the valley, and that the waters of the Dranse, accumulated behind this dyke, already formed a large lake. Upon their report the

alarm was spread, not only throughout the Canton of Valais, but even in Italy; travellers feared to take the route of the Simplon; being aware, that when the ice gave way there would be a sudden inundation, which would overflow the whole country. The government sent an engineer, who found that the dyke across the valley was six or seven hundred feet in length, four hundred feet high, and three thousand feet broad at its base; the lake was seven thousand two hundred feet in length, and six hundred in breadth, and had already risen to half the height of the dyke, that is, to two hundred feet. He decided upon opening a gallery through the ice, beginning fifty-four feet above the actual level, to give himself time to finish the work before the lake rose up to it, its daily increase being from four to five feet, according to the temperature. On the 11th of May he began to work at the two extremities of the gallery, fifty men relieving each other alternately, laboured night and day, in continual danger of being buried alive in their gallery by some of the avalanches, which fell at short intervals; several were wounded by pieces of ice, others had their feet frozen, and the ice was so hard as to break their tools. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, the work advanced rapidly. On the 27th of May, a large

portion of the dyke rose upwards, with such a frightful noise, that the workmen believed the whole was giving way, and fled precipitately, but soon returned to their labour. This accident happened several times afterwards, some of the floating pieces of ice, to judge from their height out of the water, must have been seventy feet thick beneath the surface. The 4th of June the gallery, six hundred and eight feet long, was completed, but as it was twenty feet higher in the middle it was necessary still to level it. The weather had been very cold, and the lake had not yet reached the height of the gallery; the labourers continued, therefore, lowering it till the 13th, when, towards ten at night, the water began to flow through. The lake continued to rise during several hours, but the next day, at five o'clock in the evening, it had fallen one foot; the morning of the 15th, ten feet; the 16th, thirty feet. At two o'clock, on that day, the length of the lake was diminished one thousand nine hundred and fifty feet, for the gallery wearing down as fast as the lake lowered, the water ran freely, but without the Dranse overflowing, and a very few days would have sufficed to drain this great reservoir; loud explosions, however, announced that large masses of ice were loosened from the dyke by

their specific lightness, diminishing its thickness towards the lake, while the current, as it flowed from the gallery, wore away this same barrier on the opposite side, and threatened a sudden rupture. The danger increasing, the engineer sent, from time to time, to warn the inhabitants to be on their guard. As the water began to make its way under the ice, the crisis appeared inevitable, and not far distant; at half past four in the evening a terrible explosion announced the breaking up of the dyke, and the waters of the lake rushing through, all at once formed a torrent, one hundred feet in depth, which traversed the first eighteen miles in the space of forty minutes, carrying away one hundred and thirty *chalets*, a whole forest, and an immense quantity of earth and stone. When it reached Bagne, the ruins of all description carried along with it, formed a moving mountain, three hundred feet high, from which a column of thick vapour arose, like the smoke of a great fire. An English traveller, accompanied by a young artist, Mr. P. of Lausanne, and a guide, had been visiting the works, and on his return was approaching Bagne, when turning round by chance, he saw the frightful object just described coming down, the distant noise of which had been lost in the nearer roar of the Dranse; he clapt

spurs to his horse to warn his compañion, as well as three other travellers who had joined them; all dismounting, scrambled up the mountain precipitately, and arrived in safety beyond the reach of the deluge, which, in an instant, filled the valley beneath; however Mr. P. was no longer to be found; during several hours they believed him lost, but they learned afterwards that his restive mule, turning at the sight of an uprooted tree, perceived all at once a still more threatening sight, and dashing at once up the mountain, had carried him beyond the reach of danger. From Bagne the inundation reached Martigny, four leagues, in fifty minutes, bearing away in that space thirty-five houses, eight windmills, ninety-five barns, but only nine persons, and very few cattle; most of the inhabitants having been on their guard. The village of Beauvernier was saved by a projecting rock, which diverted the torrent, it was seen passing like an arrow by the side of the village, without touching it, though much higher than the roofs of the houses. The fragments of rocks and stones deposited before reaching Martigny, entirely covered a vast extent of meadows and fields. Here it was divided, but eighty buildings of this town were destroyed, and many were injured; the streets were filled with trees and rub-

bish, but only thirty-four persons appear to have lost their lives at Martigny, the inhabitants having retired to the mountains. Below Martigny the inundation spreading wide, deposited a quantity of slime and mud, so considerable, as it is hoped, will redeem an extensive swamp. The Rhone received it by degrees, and at different points, without overflowing, till it reached the Lake of Geneva at eleven o'clock at night, and was lost in its vast expanse, having gone over eighteen Swiss leagues in six hours and a half, with a gradually retarded movement. The bridges having been carried away, all intercourse was interrupted during several days between the inhabitants of the opposite banks of the Dranse, whose only means of conveying intelligence of their misfortunes to one another, was by throwing letters fastened to stones. This is not the first accident of the kind; there are traces of others, and one is supposed to have taken place in the year 1595, a beam in the ceiling of a house at Martigny, bears the following initial inscription:—M. O. F. F. 1595, L Q B F I P L G D G, of which the following ingenious explanation was given:—Maurice olliot fit faire, 1595, lorsque bagne fut inondé par le Glacier de Getroz.

It is somewhat remarkable that an old man, ninety-two years of age, saved himself by ascend-

ing a mound, supposed to have been formed by the former inundation, the present one pursued him to the summit, where he maintained himself by the aid of a tree, which was not carried away.

Mr. Escher calculated at eight hundred millions of cubic feet the mass of water at the moment it began to escape by the gallery. This mass was reduced to five hundred and thirty millions the three following days, and the level of the lake lowered forty-five feet. If the gallery had not been made, the lake would, on the contrary, have risen fifty feet higher, and the mass of water would then have been one thousand seven hundred and fifty millions of cubic feet; at the moment of flowing over the dyke, instead of nine hundred and thirty millions, to which it was reduced when it began to pass through the gallery, and would have extended its ravages to the whole of the lower Valais.

The dyke is not entirely destroyed, and but for the gap would be entire; therefore, if next winter should be severe, or even not extremely mild, this gap filling up again, the same accident might be renewed. The engineer proposes to pierce a gallery through the rock at the foot of the mountain, opposite the glacier, beginning somewhat above the reach of avalanches, and finishing below it, so that the entrance and the exit of the waters of the Dranse

may not be shut. It appears to me that this operation requiring several years, a canal of wood or stone, constructed under ground, at the place left bare, through the dyke, by the last accident, would immediately accomplish the object, and at a comparatively trifling expense.

A learned professor of the academy of Geneva, just returned from England, gave us an account of several late improvements in machinery, and application of the steam-engine to new purposes, very ingenious in themselves, and tending to increase the produce of manufactures, but, as he told us, pernicious in their consequences. Switzerland being now a manufacturing country, the assertion could not fail of exciting much interest, and the meeting seemed to expect the learned professor would explain himself, which, however, he did not. It would be superfluous to show, that almost nothing is done without the assistance of machines: from the sewing needle to the magnetic needle, from the wheelbarrow to the steam-engine, scarcely any manual operation, without a tool, or, in other words, a machine; and before the simplest had been invented, it were difficult to say how man could exist. No leisure, of course, and therefore no cultivation of mind, without machines; certainly, no learned professors, and the members of

this polite meeting might have gone to loggerheads for the trout on their table, had it been possible to catch a fish without hook, line, or net. Should we ever see shoes and stockings, shirts and suits of clothes, drop ready-made from a machine, in as great abundance as leaves from the trees in autumn, I am not aware that mankind would be at all the worse for it, but the contrary; for the poorer class might then be as well clad as the rich are now, and new objects of comfort or luxury would still keep the latter as much in advance of the former, as they are at this time. Since stocking-frames have superseded knitting, there are ten persons employed in manufacturing hosiery to one there was before, because more people can now dispense with going bare-legged. Since the art of printing has made the calligraphic art in so much less request, those employed in the mechanical part of the production of books are perhaps one thousand times more numerous than they were, because the number of readers has increased in proportion to the greater facility of acquiring the produce of the press. The use of machines does not lead to idleness, but affords leisure, that is, it affords the means of higher pursuits than the mere earning of the necessaries of life. The use of machines enhances the rate of wages in the end;

for labourers become conductors of machines, instead of being machines themselves. Nor does it reduce the demand for labour, as is proved by the fact of the increased rate of population since the extended application of machinery; new branches of industry, which increase the demand for labour, keeping pace with the new application of machines which supersede labour. But as the morality and happiness of mankind are not to be estimated solely by the quantity of material produce, and as there are higher considerations than even the wealth of nations, I would lay down as a general rule, that wherever the introduction of machines has a tendency to break up great assemblages of men on one spot, their utility is liable to fewest inconveniencies; and *vice versâ*, where they supercede home manufactures.

The celebrated Mr. Owen, of Lanark, appeared in this assembly, and with the assistance of an interpreter communicated some interesting information respecting the improved discipline of manufactories, to which he has the merit of having contributed essentially. He next expatiated on his favourite Utopian scheme of communities in parallelograms, of one thousand acres and one thousand inhabitants, by means of which he purposes providing for the poor for ever. The learned Hol-

vetians listened to all this, and much more, with exemplary patience, mixed, as I could see, with some astonishment. He was told, that his thousand parallelogramians becoming in time two thousand, would look out for another parallelogram, but finding their neighbours increased as well as themselves, and all the parallelograms already taken up, they would get out of temper and quarrel among themselves; all their morality not being proof against starvation. But Mr. Owen obviated the consequences, by denying facts; he would not admit, for instance, that the population of the United States had increased from three millions and a half it was in 1789, to ten millions now! There is corn enough in England, and in Europe, to feed the poor, but there is not sufficient demand for their labour just now, to enable them to pay for the corn; and admitting, that by dividing all the waste land into parallelograms, and for the use of the poor without work, they might raise food on it, releasing *them* at least, if not their posterity: the consequence must be, that just as much land, and better land too, now cultivated, would be thrown out of cultivation, and just as many labourers thrown out of employment as had been relieved before; and so forth, until the whole population had in turn become paupers first, parallelo-

gramians next, and ultimately, as was first stated, quarrelling for want of room. Mr. Owen's plan might possibly be a palliative, but certainly not the specific remedy he believes. He gives, indeed, some hints of another remedy, by exhibiting certain tin canisters he carries with him by way of illustration, representing the different orders or classes of society, as constituted at present. They are nine in number, of very unequal sizes; the smallest, painted black, which he holds up between his finger and thumb, representing, I believe, the aristocracy of the country; and to be sure, it makes but a poor figure as to size, compared to the other typical tin canisters, and especially that of the labouring class. I did not understand what Mr. Owen meant by this tangible demonstration, therefore will not hazard misrepresenting his object by explaining it further.

The difference of opinion, religious and political, as well as that of language, between the members of this meeting, did not seem to diminish the cordiality of social intercourse; they all dined together, and those to whom a pipe and a bottle were a necessary accompaniment of conversation, met together again in the evening, while the rest mixed in the society of Lausanne.

As I abused without scruple the landscape

along the banks of the lake, disfiguted as it is by endless vineyards, I was advised to explore the environs of Lausanne, at some distance from those banks, and found them really very beautiful, presenting hills and dales, woods and meadows, and running springs; the soil is good, and vegetation luxuriant; no vines at all, and here and there magnificent scenery; such country-houses as I saw were in excellent taste. Of the places I visited, I shall name only St. Laurent, La Chabliere, Le Desert, Le Bois de Cery, Mezery, Vernen, Benens, Le Vois de Vaud, *&c.* Meadows in the neighbourhood of Lausanne sell for the exorbitant price of two hundred pounds sterling a *pose*, which here is about equal to the three-fourths of an English acre: some vineyards bear three times that price. Land about Geneva being very poor, and only valuable for country-houses, is much lower; and in Savoy, close to Geneva, land of good quality falls greatly in value.

I have seen here a kneading-machine, so simple and effectual, as to make it deserving notice. A deal box, two feet long, one foot high, and one wide; turning on its long axle (it does not run through the box, but is screwed on each end,) by means of a crank at the end, which a child may turn: one side opens on hinges, the inside is divided by

means of one or two moveable partitions for different sorts of bread at one time. The lump of dough is thrown in, and the crank turned in the manner of a coffee-roaster. No hooks or bars or any thing inside; a hissing noise, occasioned by the carbonic gas escaping, indicates the working of the dough; and in about half an hour (less in warm weather) it is fit for the oven. The fault, if any, is that the bread is too much raised. I need not say that this is a much cleaner process of bread-making than the common one. This machine, neatly executed, with its stand, iron fastenings, &c., costs, at Lausanne, forty shillings sterling; one might be made any where, and, however coarsely, it would answer the same purpose.

Wishing to see more at leisure some parts of Switzerland I had visited already, and visit others yet unknown to me; meditating even a pedestrian tour into the most mountainous part of the country, if favoured by the weather, I set out alone from Geneva in the beginning of October, 1818. Mont Blanc, which is seen to such advantage near Geneva, is lost behind the *Voirons* before you reach Copet; but the immediate banks of the lake improve, and at Celigny, four miles beyond Copet, you meet with some very pretty country, green and woody, and watered with running

springs. The prospect is very fine, but Mont Blanc still hid. At Nion, it re-appears in all its glory. The château de Nion, over the town, is a fine object. At Prangin, the promontory of Meillerie, and a distant view of the entrance of the Valais, which begins here, abundantly compensate for the absence of Mont Blanc from the scene. At Morges, the route to Yverdun turns from the water, and ascends the *Jorat*, whence you have a magnificent bird's-eye view of the whole lake, fifteen miles wide and forty-five miles long. It was, at the moment I saw it, of the deepest blue, like the sea between the tropics, and passing to emerald green near the banks, with singular white streaks across the whole breadth; but these effects of light vary continually. The houses on the Savoy side of the lake appeared like small white dots on the dark green of the banks; behind this, the Alps rose in blue haze, distinguishable from the sky only by the lines of snow sweeping irregularly along their summits. The silvery head of Mont Blanc seemed like the moon just rising, far behind the whole range of mountains, yet overtopping them all. The whole way from Morges to La Sarra affords a very fine prospect, over the great valley to the right, towards Lausanne, and the towers of its cathedral make a very picturesque

termination on that side. At La Sarra the waters flow north and south, through the lakes of Neuchâtel and of Geneva, towards the ocean on the one side, and the Mediterranean on the other. The Alps, lost here, are not seen again till you have passed Yverdun. At St. Julien, they re-appear, with half Switzerland displayed in the intermediate space. Thence the road ascends continually, in an easy sweep, into the heart of the Jura, among woods and parterres watered by abounding springs. I observed at a distance, and recognised, that singular excavation of the *creux du van*, described last year. Arriving early at the Locle, I immediately proceeded with a guide to see some curious subterraneous mills in the neighbourhood. I have formerly observed, that the Jura, so uniform in its external aspect, presents internally the most various and extraordinary sites. Here the vertical strata appear to have slid down one within another; some of them standing up like huge walls, not more than twenty or thirty feet apart, and others forming valleys of considerable extent; frequently the order is all at once reversed, so as to transform valleys into high ridges, and ridges into valleys. This inextricable labyrinth is far from presenting a ruinous aspect, for the heaps of rubbish formed at the base of the upright strata

on each side, sloping down gently into the middle, the whole perfectly smooth and tufted over, you see nothing but verdure and sweeping lines. Not a tree nor a bush grows naturally in this elevated region, where winter lasts seven months, and snow rises sometimes to thirty feet: it is a landscape of the north of Scotland. Each little valley has its springs, yet the water disappears sometimes suddenly through certain fissures or cracks in the soil, corresponding to the interstices of the vertical strata under it. Notwithstanding these natural drains, the valley of the Locle was formerly exposed to inundations, when the snow melted; this has been obviated by a horizontal gallery of nine hundred and fifty feet, pierced through a screen of rocks by which the valley is encompassed. This would have been, for the Romans, a work of far more labour than their celebrated *emissario*, made to drain lake Albano, which is, indeed, about eight times as long, but is cut through volcanic substances soft enough to yield to the pickaxe and the spade; while this modern *emissario* is carried through a rock scarcely penetrable without the assistance of gunpowder; and I question whether, even with the assistance of gunpowder, this is not a more laborious work than the *emissario*. Very near this magnificent drain is a natural one, such

as I have already described, sinking vertically into the heart of the mountain, and in this abyss mills have been constructed! You go down flights of broken and slippery stairs, cut into the rock, to these mills, placed one under another, in very frightful situations, undoubtedly, but rendered more so to the imagination of the beholder, by the circumstances of darkness and ignorance of the means by which the works are secured, by the noise, the unfathomed depth below, *&c.* The *Locle* is an assemblage of neat houses, not looking like a country village, having nothing agricultural about it; nor like a town, being too much scattered; but rather, like a cluster of country-houses, collected on a lawn of vast extent. The inhabitants are employed in domestic manufactures, each working at home, and mostly on his own account; the men are watchmakers and mathematical instrument-makers, the women weave laces. The celebrated Jacques Droz, whose automatons were admired all over Europe, was of this valley. The number of watchmakers is said to be six thousand; a few merchants attend to the execution of orders, and of late the United States of America have been among their best customers. Great simplicity of manners, with a considerable degree of cultivation of mind, prevail among these people,

who are much united among themselves. Having observed a great number of young women at work in one of the houses, I found, on inquiry, they were orphans, to the number of sixty; an establishment formed four years ago, and supported by subscription. The ladies directresses were so good as to send me their yearly report, by which I saw that the expense comes to about four pounds ten shillings sterling a year for each of the girls, who are taught to read and write, and do various kinds of needle-work. Among the subscriptions, an anonymous one appeared for ten pounds, a very considerable sum for this place.

The distresses of the two preceding years are nearly over: a day-labourer receives one shilling sterling, a woman seven-pence; the best bread is worth three halfpence a pound; beef, four-pence; veal, only two-pence halfpenny. The inhabitants are tolerably satisfied with their heterogeneous government—subjects of a foreign prince, yet members of the Helvetic League, and Republicans. The King of Prussia draws from them annually about four thousand pounds, which is the only way his sovereignty is felt. They all agree, Berthier's government, in Buonaparte's time, was unexceptionable.

The Doubs, a little river, separates the Swiss

and the French territories, the Catholics and the Protestants; yet there are two Catholic hamlets on this side, and a church common to both communions, which agree perfectly well together.

I set off very early in the morning from the Locle, for the *Lac des Bunnets* and the falls of the Doubs, which I reached before sun-rise, and where I saw its first rays glancing on the tender green of the mountain pastures; this place strongly recalled to my mind others far distant: the *Prato Fiorito* in the mountains of Lucca, and the Highlands of Scotland; while the neat white houses, scattered about the wildest parts of the landscape, gave it something of a Welch look.

The Doubs finds its way through one of the frightful gaps which divide the Jura, and proclaim extraordinary geological revolutions. Some large fragments tumbled down, by damming up the stream, form what is called the Lake of Brennets. Evident traces of the wearing of the water, left on the rock one hundred feet above the present level, shew the stream to have worn its bed much lower than it originally was, although it certainly never formed the whole depth of it. The calcareous strata are in several places bent and twisted in the most extraordinary manner, although preserving their original parallelism; a phenomenon which,

although recurring so often, never fails to excite new wonder. The water, being very low, had left a great quantity of fish caught in holes of the rock, where the people were busily employed in taking them with their hands: I observed trout and crawfish together in some of them. Partly in a boat, partly on foot, I performed a very pleasing, although rather fatiguing, tour of six hours, which brought me to the *Chaux-de-fond*, another mountain town, resembling the Locle, but more considerable; my landlady strongly recommended my staying a day or two to see the *moulins-sous-terre* and Jacques Droz's automatons returned to their native mountains, after many years spent in foreign parts; but I assured her that I had seen the first yesterday, and the latter five-and-thirty years ago, and remembered both equally well.

From the Chaux-de-fond, my char-a-banc driver, missing his way, went through Pierre-pertuis and Val St. Imier, along the Suze, instead of following the valley of the Doubs: we reached very late a small village, (Groviller,) where, however, I was well accommodated.

Porentrui is a pretty little town, the capital of the ci-devant évêché de Bâle, which the Congress of Vienna gave to Berne, to make up in some measure for not having reinstated that legitimate sove-

reign, on the day of *restorations*, in the possessions wrested from it by the Revolution. The inhabitants, good Catholics, believe the fall of Buonaparte was owing to his having been secretly excommunicated; yet they regret a little the French government, not assuredly from any lurking liberality, of which not a particle seems to have tinctured their minds*, but simply because *le commerce ne va pas bien!* which of course they ascribe to the change of government. The passage from war to peace, when hostilities have lasted many years, disturbs that order of things by which a great number of people were accustomed to earn their bread, for war feeds many more people than it destroys. It may be called an unproductive branch of industry undoubtedly, although not more so than many others, but it answers the purpose of a multitude of people, who receive in the shape of a salary, or otherwise the sums levied on the richer class in the shape of taxes and of loans. Definitive treaties of peace are but preliminaries till ratified by a higher power—time; and the nations of Europe have not as yet obtained that last sanction. This ci-devant évêché

* The *ensignement mutuel* I found not in very good repute with the clergy of Porentrui, because the *journeaux du bon coté* did not speak of it favourably. Here there is one of these schools established, and petitions for more.

de Bâle proves but an unfortunate present to Berne, placing it in contact with a powerful neighbour, without any advantage but a few places to give, (five bailiwicks). A paternal government, unpractised in the art of screwing up taxation, has no need of foreign children, brought up in a different religion, and who have other manners and habits—accustomed to obedience indeed, and ignorant of any thing else, but without attachment of course to their adoptive parents, and who would not stir a step to serve or defend them. The Bailli sent to Goventree by the council of Berne, (Mr. Jenner,) is the very best they could select to deal with their French neighbours, being the same person who gave them such pledges of his zeal and fidelity in very trying times*; he manages the executive business of his government with twelve *gens d'armes*, while the French keep on the same frontier of fifteen leagues, for the use of the custom-house alone, four hundred and seventy men, with a pay of eightpence sterling a day, to prevent the introduction of laces and watches, which come in nevertheless at a fixed rate, and very probably through the means of those employed in preventing it. In 1816, the population of this *évêché de Bâle* was sixty-seven thousand two hundred and twelve souls; the deaths

* See Chap. xxxviii. Vol. II.

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were one thousand six hundred and ninety-five; births, two thousand two hundred and thirty-eight; marriages, five hundred and ten.

A Bernese bailli unites all possible powers in his own person, issuing writs for the apprehension of persons, and conducting the prosecution as attorney-general:—with two assessors on the bench, (creditable countrymen selected for the purpose,) he tries his prisoner, yet cannot hang him, without the sanction of the Council of Berne, to whom the sentence is submitted, and usually approved. The legal proceedings are carried on in secret, although witnesses are examined in presence of the prisoner; his counsel is introduced to hear the sentence pronounced, and is allowed to make objections to it, but of form only, having nothing to do with the evidence, or with the merits of the case. The torture is never applied. The Bernèse bailli is commander-in-chief of the militia, and collector of the revenue; he makes laws and executes them; he is the arbitrary, yet gentle, censor of the press, no one indeed publishing. The prison of Porentrui, which serves for the whole new territory, is among the best I ever saw; the prisoners have plenty of space, a large garden, and employment; a part of the proceeds of their labour is reserved for their use when they are restored to freedom. There were

seventy individuals confined (not one for debt) on a population of seventy thousand souls, and more, some of the prisoners having been sent from Berne.

Five or six miles from Porentrui, on the road to Delemont, I observed a monument, respecting which tradition is silent. It is a large flat stone standing upright like a wall, nine feet high above ground, of the same breadth, and two or three feet thick, with a small hole in the middle of it, at a convenient height to look through.

Nothing can be finer than this road from Porentrui to Delemont, along a sort of natural causeway of green turf, with magnificent oaks scattered along it; to the right and left are valleys equally green and shady, over which herds of cattle range in liberty, shaking their musical bells as they graze: high mountains on all sides leave you in doubt about the issue of the verdant maze in which you are engaged.

The descent of the Jura is every where magnificent; the boundless view it presents, melting into an harmonious distance, is particularly striking, after the broken, wild, and generally confined aspect of the interior parts of the chain. I was favoured by the weather, and state of the light over the landscape, while coming down by the passage of the Suze to Bienne in the evening, and slept at Arberg.

The direct road from Arberg to Berne is by Frienisberg, celebrated for a fine prospect, which I gave up to see Avenche. Very little remains above ground of the Roman city of *Aventicum*, the ancient capital of Helvetia*. A vast circumference of walls seems to mark its extent, but there are reasons to suppose that these walls, comparatively modern, were constructed by the Burgundians, with the materials of the old ones, and round a smaller area. This area has been for centuries the quarry from which building-materials have been procured, and the proprietor of a single acre sold not long ago stones from it to the value of one hundred pounds sterling; it is true there was among them a block of marble which it took thirty horses to draw away. After a drought, the foundations of buildings ranged in streets are distinguishable on the surface of the ground, by the burnt appearance of the grass over them. Of all the mosaic pavements, discovered at different times, there are but three visible, and only one of which any care is taken; none of them have any thing to recommend them but their antiquity. I was shewn a walnut-tree, under the roots of which

* The Roman mile-stones found in Switzerland shew that distances were all calculated from Aventicum; therefore it was the principal city of Helvetia, but the Romans had not properly any capitals in the provinces—the government was not stationary.

lies another mosaic, quite hid at present. Most of them belonged to baths, and the aqueducts, by means of which they were supplied, traverse the plain under ground, in various directions. The most striking object is the corner of an edifice, probably large and magnificent; the part which remains standing consists of a Corinthian column in half relief, four feet eight inches in diameter on one side of the angle, and a pilaster on the other side. The wall, the column, and pilaster together, are formed of thirteen huge blocks of marble, one upon the top of another, each eight feet and a half long, five feet and a half broad, and two feet thick, besides the foundation above ground, and a large shapeless block at top: I estimated the height of the whole at about thirty-seven feet. The great solidity of this construction made it survive the ravages of time, and those of ancient and modern barbarians. One hundred yards to the west of this a cornice of white marble is lying reversed, most beautifully carved, and in a state of high preservation although so exposed; it is made of a single block, nine feet long, four feet wide, and three feet in thickness. The walls of the ancient port of Aventicum, on the lake of Morat, are in part standing, and the iron fastening for boats were still in them but a few years ago. The oaken piles of the foundations appear in some places, and are in a

state of great preservation, very black and hard; and still combustible; but the lake has receded about one mile, leaving a great extent of fine meadows. The new town of Avenche hard by, and built of the materials of the old city, contains some ruins, an amphitheatre, buried indeed under a sufficient depth of soil for grass to grow over, and an orchard, yet the oval shape and the rows of seats are discernible. The circumference at the top is above eight hundred and sixty feet, the depth about thirty feet; at one of the extremities of the oval there is an underground room about twenty feet square, antique certainly, but the square tower over it is evidently modern, pieces of ruin appearing worked in its walls. Large blocks of white marble, which have been the cornices of splendid edifices, are also worked in the walls of the gates of the town and of the church, all upside down; basso-relievos and inscriptions are seen every where, built up in walls. The Romans got their coarser materials from a quarry close by, which is still worked.

The saddle of the excellent Queen Bertha, of spinning memory, is seen at Payerne, six miles from Avenche, suspended, rather irreverently, at the inn. It is as strong as wood and iron could make it, and has on either side two very spacious cylindrical sort of things, like a pair of breeches, to

all appearance destined to receive and protect the limbs of her majesty when astride. Once fixed there, she could not possibly be unhorsed; but how she contrived to slide into them is not so easily understood. It is very unlikely that any male rider should ever have made use of such a contrivance, therefore it is the saddle of a woman—of a woman of quality of course, and probably of Queen Bertha, for there is a place to receive the end of her distaff. Her remains, discovered a few years ago, have been deposited under a marble monument, in the cathedral she herself built with materials drawn from Aventicum.

Without stopping at Berne more than two days, the persons I wished to see not being in town, I set off for my intended tour with very fine weather.

Aarau, *October* 10.

The tract of country from Berne to this place is probably the best cultivated in Switzerland, the system of irrigation being particularly well understood. It is thickly inhabited, and the neatness and good order of the numerous farms, scattered about the country, as well as the fine races of animals, put me in mind of English farming; yet the *Mistwasser* filled the air with a fragrance quite Hel-

vetian, and the appearance of the women, at hard labour in the fields, was not British.

Aarau, the capital of a new canton, is in itself an odious little place; yet outside the walls there are a few rows of modern neat houses. Having a letter for Mr. R——, and I could not have a more useful introduction, I saw several well-informed persons here. Conversing with them, respecting the power conferred on the executive council in most of the Swiss cantons to overlook and direct the administration of justice, which appears so contrary to the principles of the independence of judges, and leading to a sort of judiciary anarchy, I was told that it was something like what the grand jury did in England; but although a grand jury may impeach a judge, it cannot meddle with his official duties—a distinction not understood properly here. Among the new cantons, this is supposed to have most of the democratic, and the canton of Vaud most of the aristocratic, bias; yet the latter is certainly in a more improving state than the other. I found there were few prisoners in the gaol at Aarau, and not any for debt. Of the births, three out of every hundred are illegitimate. The consistory, or *matrimonial court*, inquires into notorious irregularities of married people, and has power to interfere when the father of a family is

dissipating his fortune. These are strange inquisitorial powers; yet I found the opinion of very liberally inclined persons quite favourable to this institution. The establishments for education are, 1. Primary schools in various parts of the canton, where children learn to read and write. 2. Schools for the dead languages principally, for children from eight years old to fourteen. 3. Cantonal schools, where the higher sciences are taught.

The château of Hapsbourg, the birth-place of the Austrian family, is situated twelve miles to the north-east of Aarau, on a low insulated ridge, in the middle of a plain. All that remains of it is a square tower, solidly built of rough stones, only thirty feet square on the outside, and eighteen inside, the walls being six feet thick; the height is about seventy feet. A trap-door on the ground floor opens into a dungeon—a necessary appendage to a feudal edifice. The house adjoining, although old, does not seem to have been a part of the castle, which must, however, have extended beyond the tower; the grounds about have been made very neat, and a pretty walk carried round them. From the tower the eye takes in at a glance the whole of the inheritance of the house of Austria five hundred years ago. The ruins of the abbey of Kœnigsfelden are seen, about one mile distant, in a

north-east direction, near the junction of the Reuss and the Aar. The whole intermediate space was occupied by the town and Roman camp of Vindonissa, of which the military works, extending not less than twelve miles from north to south, were the strongest of any in that age, and the chief dependence of the Romans on this frontier of their empire. Scarcely any thing remains above-ground of the numerous edifices of Vindonissa, and only some traces of its amphitheatre, of its aqueducts, and baths; but a vast number of inscriptions, as well as medals, and remains of Roman art of all sorts, found from time to time, attest its former greatness. The origin of the abbey of Kœnigsfelden may be seen in the historical part of this work. (Chap. ix. Vol. II.) The cell of its implacable foundress, the Princess Agnes, where she lived fifty-seven years, and died*, is still seen—a low room on the ground-floor, about twenty-five feet square, and the only piece of furniture in it is the ponderous chest she caused to be made of the trunk of the tree under which the Emperor Albert, her father, was killed: it grew on the very spot where she erected the great altar of the church—this piece of furniture,

* When Agnes, at the point of death, received the *extreme unction*, she said to the people about her, "Now the mirror of my soul is cleansed from all stain!"

five hundred years old, does not do much credit to the art of cabinet-making in those days; it seems hollowed out of the square log, and is overloaded with iron-work; to lift the lid requires some effort. In the church, round the main altar just mentioned, are seen, arranged about the ruined walls, a series of kneeling knights, as large as life, and carved in stone; they are figures of the principal warriors who perished at Sempach *. The marble tomb in the choir formerly contained the remains of Agnes, of Leopold of Austria her cousin, killed in this battle, and of seven other princes of that house; but you learn, from a Latin inscription on the spot, that these imperial remains were carried away to the Austrian dominion in the year 1770. The body of Albert, assassinated here, had been carried to the collegial church of Spire; and when, at the time of the devastation of the Palatinate under Louis XIVth, the tombs of the emperors were opened, and their remains dispersed, his head was known by the deep wound inflicted by the sword of Eschenbach †.

After crossing the Reuss at Kœnigsfelden you find, three miles further, on the Limmat, the town of Baden and its baths, which were of celebrity

* See Chap. xv. Vol. II. † Chap. ix. Vol. II.

even in the time of the Romans*. Some ruins, and a great number of medals, and utensils of all kinds, found among them, bear witness to the former splendour of the place. Much curiosity has been excited respecting the vast quantity of common playing dice, found at various times, during more than two hundred years, about the fields near Baden, a little way under the surface, as if they had been purposely scattered, but principally at a place called, from that circumstance, *Würffell Wiesen*, (the dice meadow); they are made of bone, not of Roman manufacture, and the marks on them are disposed as at this day, opposite faces making together always seven. We have a learned dissertation on the subject by a Swiss, in 1717, and several others since. The Duke Henry, of Rohan, who died in 1638, had collected a great number of these dice; but Tschudi, (the historian), who was Bailli of Baden, (1533—1549), makes no mention of the circumstance. Baden did not suffer less than Aventicum from the fury of Cecina, and the legion *Rapax* †.

* Chap. ii. Vol. II.

† No monuments of Nero's reign have ever been found in Switzerland, where it seems they were destroyed after the death of the imperial monster. It is, however, known, that the twenty-first legion was then as well as under Vitellius, quartered in Vindonissa; nineteen inscriptions, found at Kloten, six miles from

The country about Baden bears witness to some great geological revolution, respecting which Mr. Ebel's *Manual* contains a very interesting theory. I returned the same night from Kœnigsfelden to Aarau, passing close to the rock and castle of Bruneck, which formerly belonged to the Gesslers, whose name is associated with that of William Tell. The family still exists in Germany.

The fair was at Aarau—waltzing at all the inns, and to pretend to sleep was quite out of the question; crowds of stout German women *rolled* * all night in their orbits, with a velocity seemingly proportionate to their size, to the sound of the most exhilarating music of wind instruments, which made you dance in fancy, even while your feet withstood its influence.

Zurich.

I have already described the appearance of this town, therefore I shall now only notice its institutions, manners, and customs, which a stranger is obliged to take a good deal upon trust; it is only in the selection of the evidence on which he forms his judgment, that his sagacity can be

Zurich, in 1724, shew that the twelfth legion was also at Vindonissa.

* *Waltzing*, in German, is literally rolling.

exerted. The reader will find, in the historical part of this work, an account of the early times of Zurich, and the revolutions it has undergone. Some antiquated dwellings of the great families recall the Florentine and Pisan terrors of the middle ages; thick walls with small grated windows, very high above ground, and the best apartment in the garret. This taste in architecture, suggested by the turbulence of former times, was perpetuated from habit long after the occasion was over. Five hundred years ago Zurich was a most literary town, and even now, without the world at large knowing much of the matter, no fewer than seventy home-bred authors *, all contemporary, live, and promise to live long, on the shelves of its public library. This is a good many for a population of ten thousand souls; and London, with its million of inhabitants, could not muster a phalanx of its own worthies one hundred times seventy in number, all above ground at one time, and in print; nor Paris the square of $70 \times 70 = 4900$ living *savants*. A Parisian author, however, spending his evenings, as they all do, in the various saloons of the capital, multiplies himself, as it were, while the German lives with his books, and con-

* I have since learnt that a work on *German Literature*, by Minsel, enumerates one hundred authors now living at Zurich.

centrates his worth into the smallest possible space. Malleable like fine gold, genius at Paris spreads out by means of conversation, thinly gilding over the wide surface of society, while here the metal is a rough but solid ingot.

The revolution of 1336 pulled down the old aristocracy of Zurich, only to make room for another. The aristocracy of corporate tradesmen, instituted by the demagogue Braun *. The descendants of these new men, grown rich by privilege, became again literary, but good breeding did not return, and with learning and poetry in their heads, there was likewise some vulgarity, and coarseness in their manners, even to a proverb, which involves some other members of the Helvetic league. I am sorry to be obliged to repeat it—"Grossier comme un Zuricois, fier comme un Bernois, et intéressé comme un Genevois." These sort of generalizations, though exaggerated, are rarely quite destitute of truth.

Who would suppose the tender, the sentimental Gessner was naturally a buffoon? while sitting in the council of state he took pleasure in drawing caricatures of his colleagues. Lavater could not bear his idylls, and laughed at them. The great Haller and Zimmermann, and neither of them of

* See Chap. ii. Vol. II.

Zurich, were contemporaries and friends of Lavater and Gessner. Haller, tormented with superstitious fears towards the end of his life, was afraid of being damned. Zimmermann died quite mad, and in the very state admirably described by himself in his *Solitude*. Rich as well as celebrated, he thought himself destitute even of clothes, and begged that the most indispensable article of dress, which had been taken away from him, might, at least, be returned, accusing the French, whose revolutionary principles he had stigmatized in his writings, of having played him this trick.

Meeting only men, in the two or three houses where I had access, while at Zurich, I thought naturally all my friends had the misfortune of being either bachelors or widowers, but heard afterwards they had charming families, although not visible to strangers. It is true, that they were such inveterate smokers that women could not have breathed their atmosphere. "Tobacco, wine, and cheese," observes the lively author*, (a Zurich man himself) of the *Voyage de Zurich à Zurich*, "forms the basis of our social intercourse, and in our conversation there are more puffs of smoke than

* Mr. Meister, of Zurich, is the author of about one half of the celebrated letters of Grimm; he shewed me where he began, towards the end of the second volume of the first series published.

words; except when playing cards you rarely see men sit down; and three or four chairs are deemed a fair allowance for a company of twelve or fifteen gentlemen, generally walking to and fro in small groups, with their pipes in their mouths, or gathering round any one who brings news, or tells a good story." The author of the *Voyage of Zurich à Zurich*, who lived twenty years in Paris, at the period when *l'esprit de société* flourished most, knows what it is; but although regretting for himself the loss of it, he seems decidedly of opinion, that to the absence of that sort of society the most valuable qualities his countrymen possess are due, their indefatigable application and perseverance, their domestic habits, the steadiness and warmth of their attachments, and the variety, originality, and often depth, observable in their mode of thinking. Each temper and each mind has a turn peculiar to itself, which can rarely be brought to the standard of others, and these dissidences are attempted to be disguised under a certain ceremonious demeanour, through which traits of *naïveté* and ingenuous simplicity frequently escape.

"The principle of political equality is established among us," our author observes, "by the constitution, yet individual superiority always gets the better of democratic checks, and creates here-

ditary distinction. A state of things thus in direct contradiction with itself, requires prudent management and much circumspection, to preserve that degree of influence necessary to the purposes of our little republican ambition; thence another check on social intercourse, which, re-acting on our feelings and passions, gives them additional intenseness. Under a reserved and rather cold demeanour, my countrymen hide uncommon ardour, and stubborn constancy in the pursuit of a favourite object."

Music and drawing are much cultivated at Zurich, but principally the former, and with great success. Dr. Gall, indeed, declared, that he never had met any where the characteristic bump of the *ton-sin;* the precious organ of sound so marked and well defined as among the people of this town. This faculty is rendered more striking from the contrast with their language, the least harmonious and most uncouth that ever was, they cannot speak it without making faces.

Harlem excepted, there is not a town where more attention was ever paid to fine flowers; all the new importations in Europe, the *Hortensia*, the Volkameria, *&c. &c.*, are here seen in perfection; and that taste is particularly displayed on the

occasion of the birth of a child, when the news is carried about to all the relations and friends of the family, by the prettiest maid-servant in the house, dressed in her best for the occasion, and carrying a huge nosegay of the finest flowers the season affords.

Probably a mode of life so entirely domestic would tempt few strangers, and in France particularly it would appear quite intolerable; yet people may feel least lonely when most alone, and most tired when they pursue amusement only. Walking occasionally the whole length of the interior Boulevards of Paris, on a summer evening, I have generally observed on my return, at the interval of one or two hours, the very same figures sitting just where I had left them; mostly isolated middle-aged men, established for the evening on three chairs, one for the elbow, another for the extended leg, a third for the centre of gravity; with vacant looks and a muddy complexion, appearing discontented with themselves and others, and profoundly tired. A *fauteuil* in a *salon*, for the passive hearer of the talk of others, is worse than the three chairs on the Boulevard; the theatre, seen again and again, can have no great charms, nor is it every one who has money to spare for the one, or free access to the

other; therefore, an immense number of people are driven to the Boulevard as a last resource. As to home it is no resource at all; no one thinks of the possibility of employing his time there, either by himself or with his family. Upon the whole, I do not believe there is a country in the world where you see so many long faces, care-worn and cross, as among the very people who are deemed, and believe themselves, the merriest in the world. A man of rank, who has spent many years in the *Crimea*, who employed himself diligently and usefully when there, and who naturally likes a country where he has done much good, praising it to a friend, has been heard to remark, as the main objection to a residence otherwise delightful,—"Mais on est obligé de s'aller coucher tous les soir, à sept heures parcequ'en Crimée on ne sait pas où aller passer la soirée." This remark at Paris excites no surprise, every one feels there is no alternative, some place, not home, to spend your evenings in, or to bed at seven o'clock. It puts one in mind of the gentleman, who hesitated about marrying a lady, whose company he liked very much, "for," as he observed, "I where then shall I spend my evenings?"

Zurich, notwithstanding its five centuries of literary illustration, has not made much progress in

its judiciary administration *, of which, being purely arbitrary, it is not very easy to give an account. The proceedings are carried on in secret, without any check as to the extent of punishment inflicted, but the conscience of the judge, or what is worse still, a company of judges. The youngest judge inquires into the case and reports on it; his decision, upon which the rank of the prisoner, his connexions, and the solicitations of his friends, are not without their influence, is generally adopted. Corruption here is never venal, and this is the most you can say in favour of their administration of justice.

The torture (flogging) was, till very lately, applied *ad libitum*, to extort the confession of the prisoner, which was deemed necessary to convict him; but in consequence of a late law passed in council, a special order of the court is now required in each particular case, prescribing the number of lashes! It certainly seems very strange in this age to see a Republic, first in rank in the Helvetic body, and deemed the Athens of Switzerland,

* "It is not more than half a century," Mr. de Bonstetten said, in his *Pensées sur Divers Objets*, "since one of the most enlightened and most moral men of Zurich suffered capital punishment for having, in a purely scientific work, made use of a charter of the fifteenth century, copied out of the archives.

passing laws for the purpose of *regulating the torture!* They are sensible of the abuse it is liable to, since they wish to limit the extent of it, yet do not see that the whole system is a gross abuse, as absurd as it is barbarous. During the French occupation of Switzerland, the administration of justice was subjected to a criminal code, from which the torture was excluded; but when, in 1802, under the mediation of Buonaparte, Protector of the Helvetic League, the restoration of the Federal government took place, all the old abuses were carefully reinstated along with it, the mediator being well aware, that with the *paternal* government so constituted, he could do what he pleased with the *family*. The administration of justice in France, with all its imperfections, is much superior to that of most of the Swiss cantons. In Italy, the people talk with admiration of the *Justizia Francese*, as infinitely superior to their own; it is all comparative.

The government of Zurich does not allow the population of the canton to be known, but it is supposed to be nearly two hundred thousand souls. That of the town itself and its dependencies is twelve thousand six hundred souls; births, four hundred and sixty yearly; deaths, five hundred and ninety-two. In the year 1817, the number of

criminal causes in the canton was twenty-eight, in which seventy-six persons were implicated; capital punishment, one; lesser punishment, ten; banishment, two; the rest cleared. Of civil suits brought before the higher tribunal, twenty-two have been settled without trial; nine *balanced* (halving the difference, I presume—a mode of justice, which, however just it may frequently be, is liable to abuses, and not strictly *legal*,) forty-nine causes have been tried. Courts of justice, as has been observed before, are too closely connected with the government, and too much under its influence, to be independent; yet, notwithstanding this defect, and others stated before, things go on much better than could be supposed; the moral habits of the people correcting, in practice, the defects of their political institutions.

Hospitals are abundantly supported by public charity, and well administered. Anonymous donations of twenty, thirty, and even fifty louis, are not uncommon. A benevolent society, established in 1799 (a most calamitous period), each member of which subscribed four louis, collected five thousand one hundred and forty-six louis in eight years—a sum equal to nearly half a million sterling, if we merely compare the population of London with that of Zurich; but if we take into

the account the respective wealth of the two countries, it becomes still greater. A saving-bank (that most unexceptionable and best of all benevolent institutions) was established here as early as the year 1805, and with great success: but there is another sort of saving-bank, which deserves notice. The difficulty people found in employing their capital induced them to lend to small farmers, at a low rate of interest, for the purpose of buying land, the price of which was thus raised, by competition, much too high; the consequence was, that in a few years, many of them, unable to discharge the yearly interest, low as it was, with which their property was incumbered, were driven away by the mortgagee totally ruined. The government now takes charge of deposits, at the rate of three and a half per cent. interest, placing the capital on public account in the funds of foreign countries, yielding a higher interest, which compensates for the risk. This is the only instance of precautionary measures against the superabundance of capital applied to agriculture; but it is necessary to observe, that this capital, wholly misapplied, increased the price of land, not its returns: if, instead of buying, it had been laid out in improving the land, so far from any inconvenience resulting from it, public as well as

private advantage would have been the consequence. The same mistaken notion respecting *property* prevails in France: small proprietors, of the class of peasants, lay out any money they can save or borrow, in buying more land, instead of improving to the utmost what they have already.

I observed in the asylum for the blind, which is as well conducted as any I ever saw, a mode of reading and writing, which is worthy of notice. They use metal types provided with steel points, leaving marks on the paper felt under the finger; they proceed thus about as fast as compositors in printing, and cipher with great ease and quickness: modelling clay might very well be substituted for paper.

Three Latin letters of the illustrious and unfortunate Jane Gray, to the theologian Bullinger, are preserved in the public library of Zurich. I obtained a copy of them, and they have been deemed sufficiently interesting to be inserted in an appendix to this volume, together with one of John ab Ulmio to the same Bullinger. The grammatical errors of Jane Gray have been noticed, in the copy, with German exactness, and render it more probable they were written by herself. The plan of Switzerland in relief, seen here, is imitated from the celebrated one of General Pfeffer's at Lucerne, but

on a larger scale, embracing a greater extent of country, and better executed. It includes all the Alps, and all the lakes except those of Geneva and Neuchâtel, in the proportion of one forty-thousandth part of the real size. It will be extended to all Switzerland.

Oct. 24.—Rapperschwyl, where I arrived last night, is a small town already described, at the head of the lake of Zurich. The inn of such places is a coffee-house where the neighbouring farmers resort for news, and perchance to play at cards, drink, and smoke; those we met with were, however, very decent men. The gentlemen with whom I travelled being very generally known, these people got up at our entrance to welcome them, in a civil, but manly, manner, without any apparent feeling of inferiority, and much as would have been done in the United States of America. Our landlord happened to be the brother of a man for whom I had a letter (J. Jacop Hensy, stadtholder of the canton of the Linth during the central government). Mrs. H., our landlady, occasionally mixed in the conversation; while a buxom young lass, her daughter, at work by her side, slily looked up and smiled at the good jokes uttered in patois, of which I could only judge by the expression of her countenance. This common room, very large

and low, was neatly wainscotted; the windows, which occupied all one side, were divided by narrow piers of stone, carved into caryatides; and an immense stove warmed the whole house.

From Urnach, where we arrived this morning early, I walked to the new canal, between the lakes of Wallenstadt and of Zurich, with Mr. Escher, a very learned naturalist, called *de-la-Linth*, on account of the great works of which he has the direction here. Having already explained the nature of these works, I shall only add, that the canal is eighty feet wide and ten feet deep, and that an embankment seven feet high runs parallel on each side, and at forty feet distance, in order to provide for extraordinary floods. The stream, although very rapid, is perfectly navigable. Eight hundred acres of land have been absolutely gained by the straight course given to the water, and twenty thousand acres of marsh made productive at the expense of sixty thousand pounds sterling. Glaris has bought the eight hundred acres to employ the poor of the canton, and established a school there on the Hofwyl plan. I learned that endemic fevers, which formerly prevailed here in summer, have ceased, but inflammation of the breast has become frequent; possibly, this may not be the case with succeeding generations, and

only be the effect of the change on the old set of inhabitants. Parting with regret from Mr. Escher, whose conversation is as pleasing as it is instructive, I pursued my way along the canal to Wesen, where I arrived in four hours. No longer under water, as I had found it the year before, it was much improved in appearance. As a pedestrian, carrying the knapsack, I conformed myself to my circumstances, and took a seat at a sort of *table d'hôte*, where a number of Grison farmers* were going to dine. They spoke German, Italian, and a little French; most of them had travelled. In return for the questions I addressed to them, they asked what countryman I was; and on learning I came from the United States of America—as I had a right to say, and my papers would have confirmed—they were very inquisitive about that country, but did not betray ignorance. After a very good dinner, which cost five batz (seven-pence sterling), I set out again as I had come, and in three hours reached Glaris, long after dark. Not a soul was in the streets, and I did not understand

* I use the word *farmer* for want of another. A Swiss peasant is a small proprietor of land, which he farms himself—not a day-labourer, as in England. Nor is the word *peasant* contemptuous, meaning only an inhabitant of the country (from *pagus*, a village) and not a townsman.

the language; but, luckily, the directions I had received and my own recollections enabled me to find the way to the *Raven*, my former inn, where I now am in very comfortable quarters.

I learned here the cause of a very strange appearance, which had puzzled me a good deal. While journeying in the dark, large masses, of I knew not what, were every now and then falling down the perpendicular side of the mountain on the right, though not with sufficient velocity to be stones, besides that they made no noise when they reached the ground. It seems they were dead leaves, collected into large nets, and then conveyed through the "void immense," from the top of the mountain to the valley of Glaris, to be used as winter fodder for the cattle.

The eighteen or twenty thousand souls of the canton of Glaris, count four or five thousand sovereigns who meet annually, the first of May, in a field, to make laws, and elect the magistrates who are to execute them. This assembly, called Landsgemeind, lasts only one day, but is preceded by private meetings, in which the two communions do not mix, as they do in the Landsgemeind. The Catholic population, less industrious, is generally poor; their numbers, which are rather on the decrease, do not form more than one-eighth

of the whole population, although they still appoint fifteen members of the executive council out of sixty-three. The Landamann, appointed for three years, but generally re-elected, opens the Landsgemeind by a speech on the general state of affairs, pointing out the objects which he thinks most worthy their attention; then inviting, by name, some of the members to state their opinion. These are succeeded by voluntary speakers; but although the debates which take place at the private meetings, previous to the general one, and which are usually very violent, supported by loud oaths and blows of the fist on the tables often threaten a stormy Landsgemeind, few of the peasants venture on public speaking, and in general things go nearly as the Landamann directs*; yet not without the exertion of some skill of a particular sort. Under the guise of blunt good-humour and frankness, he who undertakes to guide an assembly of this sort, must know how to flatter rustic pride, and cajole the sovereign people into a belief that

* Things do not always go on so smoothly. I have heard of a Landamann, Zwicky, dragged about by the hair of his head, in the Landsgemeind! The present chief magistrate, M. Heer, appears much respected; yet I heard a complaint, that he does not give an account of the affairs of Europe. *In the other cantons*, some of the sovereigns told me, *they are up to it all—while we are left in the dark!*

they dictate, while, in fact, they are dictated to; in short, he must say and do what, but for a political purpose, a gentleman would be thoroughly ashamed of. It happens, from time to time, that motions are brought forward unexpectedly, and carried at once, as no previous notice is required, or checks of any sort provided to prevent hasty decisions. When they are found too absurd, or quite impossible to be carried into execution, nothing is done, of course; and the next Landsgemeind repeals the rash decree. A law was in this manner passed, two years ago, subjecting officers on foreign service to a tax, without considering they were out of reach, and that legal notice even could not be given them.

The public revenue of the canton of Glaris consists solely in an income tax of about two per cent., sufficient for all the wants of government, including the support of the poor. There are no justices of the peace, nor inferior courts; all suits are carried at once to the supreme court, without an appeal. Nothing can be simpler than all these institutions, and although liable to the grossest abuses, yet the people enjoy, in fact, much freedom at little expense. Formerly, the office of Bailli (Governor) was sold to the highest bidder; each of the four or five thousand sovereigns receiving a bribe of

about half-a-crown. The Bailli indemnified himself, of course, on the subjects of the Republic he was sent to govern, and the administration of justice in particular was quite venal*. Dependent provinces having become new cantons, and members of the Helvetic League, these abuses are now at an end; and I must say, that I have not met here with any one who did not rejoice at it, and express his marked disapprobation of the old venal practices.

Almost all the inhabitants, in the country as well as in town, can read and write; yet letters cannot be expected to flourish in a community of peasants and manufacturers, without leisure or taste for literary pursuits. There was a college here formerly: it was given up two years ago, but there is a disposition to set it up again. Notwithstanding the unfavourable times, there is not any body in prison for debt, and but few for any thing else.

Provided with a guide, I set out at day-break, the 28th of October, to explore the valley of Glaris. Twelve miles above the *capital*, it divides into two branches, and the cluster of mountains between is adorned with the ruins of castles. The prospect this spot presents is altogether magnificent; the valley to the right is the most considerable, and

* Chap. xxxvi. Vol. II.

perhaps the most worth seeing; but wishing to follow the track of Suwarrow*, in his celebrated retreat, I went up to the left, along the banks of the Sernft, a furious torrent at times, though now gliding unperceived among heaps of rocks, no rain falling at this season in the mountains, but only snow; steep pastures rose on either side towards the mountains. The Russians and the French went up this narrow valley, the former retreating along the left side of the torrent, and the latter pursuing along the right; each manœuvring to get first to advantageous positions, crossing at fords to and fro, and sometimes coming to close encounters with various success; for the Russians, although in flight, carried twelve hundred prisoners along with them. At every village, every house, and barn, all the hidden stores, the cattle, the poultry, every thing that could be eat, burnt, or carried away, disappeared before the devouring multitude, a prey to hunger, cold, and want of all kinds: dunghills were searched for food. The woods on both sides, but mostly on the left, were full of wounded and starving men, who had lain down to die, unable to go farther, and whose remains were discovered afterwards. At the village of Elm, where the Russians halted awhile, the pursuit being over,

* Chap. xxxix. Vol. II.

and where we rested likewise, after an ascending walk of five hours, we spoke to a man, who, in hopes of propitiating the Russians, had presented the last bottle of wine in the valley to Suwarrow and Prince Constantine. No traces whatever remained of transactions so recent!—The smiling meadows were covered with cattle lately come down from the mountain, and the harmony of the cow-bell was heard on all sides. Every nook had its snug habitation, and the ascending columns of smoke, high up amidst the woody steep, showed that no habitable spot was left unoccupied. We traversed several flourishing hamlets, where, but a few years before, not a door or a window was left, not a piece of furniture of any sort, and of course not a cow or a hen. Suwarrow, the day after his arrival at Elm, or the same night rather, pursued his route, and passing the chain of mountains between this valley and the Grisons, at the *Col de Seignes*, reached Coire on the Rhine by a forced march of ten leagues, in which he lost most of his remaining horses and many men. The passage of Martinslock, seen from Elm, is much more direct and shorter than the Col de Seignes, but the latter is easier of access, and only two thousand feet above Elm. This passage of Martinslock is distinguished by a singular rock at the very top, like

a ruined wall, with a wide portal through it; twice a year, in the months of September and of March, in the morning of three successive days, the sun is seen through this hole; and for a fortnight before the 23d of December, as well as a fortnight after, it disappears altogether. Through this opening, a body of French passed a few days after Suwarrow's retreat. Although to appearance you might stop it up with your finger; a telescope, however, shews it to be sufficiently large. Having no desire to follow Suwarrow farther, I returned to Glaris the same night. I had an opportunity of seeing, by the light of day, those masses of dead leaves, already described as thrown down the perpendicular sides of mountains; but with the obscurity, they had lost much of their importance. Timber and fire-wood are also conveyed expeditiously down inclined planes, and slide with prodigious rapidity and loud noise into the bed of the Sernft, which carries them *pell-mell* to Glaris, where the different proprietors find out their own by their respective marks. Some men were employed in pushing out into the stream, by means of long poles, the pieces of wood arrested by eddies along the shore. My guide's name, Tschudi, is historical; few older in Europe, for that family gave magistrates and warriors to the Republic during nine

hundred years, and to it we are indebted for the oldest and most faithful of Helvetic historians. As to my Tschudi, he was simply a soldier who had made I do not know how many campaigns under Buonaparte, even the memorable one to Moscow, and bore on his breast the scars of three pike-wounds. A military life seemed to have left this good young man a fund of simplicity, of candour, and of moral principles, so pleasing, that, instead of changing from place to place, I kept him afterwards as far as Berne. He pointed out to me, with some regret, several new houses in his valley, built by young men who lately returned from their commercial campaigns, with money, instead of wounds; yet he had married in his native place, hoped to make his little fortune in the profession of guide, and was happy. The village of Elm alone has fifty young men in foreign service. Out of twelve hundred inhabitants, between forty and fifty were assisted by the *Burgherspond* this year, nearly double that number during the last calamitous year. There are very few illegitimate births. Crimes are uncommon; about one capital condemnation occurs in six years; and not one individual is in prison at this moment in the canton.

This part of Switzerland was the theatre of a sanguinary war in 1799; from the top of the Righi

I gave an account of the battle of the Mouottathal, between Suwarrow and Massena: the historical part of this work will furnish other details respecting the Russian campaign, but I shall now briefly recapitulate the whole; a good map* is necessary to follow me. In May, 1799, Korsakow occupied Zurich and the whole right bank of the lake; his line extended to the lake of Wallenstadt on one side, and to Baden on the other, a distance of about fifty miles. On the opposite bank of the lake Massena was encamped along a range of hills (the Albis) observing his motions. Suwarrow, at the head of another Russian army, in Italy, was to pass the Alps at the St. Gothard the 25th of September, and coming in the rear of Massena, place him between the two armies; but Massena, apprized of the plan, suddenly crossing the Limmat, surprised and defeated Korsakow before Zurich, while a body of Austrians, acting with the Russian army, and occupying the extremity of their line at Werin on the lake of Wallenstadt, being attacked the same day, and losing at the onset the very able officer who commanded them, (General Hotze, a Swiss,) was obliged to fall back with the rest. Glaris was still occupied by another corps of Austrians, but the

* I recommend the excellent *Carte routière de la Swisse* of Keller, published by Fuesli and Co. of Zurich, in 1813.

French general, Molitor, succeeded in driving them away, after several sharp engagements on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of September, and they retreated by the Sernftthal. Amidst the vicissitudes of these three days, this general, pursued almost alone by some Austrian dragoons, and nearly overtaken, perceiving, under a shed by the lime-kiln at the foot of the Kloenthal, some empty lime casks, leaped from off his horse into one of them, and squatted down at the bottom; the pursuing dragoons rushed by a moment after, and in a few minutes rushed back again, but this time pursued by a French squadron. The general, hearing the voice of his own people, and lifted up his powdered head, (white with lime,) shouted Victory!

Suwarrow, in the mean time, had forced the passage of the St. Gothard the 24th of September, with an army of twenty-five thousand men, of which five thousand were cavalry, the French who defended it retiring to the Surenne Alps. Coming down the valley of the Reuss, he arrived at Altorf the 26th, when finding the banks of the lake of the Waldstetten impracticable, he determined to cross over the chain of mountains which divides the valley where he then was from that of the Mouotta opening on Schwytz; he effected this passage the 27th and 28th by the valley of Schechenthal, which begins

near Altorf, and where Bürglen, the native village of William Tell, is situated; thence over the Kientzigcoulm, and down the Kientzigthal, to the valley of the Mouotta (Mouottathal). At the issue of this valley, and in sight of Schwytz, his advance guard met General Lecourbe, just arrived from Altorf, by the lake of Wallenstadt. The divisions of Soult and Mortier from Zurich appearing next, with Massena at their head, a desperate battle ensued, which lasted all the 29th. Suwarrow was very near forcing his way through; but ultimately repulsed, he formed the resolution of trying another passage to Zurich, by Glaris, the valley of Linth, Rapperschwyl, and the right side of the lake, in hopes of being able to rally the army of Korsakow, whose defeat he first learned at Altorf. The 30th of September he ascended the Mouottathal, while his rear continued fighting, passed Mont Pragel, and descended to Glaris by the Kloenthal, harassed all the way by the French, who not only followed but outflanked him on several points. Molitor, while pursuing the Austrians in the Sernftthal, learnt that Suwarrow was approaching, and retraced his steps so quickly as to be in time to occupy the outlet of the valley of Glaris on the ancient field of battle of Nœfel; thus intercepting the way to Zurich, as Massena had done at the outlet of the

Mouottathal. Suwarrow thus finding his plans anticipated every where, and fearing to be hemmed in on all sides by the whole forces of Massena, determined on retreating by the route I have just explored of the Sernftthal, and arrived at Coire in the Grisons the 4th of October with the loss of one-fourth of his numbers, after a march of eleven days the most difficult that ever was performed by an army, without any regular supply of provisions, and almost incessantly engaged.

The French, in possession of a country called neutral, and even allied, made use of the inhabitants, as beasts of burthen, to transport the baggage of the army over the Alps. Early in the ensuing spring long lines of men, women, and children, were seen ascending the precipices heavily laden, and often stimulated by threats and blows; all left the country who could; some were starved to death in the mountains, where they had hid themselves; many more forfeited their lives in unfortunate attempts to be revenged on their oppressors.

SCHWYTZ, *October* 29.

Having a long day's journey before us, I set out from Glaris this morning by star-light, with my guide, along the murmuring brook (the Klœn), so furious when we saw it last year in the summer

season, but now almost dry. As the coolness of the air enabled us to walk fast, we reached in one hour and a half, as the sun was rising, the level nook with its lake, which we had visited last year; then pursued our way along the lake to a cluster of a few châlets, not yet abandoned for the winter, although the sun had already ceased to visit them, and was not to appear again till the beginning of March. Every blade of grass, every twig or stone, was covered with the most beautiful shoots of hoar frost, of the purest white, standing up in high feathery tufts half an inch long, every morning and evening dew adding to this singular sort of vegetation until the first fall of snow covers the whole. Happily for us it was not come yet, and we walked along a neat dry path, in the finest weather imaginable, and the air so mild as to make it convenient for me to have my coat off. At the highest châlet an old shepherd, with a long beard as white as the hoar frost of his pastures, stood at the door; he brought us a bowl-full of milk, and a piece of brown bread, on which we made an excellent meal; having asked for brandy, or rather gentian whiskey, to mix with it, he told us he never tasted strong liquors of any sort! we asked his age—eighty!—I understood he asked my guide his name, and the latter having pronounced it in answer, the old shep-

herd, at the name of Tschudi, took off his cap!— some questions about myself I presume followed, as I inferred from the two words, almost English, which caught my ear in the answer *Guter mann**, and the benignant glance of the old man. From his châlet he had seen the armies of the belligerent powers of Europe, pursuing and pursued, traverse his peaceful pastures, and mix in deadly encounter, leaving him their heaps of slain to bury, while they carried away his cattle; twenty-five milch cows, the pride of the mountain, which he had endeavoured to secrete in its most hidden recesses, had all been discovered, one after another, and all taken from him: in the course of the following nineteen years he had got together again a herd of sixteen cows, and how long they would be left him he could not say. When we assured him the like would not happen again, he shook his head, and looked incredulous: Russians, Austrians, French, he said, are just as bad one as the other, and the Swiss, he added, not much better. I desired Tschudi to inquire if the Americans had ever done him any injury: he reflected a moment, and then said No, he believed not; he had never heard of them! In-

* I had gained some credit with my guide by telling him the long story of his ancestors, of which he had before but an imperfect idea.

forming him that I was one of this people who had never done him harm, we took leave, and pursued our way.

Higher up in the mountain we came to a sheltered nook of the most lively green, enclosed by a belt of large trees, and the dark warm tinge of their leafless, yet thick and bushy, spray, contrasted with the universal hoar-frost of the region we had just traversed. This was owing to a south opening between the mountains, admitting the sun into this favoured spot; screened from the north, it enjoyed quite another climate. Still higher Mont Pragel rose in all its pride, craggy, bare, and grey; it took us four hours more to reach the summit, deserted by all living creatures, except the birds of prey now hovering over its precipices, while their keen glance explored every secret recess, then gliding obliquely down on motionless wings, yet swift as thought in pursuit of some imperceptible thing. The old shepherd and his cows were the only breathing creatures we could descry, or rather guess at, by the smoke slowly ascending from the chalet's roof. We had here a splendid view over the Glacier of the Glarnish, although still much higher than ourselves, and could distinctly see the snow driven about in whirlwinds against the dark blue sky, perpetual gales blowing on these elevated

regions. We soon came to the opposite slope of Mont Pragel, towards the valley of the Mouotta, and descended by a winding path, very steep, and over slippery steps, coarsely cut into the rock for the convenience of loaded horses and mules, which contrive to go down here with a load of two hundred weight on their backs; their hind feet often above the level of their ears, and assisted in the worst places by the driver holding them back by the tail. In our way down we crossed several times the Mouotta, now very low. Stupendous rocks on our right, at the foot of the Miessern, lifted up their vertical strata, fancifully shaped into towers, ruined walls, and battlements; they are of schistus, and full of curious remains of fish and plants. Under the shelter of these rocks extensive pastures, swelling into gentle knolls and sloping to the sun, appeared as green as in the spring. Innumerable cows shook their musical bells; nearly globular, thin, and light, they were of different sizes, from one foot to two inches of diameter, and formed in right harmonic proportion to produce the concord of sounds. The shepherds likewise made echo ring with the wild notes of the *ranz-des-vaches;* but having stopped to listen to two of them perched on a point of rock, they suddenly ceased. "*Go on!*" my guide called to them. "*How much will you give?*" Shocked by

this mercenary answer we left them in contempt. After resting an hour, and eating something at the village of Mouqtta, at the foot of Mont Pragel, precisely in front of the narrow opening through which Suwarrow came from Altorf, we pursued our journey. The valley is irregular, cultivated where widest, often wild and woody, particularly the latter part. The night had overtaken us when we came to the spot where the French and Russians met, and fought so obstinately, the 28th, 29th, and 30th of September, 1799, particularly at the last bridge over the Mouotta. The valley is so narrow just there, so overgrown with pines, and it had become so dark, that we had to grope about to find the bridge. While crossing it I could not help contrasting in idea the profound silence, the peace, and security we enjoyed, with the tumult of the battle, the frantic cries, the incessant firing, the clashing of arms, the carnage, the floating bodies, and the river of blood. I could have fancied spectres gliding in the dark among the trees of the pine forest. We reached Schwytz two hours after sunset, the journey having taken thirteen hours, with but one hour of rest.

The inn of the Stag, at Schwytz, is kept by his Excellency Landammann Headinger, chief magistrate of the canton; and his son, a young man of

very good manners, did me the honour of waiting at supper. My landlord, at Glaris, was a counsellor of state, and a judge of the only court in the canton. This is a step farther than the United States, where, thirty years ago, I have had sometimes generals, and often colonels and majors to pull off my boots, (though this is now not so common) but never a judge of the supreme court, nor a governor of state.

The people of this canton suffered immensely in the war; a multitude of children, bereft of their parents, were sheltered by strangers, and famine would have destroyed the remains of the population, if timely assistance had not been given from abroad. Time and patient industry have effaced all traces of calamities seemingly so recent, and Schwytz appears at present one of the most prosperous of the Swiss Cantons. The spacious valley where the capital (a village) is situated, appears very fertile; its smiling landscape is set off by the contrast of a stupendous rampart of mountains, which screen it on all sides but the south-west, although not too closely.

October 30.—Early this morning we climbed the grassy sides of the *Mythen*, a mountain behind Schwytz, covered with numerous châlets, and so named from the shape of two prodigious rocks

standing side by side on its summit, each a mountain of itself, being one thousand four hundred feet high. We reached the base of these rocks in about two hours, and had then a very extensive view of the Righi, where we slept, or rather passed a tempestuous night last year. I could see the house, but the cross had been destroyed by lightning a few months before; the Rossberg, and its barren tract of ruins over Goldaw, terminated the perspective towards the right, and the entrance of the Mouotta, through which we came yesterday, was seen on the opposite side. All the surrounding mountains appeared like so many islands, on an ocean of dense vapours, very low, perfectly level, and so fixed that the sun could not raise them from the earth. On the northern side of the Mythen we descended into the pastoral valley of Einsiedeln, and reached the abbey in three hours. A hermit's cell, in the ninth century, became afterwards the foundation of this once powerful monastery; its monks fertilized and peopled a desert, by the protection they alone could afford in a barbarous age. Disputes arose in after-times between their shepherds and those of Schwytz, respecting the respective limits of their pastures; they lasted two centuries and a half, and were the remote cause of the indepen-

dence * of Switzerland, and the military glory it acquired. The shepherds became the masters of these monkish sovereigns, and lords of their subjects, till the Revolution of 1798 overset the power of the republicans themselves. The people of Einsiedeln, now their equals, are incorporated in the Canton of Schwytz, and possibly without perceiving the difference. The first appearance of the abbey struck me as like the church of St. Jean Latteran, at Rome, but more magnificent. The inside is all over party-coloured marble, gilding and painting, and statues with fluttering draperies by Toricelli; huge marble angels and basso-relievos; a multitude of windows make the whole as light as possible; in short, it is quite Italian. The semi-circular avenue of St. Peter seems also to have been imitated here, but instead of the colonnade it is here a shabby portico of rustic work. The Madonna of Einsiedeln, an object of reverence for centuries, had been sent to Paris by the revolutionary invaders in 1798. A miracle brought it back again into its old chapel, standing in the middle of the magnificent church; and her monks, who had fled into Swabia, have returned, forty-four in number, and all looking very young, fat,

* Chap. vii. Vol. II.

fair, and merry. Their cloister occupies four large internal courts. A bell of considerable size, unhung by the French, had fallen from the top of the steeple to the pavement without breaking; and as it could not be carried away whole they left it there. It has of late been hung up again, seemingly not the worse for the accident; this is deemed another miracle, and not the least of the two. Many peasants, men and women, lay prostrate on the pavement round the little chapel, with their arms extended and motionless. Yet the clergy of other parts of the canton, from a sort of jealousy, rather discourage the pilgrimage to Einsiedeln, pretending to question the identity of the Madonna, and the vocation of the rosy set of monks lately returned there: they have also found out that girls meet their lovers in the woods, on their way to visit the Madonna, which is hence losing ground in public estimation.

At the inn, where I betook myself to recruit a little, after the fatigue of this long walk, observing in the larder a chicken ready for the spit, I desired to have it roasted immediately. The landlord stared, and, at last, said it was *maigre* (Friday). "*What then, Sir, can you give us for dinner?*"—"*Sir, we have here some excellent frogs,*

as white as any chicken, you will not know the difference! soup maigre, and a dish of gudgeons, which are excellent, fried." This was our fare at Einseideln.

It is remarkable enough that Zwingle, curate of this very place before the Reformation, preached here, in 1517, against the abuses and corruption of the church, and against monastic vows, with such effect, that the monks threw off the hood and deserted the convent for a while! His doctrines were approved of by the abbot himself, and by the celebrated Cardinal Bishop of Sion; yet when Zwingle was found wounded on the field of battle of Capel, in 1531, they were soldiers of the valley of Einsiedeln who killed him *.

After our *diner maigre* we retraced our steps, with renovated strength, for Schwytz, and arrived in five hours. Two Jesuits are there on a special mission, preaching four times a day to crowded meetings; they feel their way, probably, for the admission of the order at Fribourg, but it is supposed they will not succeed. The burghers have here their corporate funds for the relief of the needy, as every where in Switzerland, but no poor-tax; any further relief is left to private charity. A man who had killed his wife was executed here

* Chap. xxviii. Vol. II.

last week, but there is not an individual in gaol at present in the whole canton *.

I intended going from Brunnen to Altorf by the lake, but the fog described yesterday still prevailing, would have prevented my seeing any thing along its banks; we only crossed over, therefore, from Brunnen to the Canton of Unterwalden, and landed at Buochs, whence we proceeded to Stantz, along a neat gravel path, over meadows of the liveliest green, which are pastured in spring and autumn, and mowed besides twice in summer. Although raised but a few feet above the lake, the fog scarcely reached so high, and we could see numerous herds of fine cattle grazing, noble trees scattered about, and many neat wooden houses, apparently new. A circumference of high mountains bounded on all sides this sanctuary of Swiss

* While at Zurich I happened to see under a sort of open shed by the side of a house, some strange wooden figures, in the act of hanging, decapitating, flogging one another; and inquiring of my guide about the meaning of these things, I was told this was the house of the *executioner*, and the figures models of the most approved mode of operating. Capital punishment is now inflicted by cutting off the head, which is done in this manner:—the culprit sits in an arm-chair, made fast to the ground, and he himself firmly bound in the chair; a cap is placed on his head, with a hole at top, by which an assistant takes hold of his hair, while the executioner, placed behind, strikes off the head with a broad sword.

liberty, the Waldstetten, yet leaving between them a considerable extent of level country, which appeared very fertile; towards the left we had the chain of glaciers which separate Unterwalden from Uri; in front Mount Pilatus, an insulated pyramid, six thousand feet above the lake; on the other side of which, and behind us, rose our old friend, the Righi. The women we met were very neatly dressed, in the fashion of the country; short ample petticoat of dark brown, red sash, blue stockings, seen as high as the knee, large flat hat without a crown, tied under the chin. One of them, at the door of her house, sent, as we went by, her son, a boy, six or seven years old, to welcome the stranger. The boy came, with his cap off, and shook hands with me. I was going to give him money, but the guide prevented me, and said these people saw so few strangers, that the custom of greeting thus those who traversed the country was preserved, but nothing was expected. There is, in fact, no road for carriages through their country, and only foot-paths; the one we followed led us by the place where the Landsgemeind, or annual assembly of the people, is held; a meadow, surrounded by a few trees, in the middle of which a low wall, enclosed a parallelogram of eighty feet by sixty, where I observed a

platform, fifteen feet by ten, raised about two feet, where the chief magistrate (Landammann) stands, leaning on the sword of state, with his officers about him; a sort of pulpit, on one side, is occupied by those who count the votes. This place cannot hold any thing like the whole number of sovereigns, (four or five thousand), probably the heads of families only go in, and the younger ones stay outside.

In a bay of the lake, at the foot of Mount Pilatus, stands the old town, built at the time Emperor Albert was assassinated*; it also marks the spot where the French attempted their landing in 1798, and were several times repulsed. At Hantz, where we stopped some time, we were shown, in the town-hall, a series of portraits, of all the landammanns and the statthalters (lieutenants of the landammann) for several centuries past. Among these horrid daubs I immediately distinguished two very good portraits, painted in 1778, by a native artist of the name of Würsch, who, after many years' residence at Rome and at Paris, had returned to end his days in his own country, little expecting that end would be so tragical; he was seventy-four years old, and blind at the time of the catastrophe of 1798; and was

* Chap. ix. Vol. II.

killed in his own house. Sixty-three persons, old men, women, and children, who had taken shelter in the church of Stantz, were likewise put to death, together with the priest at the altar. An inscription on the wall of an adjacent chapel, simply states the remains of four hundred and fourteen inhabitants of Stantz killed on that day, among whom were one hundred and two women, and twenty-five children lie there. Not one house was left standing in the open country, but Stantz itself was saved by the exertions of a humane officer, of the enemy's, named Muller. A little way beyond that village we passed the chapel of Winkelried, where an obstinate stand was made; eighteen young women, who had fought there with their brothers and fathers, were left among the dead. Thence to Samen, where we slept, is a continuation of the same rich and beautiful country; the destruction did not extend so far. Ancient jealousies, existing between the people of High and Low Unterwalden, determined the first to submit earlier to the new constitution. The account we received here of the same events agreed with what we had heard at Stantz, as to facts, but not as to the manner of considering them, and the resistance of Low Unterwalden was openly ascribed to fanaticism. Here we found another excellent picture of Würsch, it

was a full length figure of the illustrious Nicholas de Flue *, coming down from his retreat in the mountains, among his divided countrymen, restoring peace and union, dictating the laws which were to regulate their future intercourse, then returning to his cell, never to leave it again; the emaciated countenance of the anchorite is expressive of the noblest and best feelings, allied with Christian meekness. This artist understood the *beau ideal* of a hermit, as well as of a statthalter; and I venture to say, that, in London, he would not have been less happy in the *beau ideal* of a lord-mayor. Indeed, Alderman Wood, who was here very lately, expressed some such idea, regretting, probably, it had not been his fate to be delineated by the hand of such a master.

I wished to visit the cell of Nicholas de Flue, and feel the stone that was his pillow; but thus to add another mountain to the many already climbed, and to those to be climbed before the end of the journey, in order to see what, after all, fancy might very well supply, required some consideration, and I finally gave up my project, although with reluctance. There is at Sarnen an abundant spring of very pure water, which flows into a spacious basin, made out of a single block of granite,

* Chap. xxiv. Vol. II.

brought from a neighbouring meadow, where another block of the same dimensions now lies, yet none of the surrounding mountains are composed of granite. Here, as well as at Glaris, the people speak with the highest disapprobation of the venality of the former administration of the subject districts, now independent cantons, and that independence creates no regret. I am glad to see public opinion so decidedly in favour of justice and liberality.

I admire exceedingly the courage with which these people resisted their oppressors, in 1798, and feel the highest indignation at the treatment they received. As to their moral purity and simplicity, and all the virtues ascribed to them by some of their friends, I believe we are to look for these moral qualities, and even innocence, in a state of society highly cultivated, rather than among peasants or shepherds. They are more common in proportion as mental cultivation is well directed; but even when corrupt, cultivated society will always afford solitary instances of virtues of a very superior order to any thing woods and mountains ever produced. At the time of the Reformation, Schwitz, Ury, and Unterwalden, (the Waldstetten), those founders of Helvetic freedom, refused to shake off the yoke of a church, noto-

riously degenerated, from jealousy to Berne and the other great cantons, which they saw were adding to their wealth and power by the seizure of the church property. Their religion might possibly be a faith in relics and in Madonnas, and their patriotism, blind attachment to old customs and prejudices: yet they were strange teachers that came to them from France, mighty clear-sighted, indeed, to undertake leading the blind and experienced in real freedom and constitutional government, to set themselves up for lawgivers! The narrow prejudices and ancient superstition, and mediocrity in all things, still remain; but knowledge and reason, which are making a slow but sure progress every where, will ultimately introduce, even here, improvements attempted in vain by violence.

Nov. 1.—This morning, by a thick fog, we pursued our way along the Sarnen lake, the same which, seen from the top of the Righi last year, appeared like a bright dot amidst the dark green of the landscape, but which we found sufficiently large while walking the length of it. The ascent of the Brunig soon placed under our feet the troubled sea of vapours, resembling waves of carded cotton, which the beams of a November sun had scarcely power to dispel or dilate into clouds. At

the height of one thousand feet above the Lake of Sarnen we found another with lofty groves and rocks, and green Alps reflected from its polished surface. It would be an easy matter to drain it altogether, and gain many hundred acres of excellent meadow ground, at the expense of some picturesque beauty. The ascent of the Brunig appeared nothing after so many higher mountains, and we soon found ourselves on the opposite slope, where all at once the Valley of Meyringen displayed itself under the eye, with its villages and fields, its rivers and its thundering cataracts; Brientz and its lake on the right, and on the opposite side of us the Scheideck, by which we came down last year; above it we immediately recognised our old acquaintances the glaciers of the Wetterhorn, the Mettenberg, and the Schrekhorn, which would have appeared within a stone's throw, had it not been for all the intervening objects which marked the distance. The view towards the left extended to the valley, down which the Aar descends from the Grimsel. Lower down the Brunig we met some shepherd boys, wrestling *secundem artem* on the green; they displayed a good deal of strength, yet used it sparingly, avoiding all useless efforts, but spending much time in mutually watching their adversaries' motion, and never

venturing upon an attack without a favourable opportunity.

At Brientz, we took a boat, *manned* by *women*, as is the custom on this lake. I was in hopes we should have singing, but I found that the principle of the division of labour prevails among them; the songstresses do not row any more, and the rowers do not sing. I soon found, however, that the dashing of the oars, motion and rest together, were to my weary limbs soothing as music itself.

At Interlaken, my guide found a brother laid up by a broken leg, which he had got by wrestling. The next day, I went to see the ruins of the castle of Unspunnen, about one hour's walk from Interlaken. This castle, celebrated in Swiss history, brings to the mind half-romantic, half-barbarous recollections of the middle ages.

At the death of the last king of Burgundy, grandson to the good queen Bertha, in the year 1032, his great vassals would not acknowledge the cession he had made to the Emperor, nor, consequently, the authority of the duke of Zœringen, his lieutenant. The barons of Unspunnen were the most powerful of them, being lords of the whole country from the Grimsel to the Gemmi, as well as of the Grindelwald and Lauterbrun. Burkard, last of the race, was the natural enemy of Berthold V., also last of

the race of the dukes of Zœringen, who had built the castle of Thun, on the other extremity of the lake, to keep Unspunnen in check. Burkard had an only daughter, the beautiful Ida; and Rodolphe of Wœdenschwyl, the bravest and most accomplished of the knights of the court of Zœringen, having seen her at a tournament, had become deeply enamoured of her; but the baron would never have consented to unite his daughter to one in the service of his enemy. Rodolphe, therefore, despairing of ever obtaining his consent, took an opportunity, when the baron was absent, to penetrate into the castle with a party of friends, and carry off the object of his love to Berne, where they were married. The quarrel between the duke and the baron, now more than ever irreconcilable, had cost their vassals torrents of blood, during many years of continual warfare; when Berthold, as generous as he was brave, wishing to put an end to these calamities, formed the chivalrous project of a personal interview with Burkard, in his own castle of Unspunnen, where he repaired with young Walther Wœdenschwyl, son of Ida. The baron, grown old and dispirited, was brooding in solitude over the past, and lamenting the loss of his daughter: the likeness of the child, the frankness of Berthold, and the noble confidence with

which he put himself in his power, overcame his resentment; he forgave his daughter, acknowledged her son heir to his vast domains, and became the friend of the duke of Zœringen. Young Walther, afterwards baron of Unspunnen, was the first Avoyer of Berne in 1223. The old baron having said, when he received his grandson, *Let this be a day of rejoicing ever after amongst us*, the anniversary was celebrated, for many years, by gymnastic games, the details of which are on record. An attempt was made, some years ago (1808), to revive them, and Madame de Staël gave an account of this day in her *Allemagne;* it has also been described by Mr. Stapfer, in his notes on Switzerland. There were prizes distributed for Alpine music, for wrestling, for firing at a mark, *&c.*, *&c.* A round stone, weighing one hundred and eighty-four pounds, was thrown to the distance of ten feet, by a man of Appenzel, and has remained ever since on the spot where it fell, a monument of this last celebration, of which it will assist in preserving the traditional remembrance.

The heirs of Unspunnen, as baillis of the empire, having, at a subsequent period, some quarrel with the people of Oberhasli, the latter made an ill-concerted attack on the castle, and being repulsed, lost fifty prisoners, who had been two years

in durance, when Berne, marching against Unspunnen, soon obtained their deliverance from captivity. The baron himself, suing to be received burgher of Berne, was admitted, and the title and functions of Bailli of the Empire, in regard to the Oberland, devolved to that town, which held courts of justice in the country, and received an annual tribute. Such, however, were the notions of property attached to political rights, that Berne of its own accord reimbursed the baron, what his ancestors had paid to the Emperor, for the office of bailli he held.

The ruins of the castle of Unspunnen are now reduced to a square tower without a door or window; and where you penetrate, by climbing over heaps of stone, to a sort of embrasure, it might be the place where the fifty unhappy captives were lodged! The rock upon which this tower stands was connected with another part of the castle, on another rock, by means of a stone arch, which has disappeared. These ruins stand in a sequestered little vale, green and shady, and overlook another sequestered nook near it, wilder still, and full of rocks, which have taken possession of certain cavities in the rocks. In the ground, under the roots of an old oak, which fell down not many years ago, a riding spur was found, very large, and of course older

than the tree, which had itself seen many centuries pass over its head. A shepherd we met shewed us a place just fronting the castle, where *Madame de Staël*, he said, sat on the day of the anniversary: her name is now become traditional here.

From Neuhaús a boat took us to Thun, in three hours and a half. The lake was beautiful, and the Kander was distinctly seen pouring from out of its artificial channel into the lake, where the soil and stones it continually brings has formed a promontory of considerable extent. By means of flood-gates at the outlet of the lake before Thun, the quantity of water in the Aar is regulated so as to prevent its being sometimes dry and at other times overflowing. Finding a boat loaded with fire wood, ready to start when we reached Thun, we stepped on board at once, without going ashore, and in two hours it brought us to Berne, although the distance, with all the windings of the river, cannot well be less than twenty-four miles. This velocity was very pleasant, particularly as the clear and shallow stream allowed us to see every pebble at bottom, and dispelled all idea of danger.

It is impossible not to be struck with the prosperous appearance of all things in the canton of Berne, and the look of independence and even pride of the peasantry. The people scarcely pay

any taxes; justice is fairly and promptly administered for them; and the magistrates, accessible at all times, are ever ready to listen to their complaints and afford redress.

Speaking on this subject to a Bernese, and mentioning the favourable impression I had received from these circumstances, he pointed to the herds of cattle grazing in the meadows on the other side of the Aar, which we could see from the high terrace of Berne: "These fine animals," he observed, "are extremely well fed and taken care of; and that air of independence and pride you give us credit for, is, as you may perceive, no less observable in them. Is there any thing in their mode of existence that would tempt you? It is not unlike ours! We are indulgently treated, I admit—but, like inferior beings; paternally, if you please—but, like children: a time comes when men grow tired of leading-strings. In civil society, it can be the province of only a few to lead, and many more must follow; here, we complain not, that too few lead—but of the very reverse! In a mixed monarchy, no one feels personally jealous of the regal prerogative being too high and quite out of reach; nor of the exalted station of the representatives of the nation, for the legislative body to which they belong is not exclusive; but

here, we have our next-door neighbours so very nearly the same sort of people with ourselves, that no one could tell the difference, born to command for ever, and we ourselves born to obey for ever —a destiny equally fatal to both; since the one, feeling merit to be superfluous, the other, unavailing, neither has any inducement to mental exertion; and thus, while superior minds are irritated and estranged, the more common ones settle into dulness and apathy. How far, under such circumstances, our government is likely to justify the Greek etymology of the name it bears (*power of the best*), any one may decide!" The undeniable fact of the positive prosperity of the people, embarrassed, however, my liberal Bernese a little; for it is something gained, when you are sure of your dinner, and examples are not wanting of nations whose institutions have secured to them neither food for the mind nor for the body. Another fact forcibly strikes an impartial observer: the standing army of Berne is composed of three hundred men; its militia, provided with arms, regularly trained, and certainly warlike (the campaign of 1798* sufficiently proves it), consists of sixty thousand men, a force wholly popular in its elements, and to which there is nothing whatever to

* Chap. xxxix. Vol. II.

oppose. The existence of serious grievances cannot be supposed under such circumstances. The political revolution, effected at the point of French bayonets, and the government *unitaire*, which was established afterwards, could not be very popular; and although the other constitution, established under the Act of Mediation of Buonaparte, in 1803, might be more so; yet the downfall of the mediator was the signal of a general re-action in Switzerland, and a restoration, too much favoured by the Congress of Vienna, of all that was bad, as well as all that was good, in the old institutions. Ninety-nine country members were, however, allowed to form part of the legislative council called the *Two Hundred*, instead of being all chosen in the town of Berne, as formerly. These country law-makers, I understood, have not yet acquired much influence. Mere peasants* in point of habits and education, although worth, some of them, twenty thousand pounds sterling, which here is a

* In the Emmenthal, the richest district of the canton of Berne, the younger son inherits the land, and pays his brothers and sisters their portion by mortgaging the estate. The origin of this custom is thus explained. Motives of safety formerly induced the proprietors of land to live within the walls of Berne, where they had their house and establishment, which passed to the eldest son, instead of land. Now that these proprietors reside in the country, the custom remains notwithstanding.

very large fortune, they have not yet learned their new trade, and scarcely knowing how to give their votes, sometimes mistake sides; but their sons, having now a motive for mental exertion, will be more learned than their fathers; a number of them are now at the college of Berne, and some have been sent to the German universities. The mixed and temperate sort of aristocracy, likely to prevail in Switzerland ultimately, is probably the best form of government for that country; the Liberals themselves speak most discouragingly of the form of Swiss democracies.

Every Swiss is a burgher somewhere, as has already been explained, and has a right to assistance in his parish, when there is a fund provided for the purpose; but this circumstance leads to a system of interference in private concerns, which appears to me intolerable. A burgher may, from misconduct, lose his rights, and if he should become a pauper, may be driven away from the country altogether. The head of a family, squandering away his property, has a guardian appointed for him. All such cases are carried before the Consistory, or matrimonial court of each parish, from which an appeal lies to the supreme court of Berne. When the parish fund is not sufficient, a tax is raised by the burghers upon themselves, which in

some parishes amounts to ten or fifteen per cent. A child, brought up by the parish, cannot marry without the consent of the Consistory. This same court decides in all cases of bastardy: when the declaration of the mother is supported by collateral circumstances, the reputed father is obliged to maintain the child, that is, to pay between three and four pounds sterling a year; in the contrary case, the mother or her parents, and ultimately the parish, if they are too poor. Country people take charge of these children for that price, and their mortality is not unusually great.

I have already mentioned the Bernese custom of Saturday night visits among young people in the country; it can be traced to northern nations, and must not be too hastily condemned. Young men whose daily labours keep them altogether away from the society of women, and yet, like Cœlebs, are *in search of a wife*, have scarcely any other means of accomplishing their object but the one in question, which, after all, is more rational and more moral than the eastern custom of bargaining for a wife with her father, and marrying without knowing any thing of her; or even than the French matrimonial proceeding, which is a good deal like the eastern. On Saturday night, then, the young Swiss comes under the window of the fair lady to whom

he intends paying his addresses, or with whom he only wishes to become acquainted. Being visiting night, and expecting company, she is at the window neatly dressed, and admits or rejects the petition for which her suitor is not at any trouble of improvisation, for it is according to a received form, learned by heart, and generally in verse; and the answer, I believe, is in verse also. The young man, permission obtained, climbs up to the window, on the third floor commonly (wooden houses present conveniences for the purpose), and there he sits on the window, and is offered some refreshments, generally cherry brandy and gingerbread cakes. According as his views are more or less serious, and he proves more or less acceptable, he is allowed to come into the room, or suffered to remain outside. Frequently the conversation is protracted till the dawn gives the signal of departure; yet to depart is not always safe, for it not unfrequently happens, that a less favoured lover waylays his rival, violent battles ensue, and murder is sometimes committed: for this reason, young men are in the habit of escorting one another on such occasions. Rarely worse consequences follow from this custom, than early and improvident marriages, and much too rapid an increase of population. It is an alarming fact, that the canton of Berne, diminished one half in extent by the dis-

memberment of several provinces, contains now the same number of inhabitants it did in the year 1764 (about three hundred and fifty thousand). Extensive commons were enclosed some years ago, and leased out in small farms to those who applied: the consequence was, an increase of marriages between young people scarcely grown up, who, before thirty, saw themselves burthened with large families, to bring up on the precarious proceeds of a few acres of land. To provide against this, it is now required that applicants for these new farms should have attained the age of eight and twenty. Several swarms out of this beehive of mankind have of late directed their flight towards the Brazils and the United States.

The Bernese laws are not favourable to commerce. No debt is safe, unless secured by mortgage; a debtor who refuses to give up his property, cannot be detained longer than six weeks, at the expiration of which he is banished the canton, and his property seized wherever found.

Although Berne is not literary, yet its public schools are respectable; the establishment consists of colleges in the principal towns, and an academy at Berne, besides its college, which has ten professors and one hundred and seventy-four scholars.

The academy, answering the purpose of a university, has

3	professors of theology	for	39 students
3	ditto law		15
5	ditto medicine and natural philosophy		35
1	ditto mathematics	for	48
2	ditto Latin and Greek		
3	ditto veterinary art		11
17	professors.		148 students.

The professors have a fixed salary of one hundred pounds, and can exact, but often do not from poor students, fifteen shillings sterling for each course of lectures. Many of the young Bernese patricians obtain commissions in foreign service, at the age of sixteen, when their education is scarcely begun, and return at forty to be legislators, administrators, and judges. Few, therefore, acquire a taste for letters. The reputation of the great, but intolerant, Haller, might be deemed sufficient to illustrate this country for an age; and his contemporary, D. Wyttenbach, is ranked in Germany among the greatest humanists of the eighteenth century. The antiquarian Andrew Morell, before them, was so celebrated, that Louis XIV. called him to Paris, to have the care of his collection of medals, but required him to become

a Catholic, to which he would not consent. Kœnig, the antagonist of Maupertuis, and who taught mathematics to the *Marquise du Chatelet*, was also one of the Bernese worthies. Voltaire, praising the profound erudition and the genius of Haller, was once told, that the latter did not speak so well of him. *Ha!* he said, *peut etre qu'en effet nous nous trompons tous les deux!* Among our contemporaries, I shall only name two Bernese, whom I am proud of calling my friends, Mr. de Bonstetten and Mr. Stapfer, frequently quoted in the course of this work.

Bernese morals have been the subject of much praise and much censure, both perhaps deservedly: fortunes are small, and the means of increasing them, and providing for a family, are few: the number of unmarried people of both sexes must therefore be considerable, and the bonds of marriage being respected, the result is, that adultery is unknown, but low debauchery common, and the government even is accused of tolerating places of ill-fame as a useful succedaneum to political clubs!

When speaking of Geneva, I shall give some account of what is called there the *Societés des dimanches*. The custom prevails among the females of Berne with some of the same results. Gentle, modest, and domestic, the Bernese women, above the

lower ranks, much resemble those of Geneva, although probably possessing less information. The exclusive spirit of *coterie* is still more marked here than at Geneva; and political jealousies more violent, although of a different nature—the Genevans are at issue about opinions, the Bernese about places, that is to say personal distinctions for most of these places are without emolument. Political adversaries in all countries hate each other; at Geneva this feeling is disputatious, here it is rather sullen; for the object is not to persuade or confute, but to supplant. The number of individuals of the same family who can be counsellors of state being limited, a rivalry is of course established in the very bosom of families, and it extends to affairs of the heart, and the choice of a wife; for brothers even are sure to fall in love with the young lady whose father can give his son-in-law a seat in the Bernese house of parliament. One of the most melancholy maxims of the melancholy book of La Rochefoucault, *qu'il faut vivre avec nos meilleurs amis, comme s'ils devoient un jour devenir nos ennemis!* is said to be carried into practice here. All this is not peculiar to Berne, but inherent in an aristocracy; for when half the people of the same rank, and living habitually together, are active members of the sovereign council, and the other

mere expectants, condemned to hear from morning to night at second-hand of active pursuits to which they are strangers, to be or not to be of this council, becomes an object of the first importance, and a moral want nearly as pressing as hunger and thirst.

Society, much less numerous than at Geneva, is upon a very simple and easy footing; strangers well recommended are received with cordiality and kindness, and without any ostentation; on the contrary, higher people having suffered most by the revolution, it is now deemed rather vulgar to be rich. Few people spend six hundred pounds sterling a year. A good house, and there are some delightfully situated, costs three thousand pounds sterling. Company of an evening generally separate at half-past nine, and a Bernese *rout* is over before eleven. The only public amusement is a very indifferent German theatre. Although the language is a dialect of the German, the German literature is less cultivated or known than the French; and the latter not much beyond the age of Louis the XIVth.

Oppressed and cruelly treated as the patricians were at one time by the tyrannical agents of the French Republic, they have learnt to feel a salutary hatred for arbitrary power, and can speak very

liberally; they own themselves there is a great change in their opinions. Notwithstanding this liberal disposition, the population, as well as the revenue of the state, are still made a sort of secret, and it is only surmised that the one amounts to three hundred and twenty-five thousand souls, and the other to one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling a-year; one half of which consists of the interest of money in foreign countries, and a great part of the remainder from salt-works, *&c.*; the sum therefore raised by taxes is very trifling. As an instance of the importance attached to secrecy in these matters, the answer of a member of the council, who when Emperor Joseph travelled here was appointed to attend him, is quoted as peculiarly happy.—Joseph said, *Qu'els sont les revenues de votre Republic, Mr. M——?* *Monsieur le Comte,* (the Emperor travelled *in cog.*) *ils excedent nos depenses!*

Joseph, when in Switzerland, shewed much ill-humour and an old grudge of five hundred years against the enfranchised vassals of his family; but the present Emperor, on a similar occasion, behaved very differently—*Vraiment* (he observed, at the sight of the ruins of the castle of Hapsbourg,) *je vois que nous n'avons pas toujours été grands Seigneurs!*

I met in society at Berne a gentleman about forty years of age, Mr. de G——, deaf and dumb, who

held an animated conversation with several persons at the same time, seeing at a glance what was said by those about him, and shewing by what he said that he understood them perfectly. As I was speaking of him, I was advised to turn round, as otherwise he would *see* what I *said*. He lately repeated to two young ladies what they had been saying, which he had seen in the glass over the chimney-piece as they sat before the fire.

I wished to see some of the magnificent peasant weddings described by Mallet du Pan, which used to cost eighty or a hundred pounds sterling, but found they were out of fashion among the higher sort of peasants, left to the lower, and no longer so fine.

It were difficult to imagine a finer prospect than that from the terrace at Berne. From south to west, and at a distance of forty miles, the horizon is terminated by a bold outline of extraordinary forms, rude and strange perhaps in themselves, yet blending in perfect harmony. Every instant is marked by a change of scene, every hue is successively displayed, till the whole central chain of the Alps, so lately burning under the level rays of the setting sun, presents only a succession of pale and livid forms sinking into night. It is at first difficult to account for the new and lively interest a knowledge of the names of these mountains adds to the con-

templation of the prospect, but this implies a knowledge of their geography, or respective position, which at once explains shades of colour and of distinctness unnoticed before, disentangles the lines of crossing ridges, and enables us to mark the hidden lake or deep valley by the scarcely perceptible vapour rising between these distant ridges. Thus it is, botany adds to the pleasure we receive from plants, astronomy and mineralogy to the contemplation of heaven and earth.

The short visit I had paid to Hofwyl last year having only served to excite my curiosity the more, I returned better prepared by previous inquiries to observe to some purpose, during a residence of some days, and I was supplied with all the information I desired.

Mr. de Fellenberg was first known merely as an agriculturist, and still keeps up his original establishment of husbandry at Buchsie, an old château near Hofwyl; but agriculture was always with him a secondary object, and subservient to that system of education to which his thoughts were very early directed*. He is a man of an unusually ardent as

* This account of the Hofwyl establishment is only an abstract of a fuller account prepared for this work, but which proved too long for the purpose, and has besides already been inserted in the Edinburgh Review of October, 1819, No. 64, where it may be seen at length.

well as persevering turn of mind, and conceals a character of deep and steady enthusiasm under a very calm exterior and manners. Although born to patrician rank in his own country, he early imbibed those political doctrines of which such tremendous misapplication was so soon to be made in his neighbourhood, and the disappointment filled his mind with melancholy views of the moral state and future prospects of mankind. It appeared to him, that the world was blindly hurrying on to irretrievable ruin; and that a sounder system of education for the great body of the people could alone stop the progress of error and corruption. He has sometimes mentioned in conversation the particular circumstances which finally determined him to the course he has since pursued. In the year 1798 or 1799, he happened to be at Paris as one of the commission sent by the provisional government established in Switzerland after the French invasion; and in that capacity he had an official conversation with the director Reubel, at his country-house near Paris, in the course of which he laid before him, in glowing colours, a picture of the miserable state to which his country was reduced, and which might soon lead to a *Vendean* war, destructive to both parties. The director appeared for some time to listen with profound atten-

tion, and Mr. de Fellenberg ascribed his silence to conviction of the truths he urged, and something like a feeling of compunction; when all at once the worthy republican, throwing open a window, called aloud to one of his servants, "*Jacques! apportez moi Finette!*" A little spaniel was brought accordingly, with its litter of young ones in a basket, and there was no chance of his hearing another word about Switzerland or liberty! After this rebuff, he gave up the idea of serving his country as a politician; and, asking for his passport the next day, made the best of his way home, determined to set about the slow work of elementary reformation, by a better mode of education, and to persevere in it for the rest of his life.

It is now upwards of twelve years since Mr. de Fellenberg undertook to systematize domestic education, and to shew on a large scale how the children of the poor might be best taught, and their labour at the same time most profitably applied: in short, how the first twenty years of a poor man's life might be so employed as to provide both for his support and his education. The peasants in his neighbourhood were at first rather shy of trusting their children for a new experiment; and being thus obliged to take his pupils where he could find them, many of the earliest were the sons of

vagrants, and literally picked up on the highways; this is the case with one or two of the most distinguished.

He had very soon, however, the good fortune to find an excellent co-operator in the person of a young man of the name of Vehrly, the son of a schoolmaster of Thurgovia, who, coming to Hofwyl in 1809, to see the establishment, and inform himself of the mode of teaching, was so struck with the plan of the *School of Industry*, that he offered his son, then about eighteen, as an assistant: this young man devoted himself from that moment to the undertaking. Although admitted at first to Mr. de Fellenberg's table, he soon left it for that of his pupils, with whom he has ever since lived night and day. Working with them in the fields, their play-fellow in their hours of relaxation, and learning himself what he is to teach as a master, his zeal has not cooled a moment during a trial of more than ten years' unremitting exertions, under the guidance of his patron, and assisted now by four other masters. The number of the pupils has increased successively to forty-three: they obey him as well as Mr. de Fellenberg entirely from love and a sense of duty: punishment has been only inflicted twice since the beginning, and their treatment is nearly that of children under the paternal

roof. They go out every morning to their work soon after sun-rise, having first breakfasted, and received a lesson of about half-an-hour. They return at noon. Dinner takes them half-an-hour, a lesson of one hour follows; then to work again till six in the evening. On Sunday, the different lessons take six hours instead of two, and they have butcher-meat on that day only. They are divided into three classes, according to age and strength; an entry is made in a book every night of the number of hours each class has worked, specifying the sort of labour done, in order that it may be charged to the proper account, each particular crop having an account opened for it, as well as every new building, the live stock, the machines, the schools themselves, *&c. &c.* In winter, and whenever there is no out-of-doors' work, the boys plait straw for chairs, make baskets, saw logs with the cross-saw and split them, thrash and winnow corn, grind colours, knit stockings, or assist the wheelwright and other artificers, of whom there are many employed on the establishment. For all which different sorts of labour an adequate salary is credited to each boys' class.

I have been furnished with the accounts of the *School of Industry*, from its origin to the 30th of June, 1818. It appears that at the end of the fourth

year (June, 1813), the average number of boys being twenty-two, Mr. de Fellenberg was in advance three thousand four hundred Swiss livres; in June 1818, his advances were twelve thousand two hundred and ninety-three, equal to seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling, the average number of pupils during all this time had been thirty-nine. Upon the whole, each boy cost him three pounds eight shillings sterling a year.

The fatal consequences of defective and erroneous information, especially among the lower and most numerous classes, and the difficulty of establishing the truth in time to counteract the effects of error, have been sufficiently exemplified in our times; and indiscriminate reading, particularly of common newspapers, may be thought not much better than no reading at all. But, even upon this principle, it would be difficult to dispute the advantages of that sort of teaching which the school at Hofwyl undertakes to give. The boys never see a newspaper and scarcely a book; they are taught, *vivâ voce*, a few matters of fact, and rules of practical application: the rest of their education consists chiefly in inculcating habits of industry, frugality, veracity, docility, and mutual kindness, by means of good example, rather than precepts; and, above all, by the absence of bad example. It has been said of the

Bell and Lancaster schools, that the good they do is mostly negative: they take children out of the streets, employ them in a harmless sort of mental sport two or three hours in the day, exercise their understanding gently and pleasantly, and accustom them to order and rule, without compulsion. Now, what these schools undertake to do for a few hours of each week, during one or two years of a boy's life, the *School of Industry* does incessantly, during the whole course of his youth; providing, at the same time, for his whole physical maintenance, at a rate which must be deemed excessively cheap for any but the very lowest of people.

Whatever the objection against popular learning may be, it is well worth observing, that the experiment never has been tried with the class of country labourers, but only in towns, where teaching of some sort is within the reach of the common people, together with books and newspapers. The character and circumstances of these two classes of people, however, are obviously very different. The one, crowded in a narrow space, in daily contact with vice and profligacy, exposed to alternate penury and abundance, over-worked at times, quite idle at others, is always disposed to be turbulent, dissolute, and rapacious; the facility of communication serves often to propagate falsehood,

and almost always to stimulate jealousy and discontent: the seeds of learning, scattered over such a soil, must be expected to produce some noxious weeds, along with their more wholesome increase. Peasants, on the contrary, are by nature an inert race, slow and enduring, unapt to combine and act upon a plan; they always were, in most Republics, the subjects of townsmen; their solitary labour precludes the communication of ideas, blunted already by the sameness and simplicity of their lives. Providence regulates their seasons, and sends them good and bad harvests; there is no combining against such a master. These people want stimulants, as the others want to be calmed and repressed; and it would rather seem, that knowledge and new ideas, considered as mere excitements, and independently of their intrinsic value, are of far more importance to the one than the other; and that one of the happiest thoughts the genius of utility ever suggested, was that of rendering the labours of the fields subservient to education, and placing a school at the tail of a plough.

The demand for children's labour in manufacturing districts encourages population beyond the permanent and safe means of subsistence; and the Hofwyl scheme might be liable to the same objection, if it held out to parents the flattering prospect

of gratuitous maintenance for their children: but facts do not yet warrant the expectation of such institutions being able wholly to defray their cost. Although an expense of three or four pounds sterling a year is not much, compared with the object attained, still it is beyond the reach of most poor people; so that the greatest benefit of such establishments must result less from their actual operation on those who attend them, than from the indirect influence of their example, and the comparisons they suggest. Young men brought up at Hofwyl must obtain such a decided preference in all competition for employments, that parents will in time be induced to imitate, in their respective families, the successful process of the *School of Industry*, the influence of which would thus extend far beyond its local habitation. Nor is this preference a matter of mere inference or supposition. Mr. de Fellenberg has always applications for twice the number of lads in his school, who might be advantageously placed at any time, if their patron thought them sufficiently qualified, and if it was right for them to leave the establishment before it is remunerated by their labour. Two only of the pupils have left Hofwyl, for a place, before the end of their time; and one, with Mr. de Fellenberg's leave, is become chief manager of the immense estates of Comte Abaffy,

in Hungary, and has, it is said, doubled its proceeds by the improved methods of husbandry he has introduced. This young man, whose name is Madorly, was originally a beggar boy, and not particularly distinguished at school. Another directs a school established near Zurich, and acquits himself to the entire satisfaction of his employers.

We shall now proceed, however, to lay before our readers a more detailed account of the internal management of the School of Industry. The lessons are given mostly *vivâ voce*, and various questions continually interposed, respecting measures of capacity, length, and weight, and their fractional parts; the cubic contents of a piece of timber, or of a stack of hay; the time necessary to perform any particular task, under such or such circumstances; the effects of gravitation, the laws of mechanics; rules of grammar, and different parts of speech; *&c.* The boys endeavour to find the solution of arithmetical and mathematical problems without writing, and at the same time to proceed with the mechanical processes in which they may happen to be engaged. Aware of the difficulties with which they are thus made to grapple, as it were, without assistance, they are the more sensible of the value of those scientific short cuts, which carry you in the dark indeed, but safely and speedily

to your journey's end; and the more delighted with their beauty as well as their use, they acquire the rationale of the thing, together with the practice; their understandings are exercised, and their attention kept awake. None of them are ever seen to look inattentive or tired, although just returned from their day's labour in the fields. Contrivance, and some degree of difficulty to overcome, is a necessary condition, it would seem, of our enjoyments. The prince, whose game is driven towards him in crowds, and who fires at it with guns put ready-loaded into his hands, is incomparably sooner tired of his sport, than he who beats the bushes all day for a shot.

The pupils are not always questioned, but, in their turn, propose questions to the master, and difficulties to be solved, which they do sometimes with considerable ingenuity. They draw outlines of maps from memory, exhibiting the principal towns, rivers, and chains of mountains; they also draw, in perspective, all sorts of machines for agriculture; and are very fond of trying chemically the different sorts of soil, having tables of them very well arranged. The Bible is read aloud on stated days, and such books as *Leonard and Gertrude* of Pestalozzi, the small book of *Want and Assistance*, *Robinson Crusoe* of Campe, the work of

Zollikofer of Leipsic, the Helvetic *Mirror of Honour* by Stierlin, *&c.*, and others of the same sort, in which the German language abounds. Their music is of the simplest sort; Vehrly writes down the notes on a black board; the pupils copy them in their books; they sing each part, separately first, and then together, in general very correctly, and in good taste. A disagreeable voice will probably remain so; but Vehrly remarks, he never knew an instance of a bad ear which practice could not render perfect. Musical talents are very common among the peasants of German Switzerland; their lakes, their woods, and mountains resound with such concerts of voices as fill the eyes of the traveller with involuntary tears, if he is capable of being moved with the "concord of sweet sounds."

The boys go through the military exercise once a week, so as to appear respectably in the ranks of the militia, when they shall leave the establishment. Various gymnastic games are also practised occasionally; but mental exertions accord better with rest after labour, though some naturally arising from labour itself, may be carried on as well in the fields as on the benches of the school.

Some of these acquirements may be thought unnecessary for country labourers, and they are so in some degree; but at all events they do no harm,

provided they do not encroach on indispensable employments. This is an experiment, the object of which is to show how much may be done for the education of the poor and their support at least cost; and the more implies the less. If it should be found that some of the learning had better be spared for the sake of economy, and that it is necessary to bring earnings and charges nearer to a par, it is a comfort to know that so much remains to come and to go upon. It may be asked, where are masters like Vehrli to be found, able and willing to teach and play, and labour; to guide the plough, and lead the choral band with equal zeal; and just wise enough to follow the instructions of the directing spirit without introducing any schemes of their own. It certainly will not be easy, and yet less difficult now than it was at first, since the pupils of Vehrli may be expected to supply some individuals like himself, and these others. He is by no means a man of extraordinary talents, but simply a zealous, conscientious, and rational substitute, or agent. In order to encourage the attachment to property acquired by our own industry, the pupils are allowed certain emoluments, such as the proceeds of the seeds they collect, some part of their gleanings, and what they raise in a small garden of their own; all which accumulates

and forms a fund for the time of their going away. No ambitious views are fostered by this mode of training the poorest class beyond that of being good husbandmen. The pupils of the *School of Industry* are not raised above their station; but their station, dignified and improved, is raised to them. It has been remarked before, that men, born in the poorest class of society, constituted as it is at present, especially those who subsist in part on public charity, find it almost as difficult to get out of their dependent situation as a Hindoo to leave his cast, kept down, as they are, by a sort of inbred ignorance and improvidence; and, above all, by their multitude, which is one of the worst consequences of that improvidence. The higher and middling ranks scarcely keep up their numbers any where, while multiplication goes on unrestrained by any consideration of prudence, precisely among those who are least able to support a family. The poor may, in the bitterness of want, exclaim against taxes and ill government, and certainly not always without reason, but the worst government is their own, of themselves. When five labourers depend for a comfortable subsistence on getting a piece of work, which can be performed by four, their comfort and their independence too are in no little danger; but both are

irrecoverably lost if they should unwarily double their numbers. We may devise legislative checks on population, and call to our aid even war and emigration: but the most powerful remedies will prove but palliatives, and nothing will do after all but individual prudence and practical morality; now this is precisely what is meant to be inculcated in the *School of Industry*. The practicability of the scheme, I think, is demonstrated, and the extent of application is under experiment; and all who care for the peace and happiness of mankind should pray fervently for its success. Mr. de Fellenberg is on the point of establishing a second school of the poor in the neighbourhood of Hofwyl, wholly independent of the first.

Agricultural labour is not the only occupation which can be made the base of such an education; *manufactures*, with all their disadvantages, might answer the purpose, provided the children were not collected together in vast numbers in the same rooms; provided they were under the care of intelligent and kind masters and overseers, and were allowed gardens of their own, and a certain number of hours each day to work in them, or take exercise in the open air; all which must abridge necessarily the time allotted to productive labour, or to learning. One of the great advantages

of husbandry is, that it affords sufficient exercise, and leaves more time for mental improvement.

Such of Vehrli's pupils as have a turn for any of the trades in demand at Hofwyl, wheelwright, carpenter, smith, tailor, or shoemaker, are allowed to apply to them. These boys will leave the institution at the age of one-and-twenty, understanding agriculture better than any peasants ever did before, besides being practically acquainted with a trade, and with a share of learning quite unprecedented among the same class of people, and yet as hard-working and abstemious as any of them, and with the best moral habits and principles; it seems impossible to desire or imagine a better condition of the peasantry. The training for the rich may appear to some more objectionable, but the ends, at least, are equally laudable; and the earnestness with which they are pursued can scarcely fail to do good.

November 20.—I left Berne early this morning to return to Geneva by Fribourg, Gruyere, and the Valais. The vast circumference of antique walls and towers which Fribourg presents, the rock hollowed into numerous caverns upon which it is built, and the river which encompasses the whole, give it a very striking appearance with which the meanness of the interior does not correspond. It

was fair day, the streets were encumbered with a noisy chattering crowd of buyers and sellers, of beggars and monks and idlers. The dirt, the Madonnas, the colossal crucifixes, strongly recalled Italy. This town is so exactly on the limits of the Gallic and Germanic idioms, that one half of the inhabitants do not understand the other. A lime tree in the town was planted at the time of the battle of Morat, (1476), the trunk is twenty feet in circumference; last year, in a very violent storm, the branches were much shattered, but the wounds, I observed, had been dressed with proper care, and the tree will yet survive many generations of men; under its shade, in former times, judges used to hold their sittings.

The rock which serves as a base to the town is a soft sand stone, so easily cut that it has been perforated with innumerable holes and niches. Mr. Ebel speaks of one which seems a marvel of the kind, being a church, or rather the mould of a church, four hundred feet long, dug out by two individuals in the space of ten years (1670 to 1680); the steeple is eighty feet high.

The torpid tendency of the Bernese institutions is said to be much more marked at Fribourg, a spirit, eminently exclusive, closing the door against new men and new ideas, secures the reign of privileged

mediocrity. Some Fribourgeois admit that they are much *en arrière*, but comfort themselves with the idea, *qu' à Soleure on est encore plus bête!* The government, however, permitted, in 1818, the establishment of a school for the poor, in imitation of that at Hofwyl, but on too small a piece of ground; and although the twenty boys in it are well brought up, yet their labour, not being usefully applied, one of the two great objects in view, that of a gratuitous or of a very cheap education, is not attained. About the same time Father Gerard, a *cordelier*, intrusted with the department of public schools in the canton, organized an establishment which has acquired considerable reputation; being introduced to him by one of the magistrates, I had an opportunity of learning his views from himself, which appeared to me very much those of Pestalozzi, with this difference, that at Yverdun calculation is the main subject upon which the mental faculties are exerted, here philology. Père Gerard believes, and I think very justly, that the philosophy of language presents a greater and more varied field to the human understanding than the exact sciences; taking Fenelon and Rollin for his guides, his object is less to adorn than to regulate and to purify the mind, encouraging, at the same time, that sort of piety which so eminently distin-

guished the Archbishop of Cambray.—" Placés comme nous sommes," he said, " entre une religion mysterieuse qui nous dit *croyés*, et un monde materiel qui nous dit *voyés*—c'est en voyant qu' il faut apprendre à croire!" The school costs government two hundred pounds sterling a year. There are four hundred boys employed five hours a day, according to the Bell and Lancaster methods, from the age of six to fourteen, when they are apprenticed to a trade. They like the school, it is said, learn quickly, and those whose time is out give much satisfaction. A school for girls, on the same principles, is organized and conducted gratuitously, in a convent of nuns of the town, and has about as many scholars as the other.

Père Gerard is a clever man, plain and unaffected, and whose address is very prepossessing. I had conceived the most favourable opinion of his establishment, and went to see it the next day, with the same gentleman who had introduced me to him. We found the first and most numerous class a scene of confusion, the three-fourths of the children were idling away their time, and withal looking very tired; a few monitors had a circle round them. The second and third classes, less numerous, and therefore less disorderly, were yet too like the first; in the fourth were about twenty

scholars, forming groups about their monitors, who proposed questions rather insignificant, out of papers in their hands, and received answers which appeared learnt by heart. Père Gerard himself did not appear. I was told that the recent removal of the school to the house where I found it, was the cause of the disorder prevailing; but I can only speak of what I saw, which differed in no respect from the old hackneyed way of schools. The Jesuits have lately gained a great victory here, and established themselves in spite of the minority in the council, and the majority among the people of the canton, who did not wish to have them; they certainly will meddle with education, and a little competition might usefully stimulate Père Gerard's theory. The pure desire to do good generally requires a little worldly alloy to make it useful, and emulation may probably be the least objectionable. The Jesuits of former times were well-informed and able men, whose ambition had not self for its object, but the order; their devotedness knew no bounds, and was not restrained by any scruples; the modern Jesuits sent here may have the devotedness, but certainly not the talents; they have been called *Capucins à cheval.*

From Fribourg to Bâle, six hours, the country is the finest imaginable, one-half of it being

a forest, which, picturesque as it certainly is, appears strange in a country where the want of corn is habitually felt. Building-stone is every where at hand, yet houses, barns, enclosures, are all made of wood; this substance is as exclusively used as in the back woods of America.

The castle of Gruyère, which either gave its name to, or received it from, the valley, (unless, which is more probable, the valley, as an inhabited country, and the castle be considered as coeval,) stands on an insulated mound, its embattled walls gracefully sweeping round the brow of the rock; it was the residence and strong hold of the last princely family which survived the emancipation of Switzerland, and was finally dispossessed by its creditors in 1554—an undignified termination to eight or ten centuries of greatness. The castle, in good preservation still, is the bailli's residence. I did not go up to it, but heard the great hall described, where the ox used to be slaughtered, roasted, and served up; the sink where the blood ran being still seen, in the embrasure of the only window; the vast chimney, the high and narrow projection of the wall all round the hall where the valorous knights of the court of Gruyère, clad in armour, half sat, half stood at the long table parallel to the wall, and eat the ox. But a few years

ago the chamber of the *peine forte et dure*, where the torture was still occasionally inflicted, long after the sovereignty had passed to republicans, was likewise seen. Madame la Baillive had made it her dressing-room, or at least her dressing-room was the way to the chamber.

The valley of Gruyere is famous, even in Switzerland, for its breed of cows, and the reputation of its cheese extends very far, although much of what is sold under the name, made in the Jura, is of inferior quality. Notwithstanding the very fine and mild weather, the cattle had all left the mountain on the legal day, (9th of October, when the summer leaves end,) and were ranging at liberty on the level meadows of the valley, some black and white, but the greater part of a reddish-brown, as large as the Milanese cows, the horn much less, and the coat not so smooth; but while the Milanese cows give so little milk, these are reckoned to yield twenty-four English quarts a day the first three months, twelve the next three months, six the next, and are three months dry; the price of milk is two batz, or three-pence sterling, a pot, equal to three English quarts: cows here are occasionally yoked to the plough or wagon, and not deemed the worse for the labour. The pastures and the cattle rarely belong to the same person. The young cattle,

scarcely shewing yet the incipient horning, often drew near to look at us as we passed, then bounding joyously away, pursued each other across the pasture. The breed of hogs might be deemed fine, I presume, without pretending to be a *connoisseur*, by an English farmer—straight backs, thick necks, round bodies, and short legs, of a remarkably bright-red colour. The King of Prussia lately bought here a fine herd of cows and two bulls, which cost him ten louis a head.

One of the hamlets we passed had been burnt to the ground thirty years ago, and re-built; a circumstance I learned from the following inscription, neatly carved, in French, over the front of one of the houses, viz.: *Les trois frères, Jean, Pierre, et —— ont bâti cette maison sous la surintendance de Pierre; et c'est le premier édifice remonté après le grand incendie de* 1791! I could not help smiling at the little feeling of vanity evinced by this inscription.

The guide I had taken at Bâle spoke very good French, and I found, on inquiry, he had lived twelve years in Paris, a *commissionnaire* at the corner of the Palais Royal; when having made some money, he returned to his own country to enjoy it, and be comfortable the rest of his days; a project which, however, was a little deranged by the unlucky cir-

cumstance of having brought a Parisian wife along with him, to whom all the *ruisseaux* of the valley of Gruyère cannot make up for those she was accustomed to see running into the common sewer of the *rue Froidmanteau* she inhabited.

From Mont Bovon we began a long and steep ascent of three hours to the *Dent de Jaman*, amidst the ruins of the mountain, confusedly hurled together; magnificent beech and pines anchored their huge roots among them, and their heads were generally shattered by the weight of the snows of many winters. The narrow ridge at the summit of the mountain presented in retrospect the valley we had just left, with its green recesses and woody knolls, hamlets embosomed in trees, and curling wreaths of smoke over them; a little sequestered world, obscure and peaceful, while, turning round, a vast and lucid field appeared before us. It was not the lake of Geneva properly, but a low white vapour, perfectly level, and covering it from shore to shore, so smooth and so dense, as to reflect the surrounding mountains; a singular effect, I should not have supposed possible. The most conspicuous of these mountains were the prodigious group over Meillerie and St. Gingoulph, hiding Mount Blanc itself, which scarcely overtopped it. The dark recess on the left, in the blue haze of distance, was

the Valais, changed into the appearance of a deep and narrow bay, by the same low fog. The lofty ramparts on each side bore fields of ice, which had survived the heat of summer, and the bright expanse of which was not yet hid by this winter's snows. Just before us, we had an easy slope, carpeted down with green, like a dressed English lawn, divided into knolls by the deep channels of mountain streams, heard, but not seen, through the dark groves of pines overgrowing their sides. Far below us, light white bodies, like carded cotton, traversed before the wind the wide lawn, and as we came down to this region of clouds, and were by moments involved in them, I was surprised to find them not denser than a common fog, although they looked so thick and solid from a distance. Now and then we met with a châlet, with its ashen grove, and innumerable herds of cattle of the fine breed already described, grazing at large, and shaking their large sonorous bells in harmony. The temperature had changed many degrees the moment we had got on the sunny side of the mountain. It took us two hours to reach Montreux, by a zig-zag path varied with every beauty nature can bestow.

I have been very fortunate in the weather, which is rarely so fine, and for so long a time, at this ad-

vanced season of the year. I called, soon after my arrival, on Mr. Bridel, minister of this village, for whom I had a letter; we had tea, very generally used in Switzerland, and I found him a cheerful, sensible man, well versed in the history of his own country, and full of historical anecdotes. I have often had occasion to consult, and have got much information from, his *Conservateur Suisse*. Speaking of his canton (the Canton de Vaud), I learned from him, that out of about three thousand suits at law annually instituted, about the two thirds are compromised, through the means of their country justices of the peace. Capital condemnations very rarely occur, and the penitentiaries contain only seventy or eighty prisoners—one fourth of the number women. Twenty-eight thousand children of both sexes frequent the public schools; the *enseignement mutuel* has lately been introduced; the comparative results are as follows:

By the Old method.			By the New method.	
40	out of 100	read well . . .	now 50	out of 100.
37	ditto	wrote well	59	ditto
21	ditto	understood orthography .	80	ditto
15	ditto	arithmetic	31	ditto
38	ditto	knew their catechism well	49	ditto

Four thousand five hundred births a year keep up a population of one hundred and forty-six thousand souls. When giving an account of the rate

of the mutual insurance of houses in the *Canton de Vaud*, managed gratuitously by the government, I said, by mistake, it cost *one per thousand*, but it is one quarter per thousand, or $\frac{1}{4\,0}$th per cent.

Taking a boat the next day, I crossed the lake of Geneva, still covered with the same permanent stratum of vapour, so low, that if this small boat had had a mast, I believe the sun, of which we could just mark the place, would have shone bright on the top of it.

I landed *par hazard* almost at the foot of the rocks of *Meillerie*. There was only a path along this side of the lake, till Imperial France made to this country the fatal present of a military road to the Simplon. The facilities and temptations it will present to the belligerent powers in Europe in their future wars, changes altogether the political situation of Switzerland. The landscapes on the two sides are as different as possible from each other, and as to immediate objects, wholly in favour of this. At the foot of bold rocks, the most picturesque of all trees, the chestnut, fling their horizontal limbs over the lake, and fishermen, numerous on this side, spread their nets to dry from one to the other, quite unconscious of picturesqueness, even while making a picture. No Alps on this side; you touch them, but do not see them, which is a

loss that more than counterbalances the other advantages.

The most destructive fall of mountain recorded in history, without excepting the modern one of Goldau, took place in this vicinity, twelve hundred and fifty years ago. The Latin chronicle of Marius, bishop of Avenche, says, that the mountain of Tauretunum, in Valais, fell so suddenly, that none of the inhabitants of a castle and several villages near its base had time to escape. The waters of the lake, as I have stated when speaking of Lausanne, were driven across with such violence as to sweep away every town and village on the opposite banks. Geneva itself, on the other extremity of the lake, suffered very much.

There are here traces of a great fall of rocks, forming a promontory into the lake, which is about this point one hundred and sixty fathoms in depth; the mass, therefore, which fell into it, must have been very great, for a portion to appear above the surface. This situation, however, does not suit the description of Gregory of Tours, who says, that the mouth of the Rhone was obstructed by this fall of mountain; but as there is not any mountain at the mouth of the Rhone, he was evidently mistaken. One thousand years after this catastrophe (4th March, 1584), another fall happened again here,

but without the same fatal consequences, extending across the water.

The Lake of Geneva is subject to occasional rising and falling of its waters three or four feet, several times in succession, by a sort of oscillating motion, and the phenomenon occurred lately. It is observed likewise on the Lake of Constance, and on all very large lakes in America, as in Europe. The Lake of Geneva never freezes beyond its edge, except at Geneva, where it is shallow; it froze there, in 1709, to the distance of twelve hundred feet from the shore, and its temperature, at a great depth, is much colder than at the surface; at the depth of three hundred and twelve feet the thermometer indicated 50°, while at the surface it stood at 65° of Fahrenheit.

The Rhone enters the lake very muddy, and comes out transparent, which explains the formation of the alluvial grounds at its mouth; that is, the whole valley of *Aigle*, as far as Maurice. The lake certainly was once fifteen miles longer than at present.

Fish is less plenty than formerly, being taken too small, and its natural enemies the pike and the *lotte* having, as it is supposed, increased. The largest trout on record was caught in 1663, it weighed sixty-two pounds, and was sent to Am-

sterdam, *cachée* as the conservateur Swisse expresses it, *dans les profondeurs d'un enorme Páté.* The *ombre chevalier*, (salmo *umbra*), often three feet long, is a most delicate fish. The *fera*, very numerous at times, seems to have migrations, like the herring, from one part of the lake to the other.

The Rhone, from its source under the Glacier of the Grimsel to the Lake of Geneva, a distance of one hundred miles, flows between two of the highest chains of mountains in Europe, and most extensive glaciers, affording between them an irregular area of twenty to thirty miles in breadth, divided into lateral valleys by lower ridges of mountains at right angle with the others, each of these lateral valleys sending to the Rhone its tributary stream. This singular country forms the new Canton of Valais, containing sixty, thousand inhabitants. The only place where it is accessible on level ground is at its extremity, towards the Lake of Geneva. Besides the Simplon there are four other passages, practicable for mules and horses; towards Italy the Grand St. Bernard and la Turca, and towards Switzerland the Gemmie and the Grimsel. Chamois hunters, or those like them, find many other practicable issues, which would not be so to ordinary travellers. The valley

rises insensibly upwards of four thousand feet above the level of the Lake of Geneva, in the course of its one hundred miles, affording, therefore, the utmost variety of climate. At Porte Sex, near the entrance, it is so narrow as to be shut up by means of a palisade across it, and a gate; but nine miles further the Rhone occupies nearly the whole breadth, and the bridge of St. Maurice, of a single arch of two hundred feet, rests against the *Dent de Morcles* at one end, and the *Dent du Midi* at the other; two gigantic abutments, seven or eight thousand feet high.

The Romans built this very narrow, but very solid, bridge; and before the late construction of a carriage road by *Meilleurie*, this was the only one into the Valais *. Just beyond St. Maurice is the place marked by tradition, where the Theban legion, composed of six thousand soldiers, suffered martyrdom (A. D. 302) in the cause of Christianity. Gibbons shews how this fable gained ground, one hundred years after the supposed event, and occasioned the foundation of the Abbey of St. Maurice, still subsisting, by that Sigismond, King of Burgundy, who had been the as-

* I returned along the lake of Geneva. The excursion here described into the Valais had been made a year before going into Italy.

sassin of half a score of near relations, and was himself at last put to death at the Abbey.

Farther on, and about three miles before Martigny, is the celebrated fall of water, called *Pissevache*, much better entitled to its reputation than the fall of the Staubbach. It had rained hard at intervals, when I approached it, and the quantity of water was unusually great; night was coming on, and the lowering sky, the jumble of rocks heaped up at its base, and the lowly roofs of cottages, unaccountably placed among them, all contributed to heighten the effect. I regretted the necessity of hastening to a place of shelter for the night, and meant to return to-day, but an incessant rain prevented it, as well as an intended excursion to the St. Bernard, which would have taken two days. After waiting twenty-four hours at a poor inn for a change of weather, the rain still continuing, I pushed on to *Sion*. The country appeared in high cultivation, meadows irrigated with care, fine orchards of apple-trees and pears, groves of walnut-trees, and on the sunny side of steep hills; vineyards on terraces, producing very fine wine; higher up, forests rose above forests, till lost in the clouds, or rather the clouds, which hung very low, were lost in the forest. The ruins of three different castles, on the points of as

many rocks, on opposite sides of the valley, a couple of miles distant from each other, are marked by tradition as having been the strongholds of three freebooters, brothers, who, corresponding by signals, kept the whole country in subjection, and ransomed travellers. The same country is now the abode of freedom and security, the inhabitants live at ease, and travellers visit it for their amusement. Many new houses are erecting, and some evidently for people above the rank of peasants.

Sion, the Sedunum of the Romans, is a most picturesque looking place; its castle is perched on a pyramidal rock, and its old-fashioned walls, towers, and gates, are ornamented with paintings out of the Scriptures, the whole suggesting the idea of a fortified monastery. It was, in fact, the fortified residence of ecclesiastical princes. One of them, Mathieu Skinner, Bishop of Sion, not less a warrior than a politician, signalized himself at the terrible battle of Marignano. The preceding Bishop had on his coin the figure of Saint Theodosius, in his pontifical robes, fighting against the devil, and of course beating him. But Bishop Skinner, in order to simplify the coin, had the figure of the saint taken out, leaving only the effigy of the devil. This singular coin for an ec-

clesiastic prince is preserved in the collections of the curious.

Causeways and dry stone walls are valuable to mineralogists, as affording specimens of the various rocks of the country; to the physiognomist, a market in a country town presents a no less curious and characteristic collection of countenances, but in few countries does such a collection afford much to admire, for "the human face divine" is not the face of one in a thousand. Sion was full of country people, buying and selling in the public square, and many a flabby, flat, toad-looking visage I certainly observed among them, with glandular necks and weak frames, stupidly staring about; all which I should have deemed symptoms of cretinism. Although very decently dressed, the people could not bear a comparison in point of comeliness and vigour with the peasantry of Berne and Zurich; yet I cannot say I have thus far seen a legitimate cretin in this their birth-place. The war destroyed a vast many of them, and, perhaps, the use of coffee, which I am assured by medical men, had much diminished *goitres*, may also have had a favourable influence in regard to the other infirmity.

The climate of Lower Valais is excessively hot in summer, and temperate in winter; but as the

level rises towards the upper end, the temperature alters much, and the productions of the soil likewise. The difference of aspect of the mountains on each side occasions also much variety. On Mount Sanetsh, near Sion, in a southern exposure, you find barberry bushes and fox-grapes growing wild; the pomegranate appears out of clefts in the rocks; higher up chestnut and walnut trees, under which the grasshopper sings all summer long, and vineyards which produce excellent wine; next corn fields, then forests of the beech and oak; the common pine follows, and last the arole, an evergreen, already described between Grindelwald and Meyringen. Where trees cease to grow, many plants of Spitzbergen are found. Thus in the course of a few hours, the productions of half the globe pass in quick succession under your eye. Beyond Sierra I observed a splendid house, or château, building, a rare occurrence in Switzerland. The mountains on the left exhibited a curious picture of wildness and active industry, villages with their grey-stone roofs, and white-washed walls, their glittering spires, and walnut groves; small vineyards in terraces, and patches of meadows of the most vivid green, all so clearly seen and strongly defined, that they suggested the idea of coloured prints pasted on a wall, repre-

senting villages and churches, fields and men, where no real villages and churches could stand, fields exist, or human creature climb. At another place on the right I observed, at a great height, a singular building, with an extended front of no depth, literally *placardé* against the rock; it was, of course, a convent.

A zig-zag path, or perhaps flights of stairs, led to it, marked by seven white chapels, *(reposoirs)* placed at regular distances on the way. A stranger cannot tell in the Alps what is accessible or inaccessible. No slope, composed of earth or broken fragments of stone, can form an angle of more than 45°, and generally much less; earthy mountains, therefore, are always accessible, and but few rocks are so upright, and their surface so unbroken, as not to afford some places for the hardy mountaineer to rest his foot, some dwarfish oak or ash for his hand to take hold of, some narrow shelf to receive the ladder or notched log, by which he may reach in safety the beetling brow of his little field. The *chemin des echelles*, near the baths of Leuk, is a curious instance of this sort of road; eight successive ladders over precipices lead to a village, the inhabitants of which go up and down at any hour, even with loads, little suspecting that the way to their home is not as good as others.

After passing Sierra, I should have had a view of the Gemmi and its frozen summit on the other side of the Rhone, but the clouds, still as low and thick as yesterday, permitted me only to see at its base a mighty cataract, coming from I could not tell where, dividing in its foaming course the dark forest of pines, and hurrying afterwards to the Rhone. A slender bridge in front of the fall stretched from one projecting rock to another, seemed fit only for goats, and perhaps goat-herds. Immediately beyond this, the dark and deep outlet of the Leuk appeared; a path along the precipitous sides leads to the celebrated baths at the height of five thousand feet; it is in some places cut into the rock with a roof, to protect it from the fall of smaller stones frequently coming down from the heights above. Two bulls, Mr. Ebel says, being on these heights engaged in close combat, regardless of the ground they stood upon, one of them was thrust headlong down, but the roof could not parry such a blow as that. In the spring, 1799, the people of Valais, who the year before, after a long and obstinate resistance, had been obliged to submit to the constitution forced upon them at the point of the bayonet, took up arms again, and for several weeks defended this passage against the French, who had passed the Gemmi, and who, by rolling down stones and logs

of wood, attempted in vain to dislodge them. One night the Valaisans, assuming the offensive, turned their elevated position, forced a number of them down the precipice, and regained afterwards possession of the whole country. Unfortunately, the Austrians, coming to their assistance, and taking the lead, put them out of their own mode of warfare; the legitimate tactics, proving less successful than those of nature, could not save the country, which was soon after a prey to all the ravages of war. This unfortunate people suffered even more than the inhabitants of Underwald; one-fourth of the population perished, with most of the Cretins, who had neither the sense to fly, nor the strength to defend themselves.

The *Col de la Gemmi*, the most extraordinary of the passages of the Alps, is but a step above the baths, and you may thus reach Thun in a few hours, although to come from it hither by the carriage-road of Berne, Fribourg, Vevay, St. Maurice, *&c.*, is a journey of two hundred miles. Switzerland is a labyrinth, of which Mr. Ebel is the Ariadne, and his excellent *Manuel de la Suisse* the thread; such is its infallibility, that the guides, each in his locality with which he is so well acquainted, quote the book, and consult it.

The properties of these waters are much the

same as those of Pfeffer's baths, but their temperature is higher, being 37° to 40°, instead of 28° to 30°. Notwithstanding the threatening situation of the latter, they are not exposed to any accidents, while the buildings at Leuken, and all in them, were swept off by avalanches in 1719 and 1758; but the danger is over before the bathing season.

The traces of falls of rocks, more or less considerable, and more or less ancient, are visible every where in the Valais; we have passed by fragments fallen but a few days, nay a few hours, while others of considerable size bear on their summits the ruins of castles, of which all tradition is lost. Our earth, in its early youth, must have presented a rugged contiguity of crags and precipices, which it has been the work of succeeding ages to smooth down, and bring a little nearer to a level.

On the other side of the Rhone, ten miles above the opening towards Leuken, and in a commanding situation, I was shewn the village and castle of the Baron de Raron, whose history will be found in the second volume of this work, chap. xx.

The people of the high, and those of the low Valais, form two distinct races; the first enjoying, with a healthy climate, a much better state of health, and superior comeliness of person. Goitres

and Cretins disappear altogether, the language even is different, passing from the Romand dialect to the German. This is the same race of people found in the Waldstetten, in the valley of Hasli, in the Simmenthal, and traced to a Swedish origin It is singular enough that till the Revolution in 1798, and for three hundred and fifty years before, the people of Lower Valais were subjects of Upper Valais, having been conquered by them from the Duke of Savoy in the fifteenth century. The two populations are now associated on a footing of equality, under the same government, forming the twentieth canton of the Helvetic league. They are a simple, honest, religious people, and of their bravery they have given the strongest proofs in 1798-99. As to industry, learning, and cleanliness, they certainly are not pre-eminent, and to the want of the latter quality the indigenous infirmities already mentioned may in a great measure be attributed. Such is their veneration for Madonnas, and other symbols of the Roman Catholic faith, that however far off they see any thing of the kind, they never fail to take off their hats; observing the postilions do this frequently without any apparent object, I generally discovered at last, by looking round over the mountains, some solitary cross in the clouds, to which the devotion was directed.

BRIEG, *November*.

After a tempestuous night, the Simplon was this morning all white with snow, and icicles of a respectable length hung down the roofs of the houses. My landlady came to tell me, with a look of great concern, in which I was bound to believe, that the *director of the road* declared it impassable to-day. Bad weather, even on a journey, is to me rarely unwelcome; it affords an ostensible reason and plausible apology for keeping within doors. That the impediment would be nothing if you really had a wish to go abroad, is a secret you need not disclose to the world, nor even acknowledge to yourself; it is sufficient that the excuse be legitimate. Shut the door, stir the fire, and enjoy yourself with a safe conscience. Keller's map under my eye, I have been curiously retracing my own steps all over the mighty maze in a nut-shell, which Switzerland presents, where you may travel long and far among new and varied scenes, all within a stone's throw of each other, and not only may travel, but must, if you choose to see them, as they are not mutually accessible but by very circuitous ways. Having come to our station on the châlet's roof of the Wingern Alp last year, I found by the scale that the direction, in a straight line from that spot, to the

one where I now am, at the foot of the Simplon, is but twenty miles; from many points on the intermediate frozen ridge both places might be seen at once, and even persons known, and signals given, by the aid of a telescope. Formerly, as I have elsewhere stated, people went to mass, to a wedding, or to a funeral, from one to the other place.

The Romans never came up so far as this into the Valais. The wall they had built across, in order to shut out unsubdued barbarians, like the one on the northern boundary of England to shut out the Picts, stood six miles below Brieg, and Sion was their last fortress.

Domo d'Ossola. This morning announcing a fine day, all the Simplon travellers at the inn were up ready for the ascent before sun-rise, and so soon as a narrow edge of fire just marked the outline of the highest summit towards the east. As we went up, the valley we had left displayed, in an extent of many miles, numerous villages and little towns, sketched in white over the universal dark green, with the Rhone, here very inconsiderable, winding its way amidst the whole. This imperial road is twenty-five to thirty feet wide, hard and smooth, rising only two inches and a half in six feet, never more, and sometimes less, a good horse can trot up as well as down. There are seven sheltering-houses

(maisons de refuge) on the Valais side, and three on the Italian; these houses, solidly built, have two or three rooms on the ground-floor, and as many above; the people who have the care of the road live in them. There is besides, on the summit, an hospice like the great one on the St. Bernard, but established in a temporary building, while a new one is erecting in a style of magnificence, which probably may prevent its ever being finished; nor is it, in fact, necessary, with so many other houses in different parts of the road. Yet I should be sorry to see the good old romantic establishment of the monks and the dogs reformed altogether. The elements, in league with the levelling tide of improvement of the age, destroyed last winter most of the dogs of the great St. Bernard, who died at the post of honour, under the multiplied avalanches of the most snowy winter in the memory of man. What with this road, and the road over Mont Cenis, all the glory, the poetry, or, if you please, the sport of crossing the Alps are lost; one might as well travel in Flanders. In three hours we reached the third house, where the horses rested an hour, while we warmed ourselves near a blazing fire. In the construction of the road thus far there had been no great difficulties to encounter; in two hours more we came to the first gallery through the rock, about

twenty feet wide, and one hundred feet long, all over icicles six feet long; half-an-hour after we arrived at the fifth house, and the sixth again at the same distance of time, where the additional horses are taken off, and you pay toll at a gate for the remainder. All the danger from avalanches is between these two houses, the fifth and sixth, from a glacier on the left, higher up in the mountain, and the edge of which is visible from the road. The Saltine has its source under it; all the passages across the Alps follow the course of some stream, as the Simplon road does of this torrent. The old path, still visible by following it much more closely, was six miles shorter, but much more steep, and very dangerous. There are posts, fifteen or twenty feet high, set up along the road at regular distances, to mark it in deep snows; carriages are then placed on sledges, and the people at the different houses turn out and clear the track. The Milan mail over the Simplon is never stopped. From the highest point, six thousand one hundred and seventy-four feet above the sea*, you descend in half an hour

* The highest point of the Mont Cenis road is six thousand three hundred and sixty feet; of the Gemmi, six thousand nine hundred and eighty-four feet; of the Grimsel, six thousand five hundred and sixty-eight feet; of the St. Gothard, six thousand three hundred and forty-eight feet; of the Griez, in Upper Valais,

to the hospice, and in half an hour more you reach the village of Simplon, where the post-house is situated; it probably is the highest village in Europe, and though almost in Italy, their winter lasts eight months.—This first stage is reckoned six posts, and took eight hours, including one and a half hour's rest.—The descent to Domo d'Ossola is reckoned four posts and three-quarters, and took four hours, including half an hour at the Piedmontese custom-house; altogether twelve to thirteen hours for the passage of the Simplon. The south side, much more exposed to falls of stones, has no avalanches to fear, and there are consequently not half so many houses of shelter, and these mere caravansaries, not permanently inhabited. This descent, towards Italy, is extremely beautiful, sublime, and even terrific. The road from Bienne to Bâle, already described, may give some faint idea of it. Nothing can be more striking than the labyrinth of the Val Vedri, and the four long galleries through the rocks. Yesterday, at the sight of some stones lately fallen, and lying on the road, the postilion, looking round to me, said, "Ah, Monsieur! ce n'était pas comme celà du tems de l'Empereur!"—"Comment," I an-

opposite the Grimsel, seven thousand three hundred and forty-four feet; and the St. Bernard, seven thousand five hundred and forty-eight feet.

swered, " est ce que les pierres ne tombaient pas dans ce tems là ?"—" Oui ! oui ! mais crac—c'était ôté—ne me parlez pas de ce B— de gouvernement ci !" added he, shrugging up his shoulders. Such is the feeling on this side of the Simplon—on the Valais side it is wholly different. As to the policy of keeping this road in repair at an enormous expense, there certainly does not seem any great inducement for the Sardinian government to do it; it is not a commercial road, and never was travelled but by artillery or post-chaises; no good is to come from it to either Sardinia, Austria, or Switzerland, in any point of view, and it is easy to foresee that it will in time return, in a great degree, to its wild state. Near a marble quarry, at the foot of the Simplon, lay by the road-side a very fine block, thirty-two feet long, and four and a half feet thick—the rough shaft of a column.

The first view of Italy is such as to give the most favourable opinion of the country, meadows irrigated with the greatest care and of the finest verdure, as well as perfectly level and smooth, vines over mulberry trees, and luxurious fields of maize, villages irregularly and oddly, rather than meanly, built; and on the hills on both sides of the valley of Domo d'Ossola, a vast contiguity of shade, with large square towers, by way of

steeples, over village churches, and innumerable country-houses peeping through the trees, most of them appearing at a distance magnificent. In the little town of Domo d'Ossola you hear, on all sides, the sound of the chisel against the marble, and the streets are strewed over with the bright fragments. This already looks like the country of the fine arts.

The Alps, much more abrupt on this their southern front than on the northern, look sternly on Italy. Amidst a mild and rich landscape these enormous bulwarks rise abruptly from the plains of Lombardy, which are three thousand feet lower than the level ground on the Swiss side, a difference which adds much to their magnitude.

Having returned to Geneva, where we intend spending the winter, I shall have no more to speak of travels, and what remains for me to say of Switzerland, relates to men and not to things.

No town was ever blessed with *soirées*, or what is, I believe, now called in London, "evenings at home," to such an extent as Geneva. They go on multiplying from November to the approach of spring, when the superior attractions of the coun-

try soon put an end to them; and this division of the year is, I must say, rather more rational than the one prevailing in London. Geneva is a small town, and the genteel part still smaller; carriages are out of the question, sedan chairs even are rarely used, and the *beau monde* repair on foot to their parties. Soon after eight in the evening ladies sally forth, wrapped up in a cloak and hood, a rebellious feather only appearing sometimes in front, and walk on tiptoe about the streets, preceded by their maid, who carries a lantern; when they reach their destination, the cloak and double shoes are thrown off in an anteroom, appropriated to the purpose; their dress is shaken out a little by the attentive maid, their shawl thrown afresh over the shoulders with negligent propriety, their cap set to rights, and then they slide in lightly, to appearance quite unconscious of looks, make their courtesy, take their seat, and try to be agreeable with their next neighbour; yet now and then they stifle a yawn, and change place under some pretence, for the sake of changing, and curiously turn over young ladies, or young gentlemen's, drawings, placed on the table with prints and books, upon which they would not bestow a look if they could help it, nor listen to the music, to which they now seem attentive. Tea comes at last, with heaps of

sweet things; a few card parties are arranged, and as the hour of eleven or twelve strikes, the maid and lantern are announced in a whisper to each of the fair visiters. Mean time the men, in groups about the room, discuss the news of the day, foreign or domestic politics, but mostly the latter, making themselves very merry with the speech in council of such or such a member, (of course of the adverse party), who talked for two hours on the merest trifle in the world, and thought he was establishing his reputation as a statesman for ever. Many complain of the growing evil and intolerable hardship, of sitting from four to eight or nine o'clock every day throughout the year, to hear long speeches and do nothing. It was, indeed, once observed, that during the fifteen years they belonged to the French, Monsieur le Prefet went through the same business with far greater ease all alone, and in half the time; but this anti-national and imprudent reflection met with indignant frowns, and this short answer:—It is not for the sake of the themes boys do at school, but in order to form their understanding by the exercise, that schools are instituted; any schoolmaster might, no doubt, perform the task better, and more quickly than his boys; yet to take it out of their hands would not answer the purpose, any more than intrusting the

business of the state to a French Prefect, instead of an assembly of counsellors of state, prosing, captious, and dilatory as they may be. In short, legislative assemblies are not so much intended *pour faire des affaires, que pour faire des mœurs!* as to time lost, it is fully as well employed in the council-chamber as in the *cercle de Larive*, where most of us would be; the majority may call for the question when they please, close the discussion, and come to a vote; therefore long speeches must, upon the whole, be amusing to them, since they submit to hear them out.

Large parties, at Geneva, are laborious undertakings for the mistress of the house, especially when she happens to be on the verge of her *cast*, and considered in the light of a *parvenue*: she must not only remember all who ought to be invited, but remember to forget all who ought not, choose her night well, not to interfere with other parties, likely to draw off the crowd in preference, and make it a point to have some distinguished personage to give a zest to the party. The runaway Hospodar of Valachia, for instance, with his diamonds and his court; a British prince, who remembers the names of every grandmother he knew here in his early youth, and delights them with the long-forgotten tale of their beauty and accomplish-

ments; Lady Morgan, an Italian singer, the puppet-show, *&c.*; and, after all, when the *soirée* is happily over, most people say it was tiresome; and the mistress of the house, above all, will exclaim, *quelle corvée!* When we find every body thus bent on doing what pleases no one, we might be tempted to say with Bazile in the play, *(Barbiere de Seville)*, astonished at seeing every one supporting of a common accord what they all know to be a falsehood; *qui est ce donc que l'on trompe?—tout le monde est du secret.* I do not mean to find fault with Genevan *soirées* particularly; these sort of things are singularly alike every where, but here the real social intercourse rests on other foundations, and is connected with a state of manners, not obvious to transient observers, and of which I shall soon give some account. But to return to the subject of great parties, friendly conversation is certainly out of the question there, and vanity itself has not fair play! yet when you are neither familiar with any one, nor anxious to shine; when not particularly in love with your company or with yourself, a crowd is upon the whole safer than a select party, and of two evils the least. *We meet here*, said once an ingenious inhabitant of a country town in England, *we meet every evening, we never try to entertain*

each other by conversation, knowing well we should not succeed, but go to cards immediately. Any thing, in fact, which releases people from the obligation of being agreeable, affords them the only chance of being so.

All the world has heard of the fogs of London, where there is a great deal of smoke, indeed, but no more fogs than elsewhere; and never of Genevan fogs, which are the most permanent and the thickest I ever saw; for three months, November, December, and January, the sun has not been seen at all. This state of the atmosphere is always accompanied by the mildest temperature, but the frost sets in, the moment the sun appears. At Lyons, in the south of France, fogs prevail in an equal degree, but what is not become proverbial passes unobserved by the greater part of mankind.

The College and the Auditoire are free schools, open to all without expense; the whole male population goes to college at five years old, and leaves it at fourteen. In the ninth class they learn to read for one year; in the eighth to write for two years; each of the other seven classes take one year; and in these seven years they learn the catechism, grammar, Latin, and a little Greek, being employed six hours a day in summer, and

five in winter. Places in the four higher classes are determined by what are called *attacks*, the boys challenging one another to the best lesson, or the best theme. Prizes are distributed annually, and the day is a national festival. The magistrates in a body, the ministers and professors, the whole people, repair to the cathedral, where the first magistrate of the Republic proclaims aloud the names of those who have prizes; but the day after, each victorious candidate is subjected to a *grabot* *, that is, a public examination, and a severe one too, of their moral and scholar-like conduct during the year, the result of which may be the loss of the prize obtained. Every thing in this solemnity is calculated to excite emulation, perhaps to excess. After leaving college the young men attend the *Auditoire* of the Academy, that is to say, follow the lessons of the professors of *belles-lettres* for three years; philosophy afterwards, and finally, law and divinity.

The Genevans know that their system of education has defects, and are anxious to correct them. The four first years at the college, for instance, are spent in learning to read and write.

* The members of the Executive Council are liable to be turned out by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Council of Representatives. This counterpart of an election is called *Grabot*.

which might be taught better in half the time, and with it elements of various arts and sciences, by the Bell and Lancaster methods; besides, the five or six following years are mostly employed in learning dead languages, without utility to the nine-tenths of those who attend college, being inapplicable to their situation in life. I am told the parents of the class of tradesmen are very anxious their children should be Latin scholars; but allowing for the prejudice, it is no reason why more should not be taught. The want of method is complained of in the distribution of the lectures in the Auditoires of the Academy; there are often several lectures on the same subject, while other branches are not taught at all.

The citizens of Geneva, as at Rome, in the heroic ages of the Republic, serve their country for love altogether; her magistrates, her clergy, her learned professors, are all of the heroic stamp, and fulfil their respective avocations for little or no reward. Yet it seems to me, that as the heroic and even the paternal ages are over every where, learned professors might submit to receive a compensation for their services, in lieu of the patrician eminence, which was their portion formerly. Adam Smith deemed a pecuniary stimulant applicable to the scientific professions, as well as to

others, and the learned professors, his countrymen, receive, some of them, as much as two thousand pounds sterling a year from their pupils, without being the worse for it; there is really no reason why learning should be put on bread and water.

Ever since the Reformation the public establishments of education at Geneva have enjoyed a high degree of reputation, and although charged with Calvinistical severity, have always kept pace with the progress of knowledge in Europe. Two celebrated professors, born at the beginning of the last century, rivals in glory, but not the less friends, Cramer and Calendrini *, taught the Newtonian discoveries from their first promulgation; and new mathematical chairs were established for them in 1724; both these learned men were magistrates of the Republic, as also the learned and modest Abauzit †. Experimental philosophy and

* When, in 1731, the Academy of Sciences of Paris gave Cramer the *proxime accessit* on a question respecting the orbits of the planets, for which Bernouilli received the prize, the latter admitted that *il devoit sa couronne aux menagemens qu'il* avoit gardés envers les tourbillons!

† Abauzit, who lived to the advanced age of eighty-seven, travelled in his youth in England and Holland, and became intimately acquainted with Bayle and with Sir Isaac Newton. The latter, when he sent him his *Comercium Epistolicum*, wrote, that he was a fit judge between Leibnitz and him. He had before dis-

natural history soon after attracted the attention of Europe by the discovery of a new principle hitherto unknown. Trembley, Tallabert, Bonnet, De Saussure, De Luc, *&c.*, distinguished themselves by their experiments, the zeal and sagacity with which they collected facts. Neither Trembly nor Bonnet were professors of the Auditoire, but they nevertheless contributed much to the advancement of public education. The council created, in 1737, a professorship of experimental philosophy for Tallabert, while Burlamachi, at the same time, delivered lectures on the laws of nations. The events of the last twenty years have, in some degree, damped the spirit of mental improvement, heretofore so conspicuous here; and the present

covered an error in the *Principia*, which was, in consequence corrected in the next edition; and he had also changed Newton's opinion respecting the total and central eclipse observed by Thales, in the year 585 before Christ, which is so essential to chronology. The extreme simplicity and modesty of Abauzit made him impart his opinions and discoveries to his friends rather than to the public. Rousseau was surprised to find him better informed than himself on the subject of ancient music, of which he had made a particular study. When Voltaire was told by a foreigner, that he was come to Geneva to see the first man in Europe, his answer was, "Then *you are come to see Abauzit!*" He was born at Usez, in France (1679), of a Protestant family; but he was educated at Geneva, where his mother sent him in his infancy, to save him from being taken away from her, and brought up a Catholic, as was then done. She was in consequence sent to prison herself.

generation does not promise to be very distinguished in the paths of science, for those eminent professors Geneva still possesses belong to other times; yet as the public is aware of this deficiency, a hope remains that it will not exist long, particularly as a new and better organization of the *Auditoire* is in contemplation. Some want it to be erected into a university; but others, comparing the internal peace they enjoy with the agitated state of German universities, are apprehensive the influx of foreign students would require a new system of police inconsistent with the nature of their government; that it would break in upon their privacy, and, by enhancing the price of the necessaries of life, be a source of profit to their neighbours, and loss to themselves, as their own territory is too limited to supply the consumption of the town. Their object is to secure as good a system of education as possible for their own children, not to set up as teachers for the rest of Europe, which even in a mercenary point of view, would be a hazardous speculation. The richest among foreign students, now in Geneva, board with clergymen, who undertake to assist their studies, as well as overlook their conduct, for one hundred louis, or pounds sterling, a year: boarding merely may be had at half price, or even less.

The college is a scholastic-looking building, its library, occasionally recruited with modern books, contains forty thousand volumes; the correspondence of Calvin, of Theodore de Beza, and other celebrated reformers, is preserved there; and it were to be wished, the patient and intelligent editor of the *Extraits du Conseil d'état of Geneva*, would undertake to investigate and publish what is most curious and characteristic of the sixteenth century.

When comparing the public establishments of education at Geneva with those of other countries, and their respective results, we soon find we must look elsewhere for an adequate cause for the manifest superiority of Geneva. I have heard it ascribed to the domestic impulse given by parents themselves, and especially to the enlightened and indefatigable zeal of mothers; my own observations tend to confirm the opinion. We are naturally led to inquire how these mothers themselves are brought up; I shall give some account of the most remarkable feature in their education: A stranger when first admitted to some sort of familiar intercourse at Geneva, soon takes notice of certain endearing epithets which women of all ages are in the habit of bestowing on one another, such as "*mon cœur*," "*mon choux*," "*ma mignone*," "*mon ange*."

The objects of this interchange of endearment, I was told, are women of some *Sunday society;* this explanation only increasing my curiosity, I made further inquiries, of which the following was the result:—Both boys and girls are from their birth associated to other children of the same age and sex*; boys under the designation of the same *volée*, and girls of the same *société du dimanche*, meet at some of the parents' houses every Sunday, but neither fathers nor mothers, nor even brothers and sisters, unless of the same society, are present; a *goûter* (a sort of light supper) is given to them, composed of fruit, pastry, *&c.*, of which, being left to their own control, they partake at discretion, and do and say what they please. A sort of natural subordination soon establishes itself amongst them; the cleverest and most good-natured, the strongest and the wisest, soon acquire an influence over the others, which increases gradually with age †. They feel no jealousy of a superiority insensibly established and acknowledged by them-

* Treaties are concluded eventually between parents, before the birth of a child, and negotiations have even been known to take place in regard to those who never were conceived.

† Young men of the same volée remain as such united at college, and until their dispersion over the world; but even then, they retain always a strong predilection in favour of their early companions.

selves; it reflects credit on the whole *volée*, or *société*, the merits of one member are the boast of all, and thus twelve individuals are led to take the best among them for their model. There have been examples of young female orphans extremely well educated by their *société*, others have there found means to counteract the bad education they received at home; but there is not one instance of a whole association being contaminated by the vicious propensities of an individual. Young women, left to their own guidance under the safeguard of their innocence and mutual protection, at the age of fifteen as well as at five, go out where they please unattended, without any questions being asked, or any inconvenience being found to result from the liberty given them; there are very few instances indeed of women above the very lowest class, married or not, whose conduct is suspected. Women, generally doomed to live and die where they are born, and whose friendships are rarely interrupted by any long absence, being gentler, more affectionate and caressing than men, retain habitually through life, in speaking to one another, those youthful expressions of fondness which had attracted my notice; but men, as well as women, always make a great difference between the friends of their *society* and those who are not. It has been said of

Geneva, that however long a stranger may live there, or be of all the *soirées*, he never will get farther: this must be explained; not being of any man's *volée*, he will not be treated with the familiarity of an object of intimate association from the earliest infancy. These are the friendships described by Montaigne, which the stranger would not probably have met with in his own country, and may therefore dispense with at Geneva. Young women meet by themselves until one of them marries; the husband becomes, *ipso facto*, of the *société du Demanche* of his wife; other men, not married, are from that moment admitted; each of the girls designates those she wishes to invite, who are admitted if the rest have no objection; this is a great change; the young people of the two sexes now learn to know each other, and most marriages originate in this manner, being seldom the result of mere prudential arrangements made by the parents; some matches occur unequal in point of fortune, but very few between persons of unequal and incompatible tempers. Husbands are, as we have seen, of the society of their wives, quitting those to which they had previously belonged; the wife therefore determines the cast of her husband. It is not uncommon for men of the *haute société* of Geneva to be seen there no more after they have married beneath

them; this is not an exclusion, but a voluntary estrangement, of which the motive does them credit. It may be asked what constitutes the *haute société* of a country like Geneva, without hereditary titles, without nobility, without entailed estates, or even large territorial estates, for want of a territory—such, indeed, is the natural tendency to these distinctions, that we find them in all countries; vanity is never at a loss for a pretence. In Virginia, priority of transportation among the founders of families, at the time the colony was a sort of Botany Bay of the mother country, is said to form a claim to precedency among their descendants. This may only be a bad joke on Virginians, but it is, nevertheless, true, that men will turn every thing to the account of their pride. At Geneva, the families of those who took shelter there at the time of the Reformation, were, it seems, the first founders of the *haute société;* for the bloody quarrels between the infant Republic and the Dukes of Savoie, had previously driven away all the nobles; all those holding places under government; all the rich; all those whose vanity, or whose education, connected them with the great. The clergy also went away at the Reformation, and the *canaille* only remained at last. Protestants coming amongst them appeared like fellow-sufferers, and high-minded men, who had pre-

ferred exile to the sacrifice of their conscientious opinions, could not fail to be well received; their birth, wealth, superior education and learning, excited no jealousy among the people, but more probably gratified their pride, and they allowed these foreigners to preserve their rank. All the names ending in I of the *beau monde* of Geneva date from the first period of the Reformation; they were Italian exiles. The revocation of the edict of Nantz added some new families to the first; but the crowd of foreign tradesmen, who, like their betters, availed themselves of the protection of Geneva laws, and flourished under them, remained in the rear ranks, and found it difficult to make their way into the more distinguished society which took possession of the higher end of the town, because pleasanter, and in time it became synonymous to be of the *ville haute* or of the *haute société*—a person in power, a patrician. Much jealousy then prevailed between the high and low town, and it might be said, with as much truth as is strictly requisite to give currency to a joke, that the frequent revolutions in Geneva during the last century came from its not being built on level ground—*Nos degrés de noblesse*, said a Genevan, *sont des escaliers*.

Humane institutions are multiplied at Geneva even to excess, and lead to some of the inconveni-

encies of the poor laws of England—that of giving a premium to idleness, for which the industrious suffer, and of increasing population beyond the means of subsistence. The saving bank is the institution which promises to do most good, without the possibility of abuse; it may indeed be considered as one of the greatest social improvements in our days. When the saving bank of Geneva was first established, a rich Genevan granted a mortgage on his estate for the security of deposits, giving also a considerable sum of money as a premium, in order to encourage them; in two years nine hundred and sixty-six individuals have deposited four hundred and twenty-eight thousand four hundred and five florins, eight thousand four hundred pounds sterling. I should mention the Orphan Asylum, established twelve years ago by some Genevan ladies, who direct it; they have now thirty-six pupils brought up to industry and morality, who cost five hundred and seventy florins, or eleven pounds sterling a year each, all expenses included, and deducting the proceeds of their work. Although many of them, born in poverty, and neglected in early youth, entered with bad habits and some vices, they have been so entirely reclaimed by the discipline of the establishment, and the few already placed in service have turned out

so well, that they are now in great request as servants.

The hospital, well administered, is in a healthy situation, and kept very clean; it contained, when I saw it, two hundred and eleven sick, but medical advice, and assistance in food and money, were extended to many more individuals out of doors, to the poor as well as the sick, at the annual expense of three thousand five hundred pounds sterling. The number of foundlings received from the whole canton does not exceed thirty a year. I was shocked to see in the hospital about thirty-five insane patients, laying most of them naked on straw in their respective cells, of which they had broken the windows, and yelling like wild beasts. Mad-houses were in this or in a worse state all over Europe not many years ago, and are so still in most countries; but I should have expected to have seen the late improvements introduced in England in full operation at Geneva, where they are known to many who have seen the new establishments in London, as I have lately seen them myself with admiration; yet no steps are taken to reform and improve their own barbarous establishment*.

* It was the excess of mismanagement which brought on the reform of mad-houses in England, and especially of New Bethlem. St. Luke's, the first house of the kind I visited, appeared to me

The prisons of Geneva, tolerably clean, are otherwise in a state of great imperfection; debtors, very few luckily, are shut up with petty offendets; criminals, tried and not tried, are likewise together.

perfection; but New Bethlem, which I saw afterwards, far exceeds it. Formerly the insane were treated as criminals, that is, with unnecessary rigour; now, criminals are treated as persons under mental derangement, that is, both restrained from doing harm, and subjected to proper discipline, with a view to induce new habits and a new course of ideas. A striking resemblance is observable in the New Penitentiary (Millbank) and New Bethlem. The principle of classification, separation, occupation, prevails in both; with this difference, that the patients at New Bethlem are not regularly employed, as those in the Penitentiary. It is true, they cannot be trusted with all sorts of tools, but there are those of an innocent description, such as the stocking-frame and the loom. A taste for occupation might be introduced, as good order has been. I saw, at New Bethlem, a woman who had been for ten years chained to the wall in the old institution, and her hands besides confined by a straight waistcoat, because she would not keep on her clothes. I have seen this same woman at large in New Bethlem, decently dressed, and quietly working at her needle or knitting stockings.

When she and others in her situation were first let loose, they were frantic with joy, then soon began to be disorderly; at the first outrage committed, they were seized and confined as before. A new experiment was tried, with the same result, only that the interval of good behaviour was longer; and so on, from day to day, until they learned to be ruled, and to be mad decently. In St. Luke's, I observed only two cases, of patients destroying their bedding and clothes, and obliged to be chained; at New Bethlem, not even one. It is an error to suppose that people are mad at all points, or are vicious at all points. Conscience or intellect gene-

When I visited the prison I found sixty-two individuals, two of whom only were detained for debt; one half of the number worked in different rooms, six or eight together, at various trades, sleeping two and two on straw mattresses provided for

rally remains assailable somewhere, and the woman above-mentioned furnishes a proof that the last spark of rationality is not easily extinguished. The insane will submit to rule, and be the better for it, but they will not submit to be chained like wild beasts. Every mode of withdrawing the mind from the usual course of ideas should be used. Lord Robert S., one of the most active and most useful of the directors of New Bethlem, piques himself with having given the patients windows to look over on the country and the passengers on the road; this does not seem to answer at Geneva, but there are reasons for the difference. At the New Bethlem, the windows are in a long gallery, where the patients walk freely, and not in solitude; they have, besides, access to large courts, with grass and trees: At Geneva, they look from the window of the cell, where they are detained in solitary and perpetual confinement, and comparing the liberty of those in the public walks, with their own situation, they are not amused, but, on the contrary, made extremely angry; the more so from the provocation they receive from boys and vulgar people, the windows being too near the walks.

The straight waistcoat is discarded in the new establishments, and leathern belts substituted, to which the wrists are fastened by a ring, so as to allow in a great degree the use of the hands. I saw, in Guy's hospital, a woman whose feet mortified in consequence of the cold and damp, and the pressure of her fetters in a private mad-house, and who had both legs amputated very lately. She seemed to have recovered her reason in a great degree, and expressed how comparatively happy she was!

them; strong liquors are not allowed; the chaplain appeared to perform his duties with zeal and intelligence, and the gaoler seemed a humane man. The want of space here, as at the hospital, seems to raise impediments to reform, and this want of space is due to the fortifications.

The fact is, that all the institutions of Geneva were so early tolerable, that the necessity of making them better was never so urgent and imperious as elsewhere; yet perfection is incumbent on Geneva on peculiar grounds. For nearly three centuries its moral reputation made its principal or only strength, and the influence of that moral reputation never was so conspicuous as in our days. After fifteen years of political death, the Republic of Geneva was picked up, like an old medal, by the sovereigns of Europe assembled at Vienna. Had it been an ordinary town, they never would have thought of its restoration on principles of justice alone, any more than of Venice or Genoa. National identity had survived the political extinction of Geneva.

The Genevan House of Parliament is at this moment employed in solving a problem about the divisibility of matter, the question is to reduce to its smallest possible quantity the standing army of the Republic; opinions are divided on the subject, parties grow warm, but as they debate with

closed doors, reports are various respecting them. This standing force, usually called *garrison*, has been successively reduced from one thousand, five hundred men to one thousand two hundred, to eight hundred, to four hundred and sixty, and now the object is to reduce it farther to three hundred and eighty men. It puts one in mind of the tailor of the Island of Barataria, with his five diminutive hoods placed on the end of his four fingers and thumb. The adversaries of the garrison, going back one hundred years and more, to the time of building the fortifications, say they were a pretence for a garrison against the people, not against a foreign enemy. This, of course, is contradicted by their opponents, who assert that the fortifications saved the town from immediate occupation in 1792, 1814, and 1815; and that four hundred and sixty men is the least possible number necessary, simply to mount guard in time of peace, without harassing the inhabitants whose time is better employed; for, in time of war, thirty times that number would be required. This, however, furnishes a new argument against them, for thirty times four hundred and sixty efficient men is much more than the whole male population can supply, and it would scarcely be worth while to guard, in time of peace, fortifications which must be aban-

doned in time of war. As to saving the town from a *coup de main*, it is what a mere wall would do as well. Buonaparte meditated to make Geneva a *place d'armes*, extending the works to certain commanding heights near it; a plan the Austrians were about carrying into execution, in 1815, and the works already begun were only stopped by the news of the battle of Waterloo. The fortifications, therefore, have been twice on the point of proving fatal to Geneva, to its peace, to its morals, to its independence, to all, in fine, that is dear to Genevans. As to its being the key of Switzerland, the idea is exploded in modern tactics, no such importance is now attached to fortresses: the strong hold of Switzerland is in the Alps; an army assembled there would best cover its frontiers.

The friends of the garrison are thus driven to another ground; a republican country, they say, may do without a standing force, a republican town cannot; particularly when one-fourth of its population is composed of manufacturers *, and

* Geneva is not properly a manufacturing town, and had better not be one, dependent as it must ever be on its neighbours for corn. The number of its watchmakers (the only manufacturers of any consequence, since the liberty of the press in other countries has destroyed a considerable book trade) is even much diminished. In

one-third of foreigners. England, since the great increase of manufacturers, and although the larger portion of the population is still agricultural, has been obliged to maintain a great military

In 1782, the number of workmen in the different branches of watch-making was	5000
In 1792, the three principal branches employed 1200 individuals, and secondary branches 2043 . . .	3243
In 1818, the 3 principal branches 950, the others 1077	2027

In 1802, Geneva exported

15,000 gold watches, at 70 francs	1,050,000	
45,000 silver ditto, at 15 ditto	625,000	
	2,375,000	

In 1818, this exportation amounted to three millions of francs, principally gold watches.

Thus the amount of exportations is increasing, while the number of workmen is diminishing, owing to various improvements in the art, and the application of machines; but their labour requiring more skill than formerly, they are better paid. Women had in consequence been excluded, though now they begin to be again employed.

Mr. Chaptal states, that the number of watches made in Paris is treble what it was twenty years ago, and the number made at Geneva proportionably reduced. In point of fact, there are no watches made at Paris, except a very few high priced ones by Mr. Breguet, and some other first-rate watchmakers, and even they get most of the inside work of their watches done at Geneva. The importation is prohibited in France, as well as in England, but these absurd prohibitions are evaded. In the first instance, a stamp is required in France on all articles made of gold, for which a tax of 12 francs an ounce is paid, and would come to about eight francs per watch, but this stamp is clandestinely applied

force in the country. Berne in that point of view, although under a less popular form of government than Geneva, may better dispense with a military force.

The liberals of Geneva admit that their old *Conseil General*, like the Landsgemeinte of the democratic cantons, had all the defects of tumultuous assemblies, without any constitutional efficacy; it was a battle or nothing. The history of the last century affords numerous instances of violence on the part of the people, and oppression on the part of the government, impossible at present, for many valuable improvements have taken place *; a sort of *habeas corpus* protects individuals, trials are conducted with open doors, a statement of the re-

for about 15 sous, which, for 30,000 gold watches, is a loss to the revenue of . . . . . £217,500.
Watches and trinkets are smuggled into France at the fixed rate of 6 per cent., which on three millions is . 180,000.
397,500.

A duty of 6 per cent., instead of the prohibition, would secure to government the whole profit smugglers now make. The value of clock-work from Geneva to England, being mostly for the India market, is six millions of francs, smuggled at the rate of 10 per cent., equal to £24,000, which might as well be saved to the revenue, by establishing a duty equal, or even superior, to the premium given to smugglers.

* Two thirds of the votes in the two councils are necessary to carry an amendment to the constitution.

venue and expenses is published yearly, the press is freer than it was; all this is a great deal gained, but more is demanded; a direct mode of electing the representatives of the people, public debates in council, the fortifications pulled down.

It is not supposed the elections by the direct mode, instead of the two degrees of election, would be different in result from what they are, but they would please the people better. Those who regret what they call the paternal government, a government all trust and confidence, should consider, that it never could be confidence all on one side; and, moreover, that confidence is of a totally different nature under different circumstances. Children, five years old, trust to their parents, and so they again do at five-and-twenty, but surely on different grounds, when the discipline of the nursery gives way to that of reason.

A due separation of the different powers of the state might be intended by the new constitution; but in regard to the judicial branch, where the separation is more necessary, it certainly is very imperfect. The legislative council selects judges from among its own members and those of the executive council; they are appointed for life, indeed, but in some cases retain their seats in the councils; and finally, the executive council over-

looks the courts of justice, and sees *that they fulfil their duty;* as every where else in Switzerland the judiciary branch of the government is in a great degree blended with the others, and far from independent *.

Whenever a free government is attempted to be established in Europe, the utmost publicity of all its measures, by means of debates with open doors, and of an unshackled press, are looked upon as the first requisite. Experience shows that abuses in the government multiply without end, as long as they are kept secret, and that a sense of justice, or even good policy, never operated any reform, unless assisted by an apprehension of loss of power, from too long a resistance to public opinion. The instinct of power is to oppose its own limitation, and all attempts to reform or control its administration; unbounded submission and unbounded resistance seem, on the other hand, the instinct of nations. Mutual dread, much oftener than confidence, seems to regulate their inter-

* Not a single case of capital condemnation has occurred since the restoration of the Republic, notwithstanding the accession of some new districts ceded by France and Savoy. There have been a great many divorces in these new districts, facilitated by the Genevan law, which makes the voluntary absence of one of the parties out of the territory for a certain time, not very long, a sufficient cause of divorce.

course, and yet the interest of both parties is, in a great degree, the same. They have much to gain, and nothing to lose, by a thorough knowledge of the grounds on which this community of interests is established, and the advantages of unlimited publicity seem to follow of course. Truth, as we are told, will come out of the very heat and exaggeration of debate, in spite of all the arts of faction and by means of them. England, undoubtedly, owes its constitution of government to the protracted struggles of parties, and to the continual shock of opinions. Geneva is another instance of the ultimate good effect of those struggles, although carried there to a scandalous extent during the last century*; and if we consult the history of Italy, even marking what it was in the middle ages, and what it is now, we shall not hesitate between the respective advantages of a state of political agitation, and one of perfect calm; there are no tempests on a pestilential marsh, although it is death to live in its atmosphere. Yet we do not find in the Italian republics of the middle ages, nor at Geneva, nor in England, till within almost our own time†, an unlimited system

* Chap. xxxii. and xxxiii. Vol. II.

† Parliamentary debates were certainly not given before the bookseller Cave undertook to furnish them; by the aid of Johnson,

of publicity to have prevailed, consequently a considerable degree of constitutional freedom and mental energy may exist without.

Controversy *per se*, and argumentation of any sort, without a certain pre-disposition to admit evidence, or at least without a very uncommon degree of impartiality, rarely, if ever, operated conviction, or changed any received opinion; this disposition must come of itself, or, at least, be the immediate result of our own observation of facts, our own experience of abuses and defects, inherent to institutions of which we had previously a favourable opinion, or the spontaneous discovery of some fallacy in doctrines we thought true; the knowledge of facts is, therefore, most desirable in every point of view; but arguing on facts misleads full as often as it instructs, yet the greater part of what is published consists of arguments much more than facts. Although arguments are without efficacy to remove prejudices already formed, they strengthen them wonderfully when they happen to tend the same way as our feelings, lending them a sort of dogmatic authority which

in the Gentleman's Magazine, since the subject is treated between them as a *new idea*. A long time probably elapsed before regular reports of these debates appeared in the newspapers, and it must be within the memory of living men,

sanctions their violence. To ask whether the truth should be known, is not to state the question properly, but whether the daily publication of polemical writings, or political debates be, or be not, the best mode of propagating it; we can only affirm it is the best mode of stimulating and keeping alive public attention, and may be good or bad according to circumstances. It is the remedy for a particular disease of the mind, apathy, but not its best food when in health. He who reads a factious paper every morning at breakfast, would shrink from the daily application of a blistering plaster to his back, yet the operation of the one bears a considerable degree of analogy to the other. The people want stimulants occasionally, the government oftener; and were the zeal of a legislative assembly to cool, and the nation to become indifferent, public debates and newspaper reports would, of course, be the obvious means for effecting excitement. Now, in regard to Geneva, the question seems to be, not whether the truth should be known, (for although not a single newspaper is printed on the territory of the Republic, and although the councils debate with closed doors, the people know, in fact, all that is going on very accurately), but whether any stimulants be wanted, either with the govern-

ment or the people, and I should say no. The constitution has already been amended twice or three times, in the very few years since the restoration of the Republic, and is likely to be amended soon again, in some of the points already stated; it is obvious then, that there are symptoms of sufficient life and activity in the councils of the nation, and the nation itself is by no means asleep; still, therefore, I would leave the Genevan legislators to be the sole hearers of their own speeches.

The new constitution of Geneva (1814) limited the publicity of trials; the restrictions have been removed by an amendment, and I was present at the trial of two boys guilty of numerous robberies with false keys. The bill, stating the crimes charged to them, was read, together with their answers to a previous examination. The witnesses were heard apart from each other; the previous examination of these witnesses was then compared with their deposition in court, all in the presence of the prisoners, who were frequently asked by the court, whether they had any thing to say on the evidence. This examination of the witnesses and the prisoners was solely conducted by the chief judge; six other judges present took no active part in the prosecution. The ex-

amination of witnesses lasted three hours; after which, the attorney-general spoke for the prosecution, and the counsel for the prisoners answered; the court then withdrew to deliberate, and, as I thought, to dine*, having employed two hours in deciding what could not well require many minutes. The prisoners were sentenced, one to six years' correctional confinement, and the other to five, in the common gaol already described, and dismissed with a paternal admonition from the bench, which means about this: "You are very bad young fellows, and, in order to correct your vicious propensities, we are going to lock you up among thieves and vagabonds for five or six years, in perfect idleness, and trust you will grow up to moral and industrious habits and principles, and come out into the world, at the end of your time, quite reformed creatures."

The examination of the prisoner is liable to strong objections; but the active part the judge takes in the prosecution must be deemed quite barbarous. As to the absence of a jury, although fully aware of its importance, I should look upon

* This is one of the involuntary errors travellers are drawn into on false appearances. I have since found, that the judges did not dine, and never do in cases like the present, although they probably may indulge a little in conversation.

it as the least defect of this mode of trial. When the judge examines the witnesses himself, and still more, the prisoner, he becomes, without intending it, a party in the cause: we naturally wish to find what we are looking for, and to overtake what we pursue*; the prisoner becomes a piece of game which the judge is hunting down—a most unsafe situation for both, and peculiarly unbecoming the impartiality of justice.

I remember being forcibly struck with a similar mode of prosecution in France. Returning there after an absence of twenty-six years, I found at Rouen a curious cause was about to be tried on that day (Feb. 1815), and I stopped to see how the business was conducted. Three countrymen

* To this very natural desire of overtaking the object we pursue, and establishing what we seek to prove, must be ascribed that bitterness of language and feeling observable in so many English, respecting the government of their own country, and by association, the country itself. To strangers, who have not had the same opportunities of attending to particular defects and abuses, who view England as a whole, and consider general results only, this partial view of things and perverse exaggeration appear very extraordinary; yet it is not only natural, but necessary. Constitutional opposition, if it were not a passion, would be nothing; it cannot be a passion, and not be exaggerated; to require it to be temperate and impartial, is to reject it altogether. Whence the seeming paradox, that the best government is the most censured and abused, may fairly be maintained.

were accused of the murder of a fourth; one of them, hard pressed by the judge, defended himself very well for a long while, but unable, at last, to extricate himself, he said, peevishly, "*Since you will have it so—of course it must be so.*" "A pretty answer this!" said the judge, angrily. To this the prisoner replied with some insolence. His honour the judge, quite furious, thundered from the bench; while his victim, made desperate, did not stop readily, and it was some minutes before both parties becoming sensible of the impropriety of the proceeding, the one resumed his wonted calmness and gravity, and the other a humble and submissive tone: but *le diable n' y perdait rein.* This scene put me in mind at the time of the fable of the wolf and the lamb, as to situation at least.

The intervention of a jury diminishes in France the inconveniences of this mode of proceeding; but there is no jury at Geneva, and the six passive judges I saw on the bench do not answer the same purpose; although, certainly, abler men than the generality of jurymen can be, they do not afford the same security, as I have endeavoured to show in a former work*.

* Journal of a Tour and Residence in Great Britain, in 1810 and 1811.

I inquired of the Genevans, why they had abolished the jury, a valuable institution, which their transient re-union to France had procured them. "Because of that re-union," they said, "the jury introduced amongst us with *la terreur*, recalled the *comité revolutionnaire*. It is troublesome to the people, and they do not like it. Our judges, besides, are such good sort of men, that we may trust them altogether." None of these reasons appeared to me quite sufficient, and the political advantages of a jury are more applicable to Geneva than any where else. In October, 1817, there was a popular tumult about the price of potatoes, which a party among the lower class of people wanted to be regulated by a maximum, and they finally took away for nothing what had been brought to market. Heretofore, popular tumults had generally been connected with politics, and there was an apprehension that the course of justice might be impeded; but trials with open doors having lately been granted, the people heard the evidence, they saw clearly the prisoners were mere plunderers, and their punishment excited no discontent; if, however, popular feelings had been still more engaged, a jury alone could have extricated the government.

Knowledge and skill and strict impartiality be

long to the judge; common sense and common feelings, to private individuals on a jury. The judge is deaf and blind and inexorable, and knows only the law; the jury is under the influence of public opinion, or even of public prejudices, which must not be overlooked altogether, and for the sake of the law itself, of peace and good government*. The jury is, in fact, a legislative, as well as a judicial, power, negatively, at least, for deciding on law, as well as on fact; they may, and do, silence the law when they please. Besides the obvious use of juries as a check on judiciary proceedings, for the safety of individuals, the institution is of high political importance. Unforeseen cases occur sometimes, where an undue advantage is taken of the law, either for party purposes or against a party. The jury may suspend, in fact, its application, until it is altered; in other

* While in court at Geneva, I noticed that boys under sixteen or seventeen years of age were driven away by the gendarmes in attendance, whenever any of them appeared among the spectators. These boys went away with very indignant feelings evidently, and this gratuitous insult is quite enough to make them, in the sequel, desperate Jacobins; the more so, as the very disposition which made them feel an interest in the proceedings of a court of justice, marks minds above the common. Surely, the lesson they might learn there would be full as profitable as any they were likely to get at college or the academy.

cases, less uncommon, the strict application of the law would be so directly in opposition to public feelings and prejudices, as to excite popular violence and revolutions in the state. A judge cannot make the law bend to circumstances; Government cannot yield without disclosing weakness and encouraging the factious; but the jury, being supposed to participate in these public feelings, may preserve the peace without disgrace, by a sort of innocent denial of justice. This is one of the hidden springs upon which the cumbrous machine of society is, as it were, suspended, and enabled thereby to sustain accidental shocks without coming to pieces. A *jury* of judges, as the silent part of the bench might be deemed, cannot be ignorant of the law, and would make themselves gratuitously contemptible if they pretended to participate in the feelings of the multitude.

The best informed people at Geneva seem convinced that there is not a more rational, prompt, and effectual method of discovering the truth, than by examining the prisoner himself; and, with the exception of England, this is so universal an opinion in Europe, that it is worth considering a moment. Any favourable circumstances the prisoner, or his counsel, would, of course, communicate of themselves; their silence, therefore, is on many

points a sort of implied admission. No confidence can be placed in any thing the prisoner says, and even when innocent, persons in his situation have been known to tell lies, not thinking truth sufficient; and, in this way, materially injuring their cause. What, then, is the use of asking questions? The process is rendered much simpler by omitting them, and the merits of the case lying in a narrower compass, will then be easier and better understood.

As to any discovery expected from the voice, manner, and countenance of the prisoner, this, surely, is very unsafe, as well as unfair, evidence, and little suited to a strict administration of justice. In remote ages, judicial combat ensured success to the strongest; or the rack to the most enduring: would we have the most brazen gain his cause?

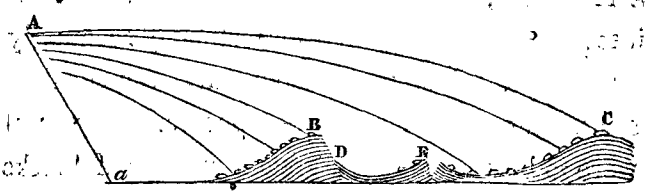
The mountain of Saleve, although out of the territory of Geneva, seems to belong to it, and is a favourite place of resort for the inhabitants. Its aspect from the town is singular, rather than picturesque; consisting of a perpendicular face of rocks, about three thousand feet high and ten miles long, sinking down gradually at each end, and marked with longitudinal stripes, too regular, and of a bad colour, being horizontal strata of whitish calcareous stone. Towards the Alps, this mountain slopes gradually into a rich and smiling coun-

try. At the sharp edge of the summits, a piece seems to have been knocked off, leaving a wide and deep gap down to the mid-height of the mountain, and the strata correspond on each side. Below, on the contrary, the strata of the plain, through which the Saleve seems to have forced its way vertically, are turned up against its base, forming, on a reduced scale, abutments such as those described at the foot of Mont Blanc. In some places, there is a practicable interval between the Saleve and these extraneous strata.

The slope towards the Alps is strewed over with irregular blocks of granite, exactly similar to those already described in the slope of the Jura. These blocks are most numerous in the great gap. I have measured several, which were thirty to forty feet in length and breadth, and above ten feet high, giving ten or twelve hundred cubic feet for the solid contents. Their angles are very sharp, without appearance of having rolled or experienced any friction. The Saleve wholly calcareous, has no granite in its composition, and these blocks are exactly like the granite of the high Alps, of which they seem to be detached fragments. Mr. de Saussure states, on this subject, a very curious fact. He observed, in this very gap in the Saleve, two large blocks lying on a calcareous base, elevated a few

feet above the soil, but connected with the calcareous strata of which the mountain is composed, and which run under the soil; the granite blocks had preserved from the general decomposition by air and water just as much of the calcareous strata as they covered, its surface being every where else converted into soil; being of an irregular shape, while the base upon which they were lying was quite flat, smaller fragments might be seen interposed, which were caught at the moment these blocks lighted on their present resting places, at the termination of a very wonderful passage from the high Alps hither; a distance of forty miles as a bird flies. "I gazed," says Mr. de Saussure, "with a sort of involuntary admiration, on these last witnesses (the small fragments interposed) of a revolution, of which we scarcely can form an idea, although established on testimony seemingly irrefragable. Nothing, undoubtedly, can speak a clearer language than these appearances; yet it were to be wished that a greater number of blocks should be examined, by digging round them, and if any one was found lying on soil interposed over the calcareous strata, it undoubtedly would weaken very much Mr. de Saussure's theory, for we cannot suppose that a force (*debacle*) which could dash off at a stroke such heavy masses to such a distance,

would have left an atom of soil any where: surely the floor would have been swept clean before these blocks alighted upon it. Similar masses are scattered over the whole plain of Geneva, as far as the Jura; but it is sufficiently remarkable, that few, if any, are found between Geneva and the foot of the Saleve, which intercepted them, while, further off, they again become numerous. Among the blocks which fell in the lake, there is a very remarkable one, called *Pierre-a-Niton*, a corruption of Neptune, to whom there is a tradition that sacrifices used to be offered on the top of the stone, hollowed out by the action of fire probably: and many instruments, used for the purpose of sacrifices, have been brought up at different times from the bottom of the lake, which round the stone is very shallow.



A a. Profile of the high Alps above Mont Blanc.
B The Saleve. C the Jura.
A B and A C Projection of the fragments of granite carried from the high Alps and the Saleve, thirty-six miles; and to the Jura, fifty-four miles.
C E D Calcareous strata forming the Jura, continued under the plain of Geneva, turned up and broken at E, and forming a gap through which the Rhone flows, and again turned up against the base of the Saleve at D.

Close by the castle are some curious excavations in the longitudinal strata, which Mr. de Saussure pretends were produced by the erosion of water, and exhibit irrefragable proofs of his *débacle.* As a sincere friend of the system, I much regret he should have said this, because injudicious arguments prove hurtful to the cause they are intended to support. The *débacle* must have been a sudden catastrophe; the ocean, for instance, shifting its bed, and pouring all at once over a sinking continent, while its old basin rose into dry land! It might break through chains of mountains, furrow the surface of the earth into deep valleys, and scoop out the beds of lakes; but the excavations on the face of the Saleve, evidently the work of time, slowly wearing away a stratum of rock, softer than the rest, are effects too trifling for such a cause. I question even their being the effect of water at all, for the height is nearly one thousand five hundred feet above the Lake of Geneva; and supposing the passage of l'Ecluse to have been stopped up altogether, the water would have found a ready outlet towards the Rhine by *Entreroche* and the Lake of Neuchâtel, only two hundred and forty feet above Geneva; it could never, therefore, reach the height of one thousand five hundred feet, a circumstance Mr. de Saussure seems to have overlooked.

The granite blocks already mentioned, scattered over the whole extent of the *Canton de Vaud*, but principally in the direction of the valley of the Arve, and of the valley of the Rhone, are found on the south slope of the Jura, nearly to the summit, and not over it, but have penetrated through the chain wherever any opening offered, as at the *Pas de l'Ecluse;* all these appearances are singularly favourable to the theory of the *débacle.*

At a certain hour of the morning a sunny spot is observable in the great body of shade the Saleve throws over the plain below; this is occasioned by a slanting hole admitting a ray of sun in the higher part of the mountain. I have penetrated into this cavity by the lower orifice, not without some difficulty and danger. Mr. de Saussure sees there again an effect of the *débacle,* although it would have been much more likely to carry away the Saleve altogether, than thus to bore a hole through it. The fact is, that calcareous rocks are generally full of strangely-shaped caverns, and this is one of them; and there is no need of the *débacle* to account for it.

Five or six miles to the south of the Saleve, in the middle of a very beautiful and fertile plain, rises a monument of remote antiquity and druidical construction, composed of four blocks of granite, such as are strewed about the country; three of these,

standing on end, rise more than five feet above the soil, and are six feet broad, and two feet thick. Upon these three legs, or pillars, the fourth block is laid; its dimensions are fourteen feet in length, thirteen feet at the widest part, and four feet thick; these blocks do not appear to have been cut into shapes, but placed in their present situation just as they were; probably the pillars have settled a little, or the soil is higher, for at present there is not room to stand under.

The château of Ferney, the celebrated residence of Voltaire, six miles from Geneva, is a place of very little picturesque beauty, notwithstanding the Alps and the Jura; its broad front is turned to the high road, without any regard to the prospect, and the garden is adorned with cut trees, parapet walls with flower-pots, jets d'eaux, *&c.* Voltaire's bed-room is shewn in its pristine state, just as he left it in 1777, when, after a residence of twenty years, he went to Paris to enjoy a short triumph, and die. Time and travellers have much impaired the furniture of light-blue silk, and the Austrians, quartered in the house three years ago, have not improved it; the bed-curtains especially, which for the last forty years have supplied each traveller with a precious little bit, hastily torn off, are of course in tatters; the house-keeper indeed is so well aware of this,

that she purposely turns away, to afford you an opportunity for the poetical theft, expecting her fees to be the more liberal on that account. The bedstead is of common deal, coarsely put together; a miserable portrait of Le Kain, in crayons, hangs inside of the bed, and two others, equally bad, on each side, Frederic, and Voltaire himself. Round the room are bad prints of Washington, Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton, and several other celebrated personages; the ante-chamber is decorated with naked figures, in bad taste; each of the two rooms may be twelve feet by fifteen. A monumental something of baked clay, placed in a recess since Voltaire's death, bears the following finical inscription:—*Son esprit est partout et son cœur est ici!* The Austrians used this frail cenotaph rudely; it is cracked in several places.

Very few remain alive of those who saw the poet; a gardener who conducted us about the grounds had that advantage; he shewed us where the theatre stood, filling the space on the left-hand side in entering, between the château and the chapel, but the celebrated inscription on the last, *Votaire à Dieu*, was, as we understood, removed, during the reign of terror, by people who probably suspected Voltaire of piety. The *old* gardener spoke favourably of his *old* master, who was,

he said, *bon homme tout-a-fait, bien charitable,* and took an airing every morning in his coach and four.

After his escape from the court of Frederic, Voltaire went first to Lausanne, where he resided some years, and where he fitted up a private theatre; his acquaintances there supplied him with performers, of whom it seems he was proud, and who acted for him Zaire, Alzire, and several other plays. Some spirited drawings of Huber represented him behind the scene teaching, scolding, encouraging the actors; you might have thought you heard his loud *bravo!* The part of Lusignan was frequently filled by the poet himself, who was so much taken up with it as to be seen in the morning at the door of his house already dressed for the stage. My informants remember a young lady, who was the prompter, once suggesting a line which was not in the play—*Dieu vous le rende!* The poet called out *Vous m'avez fait l'aumone.* As he repeated his thanks again after the play, saying he would give her his works— *Ah! Monsieur,* she answered, much confused, *Ils sont si beaux je ne voudrais pas vous en priver!* He used to repeat this *naiveté* with great complacency, as well as the following. Provoked at not having been invited, Mrs. P—— had a parody of Zaïre acted at her house; he heard of it, and meeting one day a

Miss P——, he said, *Ah! ah! C'est donc vous, Mademoiselle, qui vous moquez de moi!—Oh, mon Dieu, non Monsieur*, she answered in her fright, *c'est ma tante!!* Voltaire had a hollow wooden voice, and his declamation had more pomp in it than nature; he acted the part of Euphemon in the Enfant Prodigue as if it had been a tragedy; yet in the part of Trissotin, in the *Femmes Savantes*, he performed very well.

From Lausanne, where he quarrelled with several persons, he came in 1755 to St. Jean, close to Geneva, and gave to the house he occupied the name of *Les délices*, which it retains to this day; Fernex, which he bought soon after, became his permanent residence for twenty years.

Strangers of distinction made a point of calling on the philosopher of Ferney, who for some years received their visits very willingly, giving them *fêtes* and plays; but he became tired of this, and at last would only see those who could amuse him while he amused them. A quaker from Philadelphia, called Claude Gay, travelling in Europe, stayed some time at Geneva; he was known as the author of some theological works, and liked for his good sense, moderation, and simplicity. Voltaire heard of him, his curiosity was excited, and he desired to see him. The quaker felt great reluctance,

but suffered himself at last to be carried to Ferney, Voltaire having promised beforehand to his friends that he would say nothing that could give offence. At first he was delighted with the tall, straight, handsome quaker, his broad-brimmed hat, and plain drab suit of clothes; the mild and serene expression of his countenance, and the dinner promised to go off very well; yet he soon took notice of the great sobriety of his guest, and made jokes, to which he received grave and modest answers. The patriarchs, and the first inhabitants of the earth, were next alluded to; by-and-by, he began to sneer at the historical proofs of Revelation; but Claude was not to be driven away from his grounds, and, while examining these proofs, and arguing upon them rationally, he overlooked the light attacks of his adversary when not to the point, appeared insensible to his sarcasms and his wit, and remained always cool and always serious. Voltaire's vivacity at last turned to downright anger; his eyes flashed fire whenever they met the benign and placid countenance of the quaker, and the dispute went at last so far, that the latter, getting up, said, "*Friend Voltaire! perhaps thou mayest come to understand these matters rightly; in the mean time, finding I can do thee no good, I leave thee, and so fare thee well!*" So saying he went away on foot,

notwithstanding all entreaties, back again to Geneva, leaving the whole company in consternation. Voltaire retired immediately to his own room, where, if the following lines of his own occurred to him, they did not probably contribute to put him in good humour with himself:—

" A la religion discretement fidèle
" Soit doux compatissant sage indulgent comme elle,
" Et sans noyer autrui cherche a gagner le port,
" Qui pardonne à raison et la colère a tort."

Huber*, present at this scene, made a drawing of it, in which the two principal actors are most happily characterized.

A certain Hungarian traveller, a man of consequence in his country, but not particularly wise, had fruitlessly tried to be introduced, without finding any one at Geneva willing to undertake the task, as they were all afraid Voltaire would be

* This Mr. Huber was the father of the well-known author of a most interesting work on the economy of bees, and the grandfather of the author of the no less interesting work on the economy of ants. The first Mr. Huber had a very peculiar talent for drawing; with his scissors he could cut a piece of paper into a representation of any thing, as accurately, as fast, and with as much spirit, as he might have delineated with his pencil either figures or landscapes. Voltaire was his favourite subject, and the anecdote is well known of his teaching his dog to bite off a piece of crumb of bread, which he held in his hand, so as to give it at last the appearance of Voltaire.

rude to him. A young man *, who heard of this, engaged to procure the stranger an interview with Voltaire; and, on the day appointed, contrived to have him conveyed out of town to a good looking residence, where well dressed servants received him at the door, and ushered him up stairs in due form. Here then at last he found himself, as he thought, *tête-à-tête* with Voltaire. The *malade de Ferney*, personated by our young friend, was lying down on a sofa, wrapped up in a damask robe-de-chambre, a night-cap of black velvet, with gold lace, on his head, or rather on the top of an immense perriwig *a-la-Louis* XIV., in the midst of which his little, sallow, and deeply wrinkled visage seemed buried; a table was near him, covered with papers, and the curtains being down, made the room rather dark. The Philosopher apologized in a hollow voice, interrupted by occasional fits of coughing; he was ill, *bien malade*, could not get up, begged the stranger to be seated, asked questions about the countries he had visited, made him tell his adventures, those of gallantry particularly, and was himself most facetious, and pro-

* This young man was Mr. Chauvet, an exile in the revolution of 1782, well known in England, where he resided twenty years, and a particular friend of Sir Samuel Romilly. I had the anecdote from his widow.

fanely witty. The Hungarian delighted, and far more at ease than he had imagined possible, casting a glance over the papers, ventured to inquire what new work? what new chef-d'œuvre?—" Ah, nothing!—*le faible Enfant de ma Vieillesse—a tragedy.*"—" May I ask the subject?"—" *The subject is wholly Genevan,*" replied Voltaire, " the name *Empro-Giro*, and the dramatis personæ *Carin-Caro*, *Dupuis-Simon*, and *Carcail Briffon**, *&c. &c.* Then began to repeat, with great animation, a number of passages, to which his visiter listened in perfect raptures, but drew, mean while, a snuff-box from his pocket, and began to look attentively on him and on a picture on the lid; thus confronted with a portrait of Voltaire, and compared face to face, was a trial for which our mimic was not prepared, and his courage nearly forsook him, yet he kept up appearances, only coughing more, and ranting on the high sounding lines of his *Empro-Giro*. The Hungarian, not undeceived by this close examination, replaced the snuff-box in his pocket, declaring it to be the best likeness he had ever seen. He rose at last, thanked his

* For the sake of those versed in Genevan manners and customs, I shall complete the list of names, adding to those above, *Piron*, *L'Abordon*, *Tan-Té*, *Feuille*, *Meuille*, *Tan-Té*, *Clu!!!*—No Genevan, in reading this, will doubt the authenticity of the anecdote.

friend Voltaire, with expressions of heartfelt gratitude, kissed his hand respectfully, and went away, distributing to the servants he met on the stairs liberal tokens of his satisfaction. These servants were the intimate friends and companions of the chief actor, and one of them, his brother, unwilling to carry the joke to the length of pocketing the money of their dupe, they contrived to give him a dinner at a tavern, where he was made to tell the story of his visit to Voltaire, and expressed his admiration of the great man. The latter heard of this, was much amused, and desiring to see his double, told him he would make a bargain with him—half his fame for half the tiresome visiters it procured him.

Most anecdotes about Voltaire are already known, I scarcely know whether the following is on record. Tormented by an unlucky author, who insisted on reading his play to him, he had at last submitted to the operation, and was patiently listening, when, at the second act, the hero of the play (homme personnel) prevails on his servant to have a sound tooth pulled out to replace a decayed one of his own. At this unusual *coup de theatre*, Voltaire falling back in his elbow chair, called out *Ah—une dent! on lui arrache une dent. Madame Denis du secours! Je me trouverai*

mal!—Donnez moi le bras je vous en prie! and went away holding both his hands to his face, and still calling out *Ah une dent! On lui arrache une dent! Madame Denis je vais me trouver mal!* So saying, he disappeared, and the author left motionless with surprise, never could afterwards get him to hear the end of his play.

The poet lived like a prince, but kept his accounts like a citizen; knowing to a sous where his money went: a good deal of it was bestowed charitably, for he was munificent, and certainly much loved in his neighbourhood. One night that *Tancrede* was acting, and the court of the château full of carriages and servants, there arrived, as his ill luck would have it, a cask of the best chambertin that ever came from Burgundy; his own people could not attend to it, and the cask remained at the cellar-door; the servants contrived to get at it, and while their masters and mistresses were shedding tears on Amenaïde *, they sipped

* If I was a law-maker at Geneva, I do not know whether I would not forbid private theatricals, much as I should regret involving in the general doom a certain private theatre, where I remember spending some very pleasant, and assuredly very innocent, hours. There may be no harm in what you see or hear at a private theatre, but there is harm in the ambition of good acting—in the habit of acting at all—in the loss of that native feeling, which makes a woman particularly shrink from public exhibition.

the poet's chambertin. There was generally a supper after the play, where more than once as many as two hundred people sat down, and Voltaire had something to say to every one of his guests. As the gates of the town are shut at night, many of them usually remained in the *château*, poorly accommodated with beds. One night as Mr. de B—— was groping about in the dark, for a place where he might lie down to sleep, he accidently put his finger in the mouth of Mr. de Florian, who bit it. Voltaire kept company only with the aristocracy of Geneva; neither his liberality nor his wit secured him the good-will of the patriots

of any sort. The consciousness of victory over what is called *mawvaise honte* becomes in itself a pleasure and a pride—the desire of public admiration, a passion; the obscure pleasures of domestic life lose their relish; a taste for expense and outside show is generated, and morals are lost! I am sensible of the danger I am thus wantonly encountering, having already got into a sort of scrape with musicians and with painters, or rather, with amateurs and collectors of paintings, for what I said of them in a former work. My profession of faith in regard to the fine arts is simply this—that, with very few exceptions in favour of marked talents, it is not worth while to devote to the pursuit a great part of the time of young people, much better employed in more intellectual ones. The abuse, in regard to music, is carried to an extravagant pitch; a taste for acting is many degrees worse. Drawing has few inconveniences, and a great many advantages, because an independent pleasure, and one in which vanity has not a great share.

placed out of the sphere of his influence; they only saw in him a sham philosopher, without principles and solidity; a courtier, the slave of rank and fashion: the corruptor of their country, of which he made a jest. *Quand je secoue ma perruque*, he used to say, *je poudre toute la république!*

It would be difficult to convey an idea of the rigorous severity of morals which prevailed at Geneva subsequent to the Reformation, and of the influence of religion and its ministers, and I shall give only one instance of the latter, communicated to me by a witness of the fact still living; there was a furious riot in 1754, on account of the high price of bread, and the house of an obnoxious dealer (forestaller) in *Rue de Coutance*, was broken open; the people were in the act of laying it waste, and personal violence was apprehended, when a reverend man, the pastor of the parish, appeared among them, attended by his maid-servant, carrying a lantern (it was night); the crowd instantly made way for him to the door of the house, where, kneeling on the threshold, he prayed aloud, and then remonstrated with the people on their sinful proceedings; they not only desisted, retiring forthwith to their houses, but the day following all they had taken away was restored, and

the corn-dealer, the object of the popular wrath, declared he had lost nothing.

Rousseau, from his garret, governed an empire, that of the mind; the founder of a new religion in politics, and to his enthusiastic followers a prophet, he said and they believed! The disciples of Voltaire might be even more numerous, but they were bound to him by far inferior ties; those of Rousseau made the French Revolution, and perished *for* it; while Voltaire's miscalculating its chances perished *by* it. All might deserve their fate; but the former certainly acted the nobler part, and went to battle with the best weapons too, for in the deadly encounter of all the passions let loose, of the most opposite principles and irreconcilable prejudices, cold-hearted wit is of little avail; heroes and martyrs heed not an epigram, and he must have enthusiasm who pretends to lead the enthusiastic or cope with them. *Une intime persuasion*, Rousseau has some where said, *m' a toujenrs tenu lieu d'éloquence*, and well it might, for the first requisite to command belief is to believe yourself, nor is it easy to impose on mankind in this respect. There is no eloquence, no ascendency over the minds of others, without this intimate persuasion in yourself; Rousseau's might

only be a sort of poetical persuasion, lasting but as long as the occasion, yet it was thus powerful, only because it was true, even though but for a quarter of an hour, perhaps, in the heart of this inspired writer.

Mr. M——, son of the friend of Rousseau, to whom he left his manuscripts, and especially his Confessions, to be published after his death, had the goodness to show them to me. I observed a fair copy written by himself, in a small-hand like print, very neat and correct; not a blot or an erasure to be seen. The most curious of these papers were several sketch-books or memoranda half filled, where the same hand is no longer discernible; but the same genius, and the same wayward temper and perverse intellect, in every fugitive thought recorded. Rousseau's composition, like Montesquieu's, was laborious and slow; his ideas flowed rapidly, but were not readily brought into proper order; they do not appear to have come in consequence of a previous plan, but the plan itself, formed afterwards, came in aid of the ideas, and served as a sort of frame for them, instead of being a system to which they were subservient. Very possibly some of the fundamental opinions he defended so earnestly, and for which his disciples would willingly have suffered martyr-

dom, were originally adopted because a bright thought, caught as it flew, was entered in his common-place-book.

These loose notes of Rousseau afford a curious insight into his mode of composition. You find him perpetually retrenching epithets—reducing his thoughts to their simplest expression, giving words a peculiar energy by the new application of their original meaning—going back to the *naïvetè* of old language, and in the artificial process of simplicity carefully effacing the trace of each laborious foot-step as he advanced; each idea, each image, coming out, at last, as if cast entire at a single throw, original, energetic, and clear. Although Mr. M—— had promised that he would publish Rousseau's Confessions as they were, yet he took upon himself to suppress a passage explaining certain circumstances of his abjurations at Anneci, affording a curious, but frightfully disgusting, picture of monkish manners at that time. It is a pity that Mr. M—— did not break his word in regard to some few more passages of that most admirable and most vile of all the productions of genius.

A copy of the first edition of Emile, with marginal notes by Voltaire, is preserved in the library of Mr. de C—— at St. Jean; his family had much

intercourse with Voltaire, being near neighbours, and were on an intimate footing with him. I shall only mention one of the notes by which the tone of the rest may be estimated. *Le miserable* (Voltaire speaking of Rousseau!) *Le miserable n'a de l'esprit que lorsqu' il parle contre la religion!*

A few Genevans remember having seen Rousseau, when he came in 1754, to change back again from the Catholic to the Protestant communion. I was taken to a confectioner's shop, the fourth house on the right going up the *Rue de Coutance*, where Rousseau frequently dined at that time, tête-a-tête with his friend the confectioner (a predecessor of the present occupier), in the small back room serving as a kitchen. His nurse, then an old woman, carried on some petty dealing of her own in one of those booths in use at Geneva, outside of the foot-pavement in the lower streets. Rousseau used to go before dinner, and sit by her on a low stool, while the people collected round to look round at him, proud to think he was one of them. Madame C——, then twelve years old, remembers being raised on a chair that she might see the philosopher over people's heads, and his figure and general appearance are still present to her memory. A bob wig without a hat, pepper and salt coat, waistcoat, and breeches; his right

hand on the knee of the old nurse; a round face, with piercing black eyes and pleasant smile. Notwithstanding his long absence from Geneva, and his *eloquence*, he spoke broad St. Gervais, and was not less dear to the people on that account. Forty years after this, in the fervour of the Revolution, the street in which it was supposed Rousseau was born received his name, and preserves it still; but although his father had at a later period lived there, it appears that at the time of his birth the family resided in what is called *la Grand rue*, opposite the hotel of the French *resident*, who became an ardent but platonic admirer of Rousseau's mother, a very handsome, very sensible, and very virtuous woman: the birth of Rousseau cost her her life.

I terminate here this long account of a very small country: whilst describing it, I have spoken very diversely of its inhabitants, who are so far from an homogeneous people, that a likeness of them must be a group of portraits. Enthusiasm was formerly a thing of course in speaking of Switzerland, and appertaining to the subject: the fashion has changed. Its political institutions then were deemed free, its morals pure, the courage of its inhabitants was the theme of universal admiration; in short, Switzerland was sung, rather than

described; now, instead of being described, it is derided. Philosophers pronounce that it is *en arrière* of the intellectual improvements of the age; the Liberals assert, that the Democratic cantons present only a caricature of liberty, and that the others are inveterate Oligarchies, depraved beyond the possibility of amendment. Military men look upon it as a country *bon à occuper quand on veut faire la grande guerre* *.

The forms of government in most of the cantons are far from perfect, undoubtedly; yet admit of amendments, and have of late undergone valuable changes. The gradual mode of improvement is the only safe and lasting one, and Switzerland will in all probability arrive, in a given time, at a better political state than those countries where a radical change has been attempted, and which have already gone, or are fast going, back to the point of beginning. In the mean time, people are happy under the existing institutions.

In Eastern Switzerland, the Teutonic race is characterized by its good sense and solidity, its persevering industry, uprightness, and domestic habits. The literary and scientific turn in some of the towns

* General Sebastiani's speech in the Chamber of Deputies, June 17th, 1820, not answered by the minister nor any other member.

is not of the communicative kind; learned men work in secret, and enjoy in secret the fruit of their meditations, or at least with a very few friends; they labour patiently and profoundly, with little or no view to fame. In the Romand part of Switzerland, the French manners predominate over the German, yet the latter form a happy temperament, of which we have seen the result at Geneva, the chief city of Romand Switzerland. No part of Europe can be compared to that country in point of picturesque beauty, no people more estimable upon the whole. The harsh things here and there introduced in this work against them or their institutions, have been said with intentions which I trust will not be misunderstood; for, generally speaking, I am a good friend of the Swiss, and wish to appear so. The opinion avowed by a military man in the French legislature is entertained by most military men in France. No doubt their habits and notions on what they term *la grande guerre* will undergo some modification before the next war, when, with restricted means, they will feel the necessity of restricting their plans: we might appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, or rather, appeal to a new generation, which, it is to be hoped, entertain other notions of justice and of good policy, and I shall only add a few

remarks on the supposed advantages of a military occupation of Switzerland, under the guidance principally of a very remarkable work on this subject, recently published*, without a name, but believed to be the joint production of two Genevans, one a distinguished officer formed in the service of Buonaparte, and the other a man of letters no less known.

The Rhine and the Alps enclose Switzerland on all sides but the frontier of France, extending one hundred and twenty miles, while the circumference marked by the Rhine and the Alps measures at least four hundred and fifty miles. The neutrality of the country so circumstanced had been acknowledged by all Europe for several centuries, when revolutionary France, intoxicated with unparalleled successes, violated that neutrality, trampled on the people with studied contempt, sacked and plundered various parts of the country, attracted into it the armies of all the other belligerents of Europe, and after four years of military occupation, finally imposed on it a treaty offensive and defensive, by which its neutrality, if any pretence for it remained, was completely done away. Twelve years after this, when all Europe, princes and people together, rose of common accord against

* *De la Suisse dans l'interet de l'Europe.*

the enemy of their repose, finding Switzerland on their way, they went over it. There is a party in Switzerland who assert, that even then the neutrality of their country might have been maintained successfully; but, at any rate, no fair inference can be drawn from what passed at that period. Henceforth, however, Switzerland should resume her neutrality, and can do it successfully, having a well-organized and regularly trained militia, of which seventy thousand men are ready to march at the first call, and this force must not be assimulated to the militia of 1798, which opposed the invading French army with great courage, but in a desultory manner, locally and without a general plan. If those who pretend that, in case of a continental war, France would be *compelled to occupy Switzerland,* mean this occupation for the purpose of attack, they must be aware that the enemy, in full possession of the Splugen, and at the foot of the Simplon, which they have passed already with an army in 1814, would anticipate their design, and occupy all the important points before them at the first news of an invasion. If the object be defence, they have to consider whether a line of frontier of one hundred and twenty miles, with a neutral army of seventy thousand men between them and the enemy, and interested in opposing

his approach, is not easier defended than a circumference of four hundred and fifty miles, with that neutral army added to the force of the enemy?

A great general, in full possession of Switzerland, with an army of forty-five thousand men, and three or four other armies co-operating with him on the other side of the Alps, in Germany, and in Italy, forming together one hundred and fifty thousand men—Massena himself, supported by half a dozen of the best Generals France then possessed, found it extremely difficult to maintain his ground, and his army, frequently recruited, left more than fifty thousand men on the various fields of battle of that country, without being able to accomplish the object originally intended. During this useless occupation *pour la grande guerre*, Switzerland had two thousand seven hundred houses burnt down: one fourth of the population of some of the cantons perished by famine or the sword. There are about four general wars in a century, and Switzerland is threatened with a renewal of these scenes each time! Her means of averting the calamity are, obviously, to fortify the numerous passes of the long valley of the Rhone, and especially St. Maurice, in order to stop a foreign army, whether it came from the Simplon, or was on its way to it, and either fortify the Simplon itself, or make it im-

passable; to form, in some central part of the Alps, a *Place d'Armes*, where all the materials of war might be safely laid up, and their army assemble when necessary, ready to take an active part against the first among the belligerents who shall violate its territory. Those great powers in the neighbourhood of Switzerland, who wish her to be effectually neutral, have indeed a right to expect some such measures on her part.

Switzerland is not only threatened with invasion at the next general war, but is already the object of hostile commercial regulations on the part of France and all her immediate neighbours. England too, where the principles of political economy are so generally understood, persists in the old system of excluding the produce of foreign industry by way of favouring her own, and perversely prohibits those trinkets, for instance, that the patient industry of people, buried in the deep snows of the Jura six months of the year, enables them to manufacture so much cheaper than any one else, although just as much of British manufactures would in consequence be consumed on the Jura. In regard to France, the impolicy is more striking, only because the objects of commerce are more numerous, and nearer at hand. It is quite evident that Switzerland cannot indulge in broad cloths and silks,

champagne and burgundy, unless France condescends to take her cheese and watches, her trinkets and laces. That luminous and consolatory principle so well established in political economy cannot be repeated too often, that the wealth of one nation makes other nations wealthy; that the improvements of one become, in time, the benefit of all, perfection finding its own level throughout the civilized world, although not quite so quickly as air or water. Military strength does not come into this philanthropic economical co-partnership, except as regards Switzerland; for we may strictly say, that her strength is the strength of her neighbours.

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